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ÆNEAS RELATING HIS ADVENTURES TO DIDO.

Page 72.

# Stories of Old Rome.

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THE

# WANDERINGS OF AENEAS

AND

# THE FOUNDING OF ROME.

BY

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*Author of "The Siege of Troy and the Wanderings of Ulysses," "Stories of the Days of King Arthur," &c.*

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WITH SIXTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## Preface.

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IF the *Odyssey* is the sequel to the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid* is unquestionably in some senses, as it was intended to be, a sequel to both the Homeric poems. It embodies the substance of many legends which had been current in Rome from its earliest days as to the adventures of one of the most illustrious Trojan warriors commemorated by Homer. It is a perfect mine of classic mythology; and on that account, as well as because of its transcendent literary merits, there is something to be said for the desirability of presenting the poem in a form in which it may have attraction for young readers.

That which is furnished in the following pages is little more than a simplified paraphrase of the poem, with some slight rearrangement in order to make the narrative more continuous and connected. Free use has been made of the faithful translation of Davidson, as revised by Mr. Buckley; but some few passages have been given in the noble and spirited, if not very literal, version of Dryden.



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# THE STORY OF THE AENEID SIMPLY TOLD.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

**A**FTER the end of the great war which resulted in the downfall of Troy, the peoples of Greece grew rapidly in wealth and in warlike skill. They continued to be separate states: some under the descendants of the princes who had led the war against the Trojans; others under kings—or “tyrants,” as they were called, though that did not necessarily mean that they ruled tyrannically—who had been chosen supreme rulers by the people, or had made their own way to power; and others again under no kings at all. The cities of Sparta and Athens, especially, became very populous and powerful, and in course of time most of the other states of Greece had to submit to one or other of these rival cities, each of which owned a large extent of territory outside its own walls. The Athenians were the stronger at sea: they built great fleets, with which they made themselves masters of the coast, established colonies, and held in subjection many of the islands. The Spartans, or

Lacedemonians, were formidable land-fighters ; war was the chief occupation of the people, and the men were trained from childhood to endure pain, and to the skilful management of their weapons. There were furious wars between the Spartans and the Athenians, in which sometimes the one and sometimes the other party were victorious ; but for the most part the Athenians had the better at sea, and the Spartans on land. More than once both Spartans and Athenians, and all the other peoples of Greece, had to join in order to defend themselves against a great empire which had arisen in Asia. This empire was Persia, whose kings, having conquered all the countries down to the shores of the Grecian Sea, began to cast envious eyes on the regions beyond. This ambition of the Persian kings was the cause of great calamities to them ; for their soldiers, though far more numerous than those of the Greeks, were not so brave or so well skilled in the use of arms. Immense armies of Persians were led over into Greece ; but they were always beaten and driven back again, until at last the Greeks, finding themselves so much the better warriors, began to think of invading Persia in their turn. For a long time this was prevented by reason of their continual quarrels among themselves ; but it was certain that when a king should arise in Greece who was powerful enough and wise enough to gain authority over the whole people, there would be great danger for the Persians.

This was just what at last happened. In the north of Greece there was a country which was called in those days, as indeed it still is, Macedonia. The people were wild and fierce, and were looked upon by the Greeks of Athens and Sparta as little better

than barbarians. Under wise kings, however, they gradually became a powerful nation ; and at last a monarch of theirs, named Philip, who was both a skilful general and a great statesman, raised his country by his victories to be the ruling state in Greece. He himself died before he was able to complete the subjugation of the other Greek peoples ; but his son Alexander, who reigned after him, completed the work, and became the most powerful king and the greatest conqueror that the world had yet seen. When his supremacy was firmly established over all Greece, he crossed the sea into Asia, and began the invasion of the Persian Empire with an army which, though small in numbers, was composed of tried and valorous soldiers. The Persian king, whose name was Darius, gathered all the forces of his vast territories to crush the invader ; but his efforts were vain. Against Alexander and his invincible Macedonians the immense masses of the Persian army broke like waves against the rocks. In every battle that was fought, Darius was utterly defeated : he was murdered at last by a treacherous follower of his own, and Alexander became the master of his whole empire. But not even this degree of power satisfied the ambitious young King of Macedon. He penetrated into regions which had never owned the sway of the Persians. He crossed the great river Indus, overthrew one of the Indian kings in a furious battle, and would have overrun all that immense country which now forms our Indian Empire, but that his soldiers, wearied of waging incessant war in lands so remote from their homes and their friends, refused to follow him further. Unwillingly he turned back, and came to Babylon, which he intended to be the chief city of his dominions. While he was

preparing for new expeditions and conquests, Alexander was attacked by fever, and died after a short illness. Though only thirty-two years old, he had erected the greatest empire that had ever yet arisen on earth, and made the Greek name as famous in war as the painters and sculptors, poets and philosophers of Athens had made it in art and literature.

But that which he had known how to conquer, those who followed him did not know how to keep. His dominions were divided among his generals, who founded various kingdoms; but they or their descendants were continually warring with one another. No longer acting as one nation, the Greeks lost much of their strength; and another thing that weakened them was this, that with the spoils of Persia they had also brought over to Greece many of the luxurious habits of the Asiatic peoples. They were no more the hardy warriors whom Alexander had led to victory. They loved to hear of the ancient glories of their race told in the "Iliad," but they could not equal the warlike deeds of Achilles, Diomedes, and Ulysses. And the leadership of the nations, which they were thus losing, fell into the hands of another very remarkable people.

More than four hundred years before Alexander's time, there was founded near the west coast of the beautiful country of Italy a small town, to which the first inhabitants gave the name of Rome. From the very beginning the Romans were terrible fighters. First they subdued the other small towns in the country round about. Then, as they grew stronger and more numerous, they attacked the other nations of Italy; often they had the worst of it, but they always persevered, and in that way

they gradually became the masters of the whole peninsula. Next they engaged in wars with the city of Carthage, which stood on the coast of Northern Africa, not far from the place where Tunis now stands, and which had become very rich and powerful, partly by trade and partly by conquests in Africa, Spain, and Sicily. The struggle between these two cities was long and severe. A very skilful Carthaginian general named Hannibal at one time maintained himself for more than fifteen years in Italy itself, defeating every army that the Romans sent against him, and more than once threatening their city. But they never lost heart or thought of giving up the contest; and in the end they wore out the Carthaginians, and destroyed the city which had been their great rival for more than a hundred years. Before the fall of Carthage, the Romans had begun to interfere in the affairs of Greece, and in no long time they completely conquered that country, and made it part of their empire. While all these wars were carried on, Rome was a republic; she had no king, but was governed by officers chosen by the senate. In course of time, however, generals who had been very successful in war began to grasp at kingly power; and in particular, Julius Cæsar, who had conquered Gaul and invaded Britain, was able to overthrow all his rivals, and became absolute master of the dominions of Rome. He was murdered while in the full enjoyment of his power, but was succeeded by his nephew Octavius, who, under the name of Augustus, became the first Roman emperor, about thirty years before the birth of our Lord. By this time the Romans were lords of all the south of Europe, and also of vast territories in Asia and Africa. Their renown as warriors was greater than

even the Greeks had enjoyed ; but in literature and art they had to learn from the latter. Having risen to so great a height of wealth and power, however, they now had leisure to cultivate the pursuits of peace. Many writers arose among them, and the most famous of these was a poet named Virgil, who lived in the time of Augustus, and enjoyed the friendship and protection of the emperor. The greatest work of Virgil was a poem named the "*Æneid*," the story of which I am about to tell. It was intended to be for the Romans what the "*Iliad*" was for the Greeks. About the real founders of Rome there was not in Virgil's time, and there is not now, any certain knowledge ; but it was pleasing to the pride of the Romans to believe that they were descended from the great Trojan hero *Æneas*, who fought so bravely against the Greeks when they besieged Troy ; and in the "*Æneid*" Virgil sought to relate the story of *Æneas'* adventures, from the time when he escaped from the captured city till he landed in Italy, and established a kingdom near the spot where Rome was afterwards founded. It may be guessed that Virgil invented much that he related in his poem, but some of it he no doubt got from old traditions ; and it is at least certain that ever since it was written the "*Æneid*" has been looked upon as one of the greatest and most beautiful poems ever given to the world. There is a story that Virgil read it to his patron the Emperor Augustus. It contains many passages that are very flattering to the emperor : for instance, the poet more than once speaks of him as the descendant in the direct line of *Æneas*, and therefore monarch of the Romans by hereditary right. It is, however, no longer because of these flatteries of the Romans and their emperor that the "*Æneid*" is

valued, but because of the beauty of its poetry and of its importance as an example of the Latin language in the time of its greatest elegance. For these reasons it is studied in every school where Latin is taught, and it can be best understood by those who are acquainted with the story it tells.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

**A**ENEAS was one of the greatest warriors and princes who fought on King Priam's side during the siege of Troy. He was the son of Anchises (chief of the Dardanians, and a cousin of Priam) and of the goddess Venus. During the war he wrought many gallant deeds on the field, and dared to encounter even Achilles and Diomedes, the greatest of the Greek heroes; though, but for the protection given him by his goddess-mother, he would have paid for his daring with his life.

After the death of Achilles, the Greeks despaired of being able to take Troy by force of arms, and they therefore resorted to a stratagem. Aided by the counsels of Minerva, they constructed an immense horse of maple wood and fir planks, huge as a temple. Within, the monster was hollow, and in its recesses were concealed a chosen band of bold warriors. This horse was left on the plain before Troy, so that it could plainly be seen from the walls; and then the Grecian chiefs pretended to offer up sacrifices to secure a safe return home, after which all their troops were withdrawn to the ships, and the fleet set sail. Instead of steering for home, however, it only lay concealed behind the island of

Tenedos, which rose up in the sea a few miles distant from the mainland, opposite Troy. The long-besieged Trojans naturally believed that their persevering enemies had fled; the gates of the city were thrown open, and the people poured forth into the plain, to view the deserted camp of the Greeks, to mark the place where each great chief had pitched his tents, and to tread with freedom the soil drenched with the blood of so many great men. Most of all was their curiosity aroused by the spectacle of the huge wooden horse. Some proposed that it should be cast into the sea; others, that it should be burned; others, again, advised that it should be burst open, in order to find out whether anything were concealed within. Thymoetes, one of the Trojan chiefs, who had long cherished a desire of vengeance against King Priam, because of a cruel wrong that had been done to him, declared, on the other hand, that the horse was an offering to the gods, and that it would be better to drag it within the walls and place it in the citadel of Troy. Laocoön, the priest of Neptune, strongly opposed this.

“Are you mad, Trojans,” he cried, “to think of so foolish a plan? Do you think any gift left to you by the Greeks can be free from deceit? Either their warriors lie concealed within the huge bulk of the horse, or it is framed to do some mischief to our walls. Whatever it may be, I fear the Greeks and their gifts alike.”

So saying, Laocoön hurled his spear against the side of the horse, into which it pierced deeply, and an echoing sound came from the hollow cavern. While the people were yet considering what should be done with the vast image, some of them discovered a Greek whom his comrades had left behind. They seized him,

bound his hands, and led him before King Priam. Pretending to be overwhelmed with fear and despair, he exclaimed against the cruelty of fate, which had banished him from among his own countrymen, and now left him in the hands of their foes. Upon this King Priam exhorted him to take courage and tell how it chanced that he had been left behind, and what were his name and descent. Thereupon the prisoner answered that his name was Sinon, and that he had come to Troy as one of the followers of Palamedes. This chief had been falsely accused of treason by Ulysses, who hated him, and had been put to death. Sinon, having rashly vowed to be revenged for the ruin of his lord, had from that time been regarded by Ulysses as an enemy. When the Greek chiefs resolved to abandon the siege, they were anxious to know how they could secure a safe return home, and sent to learn from the oracle of Apollo how this was to be accomplished. The answer of the oracle was, that the deities of the air could only be appeased by the blood of a Greek offered up in sacrifice; and thereupon Calchas the soothsayer was induced by Ulysses to name Sinon as the victim. Preparations were accordingly made to sacrifice him, but he had contrived to escape from confinement, and conceal himself until the fleet had sailed.

Hearing this story, the Trojans were filled with pity. King Priam ordered that Sinon's hands should be unbound, and promised him protection; but asked him to explain why the Greeks had built and left behind them the huge wooden horse. The treacherous Sinon replied, that after Ulysses and Diomedes had stolen the Palladium, or statue of Minerva, from the citadel of Troy, the goddess had been full of wrath with the Greeks for the

violation of her temple, and had shown her anger by manifest signs. When called upon to explain these, Calchas the soothsayer had declared that Troy could not now be taken unless the whole army returned to Argos and offered up sacrifices there. Moreover, he had bade them erect the wooden horse in place of the statue they had taken, and to make it of such enormous size, so that the Trojans might not be able to drag it within their walls; for if it were once placed in the citadel of Troy, all Asia would join with the people of King Priam in a war that would carry ruin and destruction into Greece.

This was the story told by Sinon, with such pretence of hatred against his countrymen, and of gratitude to his new friends, that they entirely believed him; and their belief was confirmed by a terrible event which now happened. Laocoon, the priest of Neptune, who had hurled his spear against the wooden horse, was offering a sacrifice to the god of ocean on the shore, when suddenly two gigantic serpents issued from the sea, their horrid heads uplifted, with eyes that shone with baleful light, and jaws that gaped widely, and quivering tongues that darted forth as it were in search of prey. They advanced straight toward Laocoon and his two little sons, who were with him; they twined their terrible folds about all three, and crushed them to death, while the unhappy priest shrieked loudly to the heavens for aid. Then the two serpents glided on to the Temple of Minerva, and took refuge on the altar of the goddess. At this spectacle all the people were filled with fear; with one voice they cried out that Laocoon had been deservedly punished by the gods for having stricken the sacred horse with his spear; and they demanded that

without further delay the image should be conveyed to the citadel. Forthwith a huge gap was made in the mighty ramparts, that for ten long years had defied the efforts of the Greeks. Rollers were put underneath the horse, ropes were tied to its ponderous limbs, and amid songs of rejoicing from the children and unmarried virgins it was drawn triumphantly into the heart of the city. Even now there were not wanting portents of the fatal mischief that was being wrought. Four times the vast image stopped as it was being dragged forward, and on each occasion the clang of the armour worn by the warriors concealed within resounded in the ears of the crowd. But the Trojans, misled by the will of the gods, heeded neither these sounds nor the warnings of the prophetess Cassandra, who predicted the approaching downfall of Troy. When the horse had been conveyed to the citadel, the people gave all the rest of the day to feasting and revelry. Night came at last, and the city was hushed in repose. Confident that the enemy was no longer without, the very watchmen on the walls gave themselves up to sleep.

But in the middle of the night the Greek fleet came back from Tenedos, with a bright light burning on Agamemnon's galley as a signal to Sinon. He hastened to release the warriors concealed within the wooden horse—among them Ulysses, and Neoptolemus the fierce son of Achilles, and Menelaus the husband of Helen. They rushed to the walls, slew the sentinels, and threw open the gates, through which the Grecian host poured into the doomed city. Then began a terrible scene of destruction and slaughter. Æneas was sleeping in the house of his father Anchises, which lay somewhat apart from the city, and was

surrounded by trees. Suddenly there appeared to him the shade of Hector, all ghastly and disfigured with wounds as when he had been dragged behind the chariot of Achilles. In his dream Æneas accosted the dead hero with tears, and entreated him to say why he had come. But the spectre, with a deep sigh, bade him arise and flee, since the enemy were in possession of the city. With a start Æneas awoke, and was horrified to hear the clash of arms and the shrieks of the dying. He hastened to the roof of the house, and there beheld the stately palaces of Troy in flames, and heard the shouts of the Greek warriors and the blare of their trumpets. As he gazed, overwhelmed at the sight, there hurried past a Trojan named Pantheus, a priest of Apollo. Æneas called to him, and asked what had happened.

“Alas!” answered Pantheus, “our last day is come. Troy is no more; the furious Greeks in thousands have entered the widely-opened gates, and stand, sword in hand, in the streets to prevent our escape.”

Hastily assuming his arms, Æneas rushed into the midst of the tumult, prepared to perish in the ruins of his native city. A small band of brave Trojans joined him, and together they prepared to do what mischief they could to the foe, and to sell their lives as dearly as might be. At first fortune was favourable to them. A band of Greeks approached, taking them for friends, and did not discover their error till it was too late either for retreat or for resistance. Æneas and his companions slew them all, and then, disguising themselves in the arms of these fallen foes, hastened forward into the very midst of the burning city. As they passed the Temple of Minerva, they saw Cassandra

dragged from the altar, with hands bound behind her. This sight excited to madness Corœbus, one of *Æneas'* comrades, who had long loved the ill-fated prophetess. He sprang forward to rescue her, but was stricken down by the darts of the Trojans themselves, who took him for a Greek because of the disguise which he had assumed. Most of the other warriors who were with *Æneas* perished from the same unhappy mistake. With the few that were left he made his way to the palace of Priam. Here a terrible struggle was raging. The Greeks were battering at the gates, and placing scaling-ladders against the walls, while the Trojan defenders of the place showered down darts, and even hurled the rafters and stones from the roof upon the assailants. *Æneas* and his friends strove to aid the garrison; they broke down with their swords the supports of a heavy wooden tower, and hurled it upon the furious enemy. But all their efforts were in vain: Neoptolemus, or Pyrrhus, as he was more commonly called, from the colour of his hair, standing in gleaming armour before the principal gate, beat it down with his ponderous battle-axe, and he and his followers soon forced their way within. Then they cut down all the men they found, and made the shrieking women their captives. The venerable Priam, when he beheld the privacy of his house thus fearfully invaded, buckled his armour on his trembling limbs, and sought to join in the combat. But Hecuba held him back, and implored him to take refuge with her at the shrines of the gods. While he sat there, full of misery and foreboding, there fled to the spot one of his sons, Polites, fiercely pursued by Pyrrhus, who slew the young man even at his father's feet. At this sight Priam poured forth bitter reproaches against

Pyrrhus, and hurled at him a javelin, which, launched by a feeble hand, fell blunted from the armour of the fierce Greek. Pyrrhus turned upon him, dragged him to the very foot of the altar, and there plunged his glittering sword to the hilt in the breast of the ill-fated monarch, whose life and kingdom were thus ended together.

Overcome by this terrible sight, *Æneas* thought only of saving his own aged father Anchises, his wife Creusa, and his son Ascanius or Iulus, from the doom which had overtaken the royal household. He was making his way towards his house for that purpose when he caught sight of Helen, the fair cause of all the woes of Troy, lurking in a corner of the Temple of Vesta, fearful alike of the wrath of the Trojans, on whom she had brought such unutterable calamities, and of the Greeks, who, through her misconduct, had been obliged to engage in a long and bloody war. The desire seized *Æneas* to slay her, and thus exact some retribution for the evil she had wrought; but while he was meditating this purpose his goddess-mother suddenly appeared before him. She urged him to hasten to give protection to those who were dependent upon him, and forbade him to wreak on Helen vengeance for the doings of the immortals themselves:—

“ Not Helen’s face nor Paris was in fault,  
But by the gods was this destruction brought.  
Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve  
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve;  
Purge from your eyes the dross, and make you see  
The shape of each avenging deity.  
Enlightened thus, my just commands fulfil,  
Nor fear obedience to your mother’s will.

Where yon disordered heap of ruin lies,  
Stones rent from stones—where clouds of dust arise—  
Amid that smother Neptune holds his place,  
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,  
And heaves the building from the solid base.  
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands  
Full in the Scæn Gate, with loud commands  
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.  
See ! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,  
Bestrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud.  
See ! Jove new courage to the foe supplies,  
And arms against the town the partial deities.  
Haste hence, my son ! this fruitless labour end :  
Haste where your trembling spouse and sire attend.  
Haste ! and a mother's care your passage shall befriend."

Seeing that the gods were thus directing the dreadful work of destruction, *Æneas* obeyed his mother's command, and, under her protection, arrived unhurt at his father's house. But when he wished first to remove the venerable Anchises to a place of safety, the old man refused to quit his ancestral home and face all the hardships of exile for the sake of preserving the poor remnant of a life already extended beyond the period usually granted to mortals. He bade *Æneas* flee with his wife and son ; he himself would die where he was. He resisted all the entreaties of his son and of Creusa ; and *Æneas*, unable to endure the thought of leaving his father to perish, was again about to plunge into the conflict still raging in the city, when suddenly a circle of flame was seen to play about the temples of the young Ascanius. Anchises accepted this as an omen from the gods bidding him accompany *Æneas* in his flight ; and the band of refugees set out, *Æneas* bear-

ing his father on his shoulders, and leading Ascanius by the hand, while Creusa followed behind. In safety the hero carried his sacred burden through the burning streets, and reached a secluded valley outside the city; but how great was his misery to find that his wife had disappeared! Leaving Anchises and Ascanius in the charge of a few followers, he



*The Trojans leaving Troy.*

returned in despair to Troy, bent on discovering the fate of Creusa. He found that his father's palace had already been given to the flames. Amid the ruins of the city the victorious Greeks were piling up heaps of spoil and collecting long trains of wretched women and children destined to slavery on a foreign

shore ; but among these unfortunate captives Creusa was not to be seen. While he was wandering through the city, and frantically calling out his wife's name, suddenly her shade appeared to him, and bade him give up a search that was useless, since it was the will of the gods that she should not accompany him. But she predicted that in far Hesperia—as Italy was then named—he should find a safe refuge and a royal spouse, and should establish a great kingdom : to her at least had been spared the humiliation of serving the Grecian dames as a bondwoman. So the spectre spoke, and then melted into thin air as he vainly sought to embrace her. *Æneas* returned sorrowing to the place where he had left his father and son, and found that a large number of other refugees had gathered, eager to follow wherever he should lead. With these he took refuge amid the groves of Mount Ida, where they spent the winter ; and in the following spring, having fitted out a fleet, they quitted the blood-dyed shores of Troy to seek the new homes that had been promised them in the West.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WANDERINGS OF ÆNEAS.

HE first land which was reached by the voyagers was Thrace, a country which had long been on terms of friendship with Troy, and had sent to her aid during the siege many valorous soldiers. Here Æneas, unmindful of the prophecies that he was destined to found a kingdom in Hesperia, began to lay the foundations of a city. Offering a sacrifice to Jupiter to secure the favour of the king of the immortals, he desired to obtain some boughs wherewith to adorn the altar. He saw on a rising ground near the shore a bushy myrtle, and endeavoured to tear off a bough ; but what was his horror to see drops of blood ooze from the place where the branch was broken ! Though affrighted by this strange spectacle, he broke another bough, from which also the blood flowed forth. Resolute to discover the cause of the prodigy, the hero sought to tear the whole tree from the soil ; and while he was straining his strength to accomplish this purpose, a hollow voice suddenly issued from the earth.

“ O Æneas ! ” it said, “ why dost thou tear an unhappy wretch ? Spare me, now that I am in my grave ; forbear to pollute with

guilt thy pious hands. It is from no mere tree-trunk that the blood thou seest proceeds. Quit this barbarous land with all speed. Know that I am Polydorus. Here was I slain by many darts, which have since taken root and grown into a tree."

It was with horror and grief that Æneas listened to this voice from the tomb. Polydorus, he knew, was a son of Priam, whom the king, when he first began to fear that his country would be invaded by the Greeks, had sent to seek shelter with the ruler of Thrace, giving him a great treasure of gold. The treacherous Thracian, when he saw that the chances of the war were adverse to the Trojans, had murdered his guest for the sake of this wealth.

When Æneas told this mournful story to his father and the other elders of the expedition, all were agreed that they would do wisely to abandon a land stained by such a crime, and seek some other shore. Accordingly, after offering solemn funeral ceremonies to the murdered Polydorus, the travellers once again set sail with a favourable wind, and after a few days they arrived at the island of Delos, where was a famous oracle of Apollo. They were hospitably received by Anius the king; and Æneas, seeking the temple, entreated the god to grant them some fixed abode, and to tell them in what land they ought to seek it. Amid quakings of the earth and other signs of the presence of the god, a voice issued from the temple uttering these mysterious words :—

"Bold sons of Dardanus, the same land which gave birth to your forefather shall receive you in its fertile bosom after all your dangers. Search out your ancient mother. There the

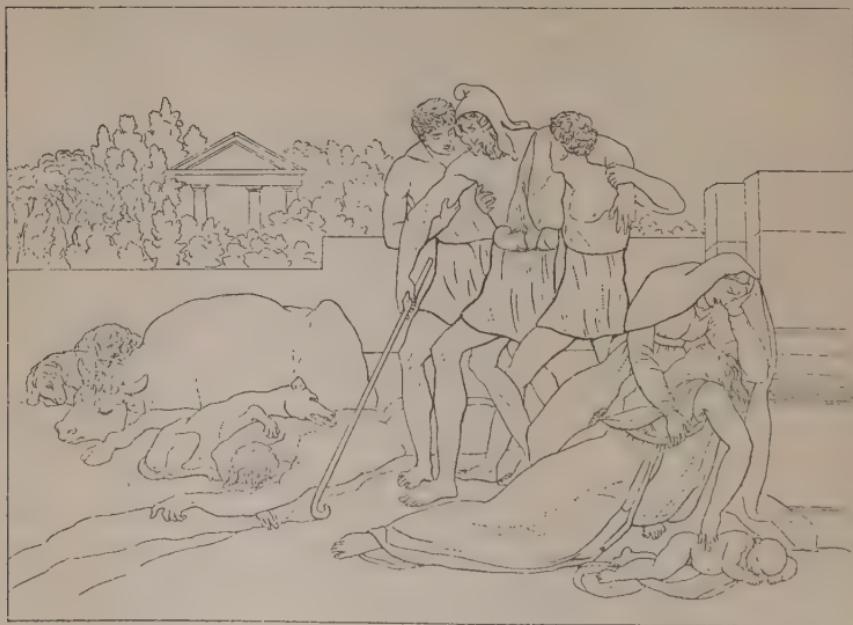
family of Æneas shall rule over every coast, and his children's children, and they who from them shall spring."

This response of the oracle filled Æneas and his companions with joy and hope; but all perplexed themselves in trying to discover which land was meant. At last Anchises, calling to recollection the old traditions of his nation, exclaimed that it must be Crete which they were bidden to seek,—Crete, the rich island specially favoured by Jupiter, where the older Mount Ida rose to the sky, and where a hundred populous cities flourished. He therefore counselled Æneas to sail forthwith for Crete; and after sacrifices had been duly offered to propitiate the gods, the wanderers once more put to sea. They were encouraged by a rumour that Idomeneus the King of Crete, who had been one of the greatest of the Greek leaders in the Trojan war, had been driven from his dominions by a revolt of his people, and that no enemy would interfere with their settling in the island.

Their voyage was prosperous. In three days they landed safely on the Cretan shore, and at once laid the foundations of a new city, to which Æneas gave the name of Pergamus. For a time all seemed to go well with the young colony: houses began to arise and the young men to choose wives, while the rich soil promised to yield a plentiful harvest. Suddenly a dreadful pestilence fell alike upon men and animals, fruit and grain, and threatened to involve old and young in a common destruction. The leaders were in despair; they knew not whither to flee. Anchises recommended that the whole expedition should once more return to Delos, and again consult the oracle of Apollo, to obtain an explanation of its former utterance. It was one

peculiar feature in the predictions of all the ancient oracles that they were put in so mystic a form that nobody was ever able to prove them untrue.

A dream on this occasion saved Æneas the necessity of sailing back to Delos. As he slept in the mansion he had but just completed, the tutelary deities of Troy, whose images he had preserved



*The Pestilence.*

when the city was destroyed, and had borne with him in his wanderings, seemed to appear before him, and thus addressed him :—

“ What from the Delian god thou go’st to find  
He tells thee here, and sends us to relate.  
Those powers are we, companions of thy fate,

Who from the burning town by thee were brought,  
Thy fortune followed, and thy safety wrought.  
Through seas and lands as we thy steps attend  
So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.  
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain ;  
A town that o'er the conquered world shall reign.  
Then mighty walls for mighty nations build,  
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield.  
But change thy seat, for not the Delian god  
Nor we have given Crete as thine abode.  
A land there is, Hesperia called of old  
(The soil is fruitful and the natives bold—  
The Ænotrians held it once), by later fame  
Now called Italia from the leader's name.  
Iasus there and Dardanus were born ;  
From thence we came, and thither must return.  
Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet ;  
Search Italy, for Jove denies thee Crete."

This was plain enough ; and when Æneas hastened to recount his dream to his father, Anchises recalled to mind that Cassandra had once predicted to him that the destiny of his race was to found an empire in Italy. He therefore advised that the expedition should set sail for that distant western land without delay. Accordingly, leaving behind a few who were unwilling to abandon the fruits of their labour in Pergamus, Æneas and the rest once again went on board their galleys and steered westward. Scarcely had they lost sight of land, when a furious storm arose, which raged for three days and nights. The clouds overhead were so black that night seemed to prevail during the whole time ; and the tempest drove the voyagers altogether out of their

course; and Palinurus, the most skilful pilot among Æneas' followers, confessed that he did not in the least know where they were.

At last, on the fourth day, the fury of the storm abated, and they came in sight of land,—at first lofty mountains, and afterwards, as they drew nearer, rich grassy plains, on which the wanderers saw herds of cattle and flocks of goats grazing without a keeper. As soon as the storm-beaten vessels could be brought to the shore, the Trojans hastened to land, and slaughtered some of the cattle, preparing a luxurious banquet. But this they were not destined to enjoy in peace; for scarcely had they stretched themselves on the couches they had hurriedly prepared beside the food when there was a sudden rushing of wings, and three ghastly creatures swooped down upon the feast, devoured a large part of it, and so defiled the rest with their loathsome touch that very little was eatable. These were the Harpies, and by their appearance Æneas knew that he and his companions had arrived at the Strophades, two islands in the Ionian Sea which for many years had been given up to the monsters. They were fearful of aspect: down to the breast they resembled women, with scanty black hair and glaring red-rimmed eyes, and on their faces ever a famine-stricken look; but they had wings instead of arms, and their bodies and lower limbs were those of huge birds, foul and uncleanly. These hateful creatures had long before been sent by the gods to plague Pheneus the Blind, King of Thrace, who had cruelly treated his sons. Whenever a meal was spread for the king, the Harpies used to descend and devour it. At last some brave warriors, who were passing through Thrace, were persuaded

by the promise of rewards from Pheneus to rid him of the monsters, and drove them to the far Strophades, where they had ever since dwelt.

Irritated at the loss of their feast, Æneas and his companions prepared more food, and determined, if necessary, to defend it with their swords. They accordingly concealed their weapons in the grass, and stationed one of their number on the watch, to give notice with the sound of a trumpet when the Harpies were approaching. This was done accordingly, and the obscene creatures, when they again swooped down to seize on the cooked meats, which they relished more than any other food, were driven off, though not without difficulty. But one of them, perching on a high rock, croaked forth to the astonished mariners this dismal prophecy:—

“ Woe to you, Trojans ! Do you dare to make war upon us after having slain our oxen, and to banish the innocent Harpies from the kingdom which is theirs by right ? Fix, then, in your minds these words, which the father of gods and men revealed to Phœbus Apollo, and Apollo to me. Italy is the land you seek, and Italy you shall reach at last, after many perils ; but you shall not build up the walls of your new-founded city until dire famine and suffering, visiting you because you have injured us, shall compel you to devour your tables as well as the food that is upon them.”

The gloomy prediction terrified most of the wanderers, and they urged Æneas to endeavour to propitiate the unclean monsters with invocations and sacrifices. But Anchises, after imploring Jupiter to ward off the threatened calamities, commanded that

the expedition should at once quit that melancholy shore. After passing the rugged cliffs of Ithaca, and uttering maledictions on the land that bred Ulysses, the most cunning enemy of Troy, the exiles arrived in safety at the harbour of Leucadia, where the ships were anchored, and the travellers landed to rest awhile after the fatigues of the voyage. Here they celebrated the games of their country; and Æneas hung on the door-posts of an ancient and famous temple of Apollo a suit of armour, which he had taken from a Greek warrior slain before Troy, placing above it an inscription: “These arms Æneas won from the victorious Greeks.”

Continuing their journey, the adventurers sailed along the coast of Epirus, and learned with surprise that the country was now ruled by a Trojan monarch—none other than Helenus, one of the sons of King Priam, who had been brought to Epirus as a slave by Pyrrhus, and had succeeded that prince when he was murdered at Delphi. Eager to see his old companion-in-arms, Æneas went ashore with his companions, and found on the sea-shore Andromache, the widow of Hector, who had also been carried away as a slave by Pyrrhus, and had now become the wife of Helenus, and queen of the country. She was in the act of offering sacrifices on a tomb which she had erected to the memory of Hector, when she beheld Æneas approaching. Overcome with emotion at the unexpected sight of one she knew so well, Andromache fainted in the arms of her attendants. When she recovered,—

“ Goddess-born,” she cried, “ art thou indeed a real form? Dost thou live? or, if thou art a visitant from the dead, where is

my Hector?" At that beloved name she was unable to restrain her tears.

Aeneas assured her that he was indeed alive, and asked what had been her fate since the downfall of Troy. She told him how, after being the slave of the haughty son of Achilles, he had given her up to Helenus, when he himself took to wife Hermione, the



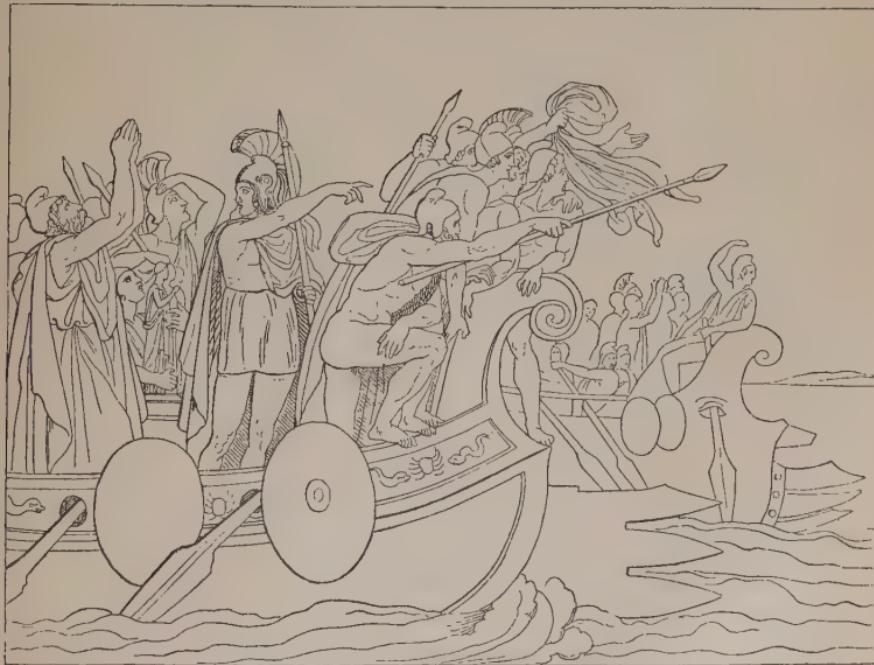
*Meeting of Aeneas and Andromache.*

daughter of Menelaus—a marriage that cost him his life, since he had been assassinated by Orestes, to whom Hermione had previously been betrothed. Helenus had now succeeded Pyrrhus on his throne. And now Helenus came with his train from the neighbouring city to meet Aeneas, to whom he gave a cordial

welcome. After the hero and his companions had been feasted for two days, a favourable wind arose; but before departing Æneas entreated the king, who had always been famous as a soothsayer, to ascertain if he could what would be his future fortunes, and especially how he was to escape the fulfilment of the Harpy's prediction. After offering the necessary sacrifices, Helenus revealed as much of the future as the gods permitted. He told Æneas that a long and perilous voyage must yet be achieved before he would be allowed to reach his destination. He would have to sail through the Sicilian Sea, and visit the entrance to Hades and the island of Circe. The place where he was destined to found his new kingdom was on the banks of a river, the name of which must yet remain secret; but it would be indicated by a sign—the finding of a white sow with a litter of thirty young. As for the doom pronounced by the Harpy, that the wanderers would have to eat their tables, they must not be appalled by it, for some means of fulfilling it would be found. But Helenus went on to warn his friends to shun those nearer coasts of Italy which were washed by the Ionian Sea, because these were all settled by hostile Greeks. They must also avoid the strait that separated Sicily from Italy, and so escape the perils of Scylla and Charybdis. He strongly counselled Æneas to be persistent in his offerings and prayers to Juno; and also to seek the Cumæan Sibyl, and to spare neither time nor entreaty in inducing her to declare the revelations of the oracle with her voice instead of writing them, as was her wont, upon leaves of trees. Having given Æneas these counsels, Helenus added rich presents of gold, silver, and arms, while Andromache loaded with

gifts the young Ascanius, who reminded her of her own Astyanax, the son of Hector, slain by the conquering Greeks when Troy was taken.

Thus refreshed and re-fitted, the expedition pursued its way. A day's sail over the blue Mediterranean brought them in sight of the south-eastern shores of Italy; and as they saw the swelling



*The Trojans perceive the Italian Coast.*

hills and grassy plains of the promised land, they broke into cries of joy. The ships were run into a secure harbour, and sacrifices offered up for the propitiation of Minerva and of Juno; after which, mindful of the injunctions of Helenus to avoid those parts of Italy which lay nearest to Greece, the adventurers resumed their

voyage. Keeping near the coast, they passed the Bay of Tarentum and the lofty promontories of Calabria. Now came in sight the immense bulk of Etna, lifting its fire-crowned head into the clouds; and the roaring of the terrible Charybdis could be distinctly heard. Remembering the warnings of Helenus, they hastily turned to the left, and avoided the perilous strait, but sought refuge in a place scarcely less dangerous; for they landed in the country of the Cyclops, where, only a little while before, Ulysses had been with his comrades, and had endured great sufferings at the hands of the giant Polyphemus, as is told in the Homeric poem called the "Odyssey." The Cyclops, it will be remembered, were a race of savage shepherds, of immense stature, having each but one eye in the middle of his forehead. They dwelt in caves, and kept great flocks and herds. Polyphemus was the largest and fiercest of them all; and when Ulysses and his companions entered his cave he kept them prisoners, and devoured several of them. The hero himself and the rest of his followers had escaped him by making him drunk with wine they had brought on shore from their ships, and then putting out his eye with a sharpened stake, the point of which they had hardened in the fire. The knowledge of this adventure came to Æneas and his Trojans in a strange fashion. On the morning after their arrival in the country of the Cyclops, they were on the shore, when they were surprised to see a man emerge from the woods, and approach them with suppliant gestures. His appearance was wild and emaciated, his beard overgrown, his garments ragged; but nevertheless it was easy to perceive that he was a Greek. When he saw that the voyagers wore Trojan dress and

arms, he paused in fear, but the next moment he hurried towards them with tears and entreaties.

“I conjure you,” he cried, “by the stars, by the powers above, by the light of heaven, ye Trojans, take me hence. Carry me where you will, do with me what you will, I shall be content. I confess that I was one who bore arms against Troy: if you

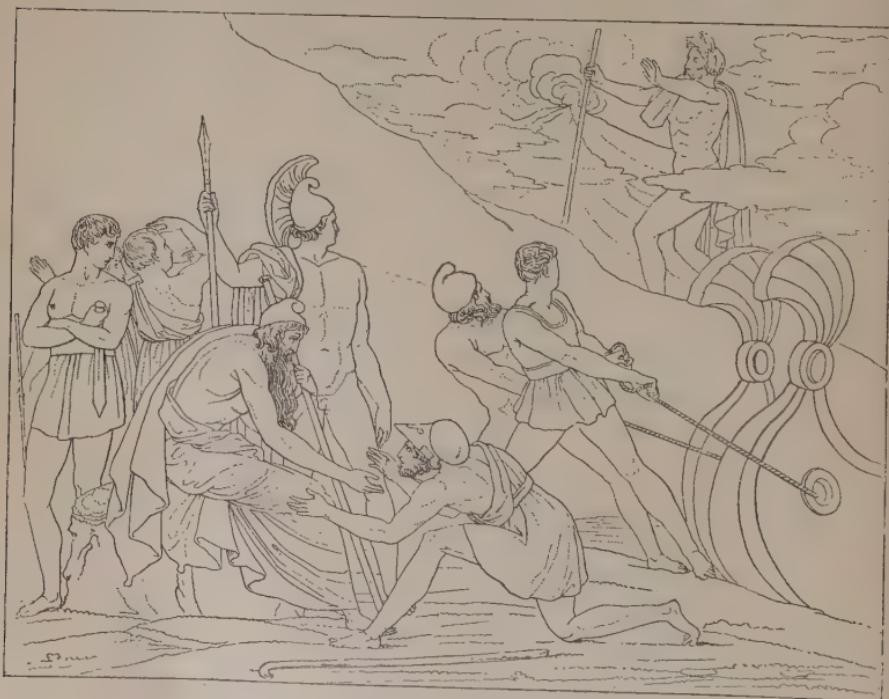


*Ulysses and his Companions putting out the Eye of Polyphemus.*

deem that a crime, put me to death for it. At least I shall have the satisfaction of dying by the hands of men.”

Æneas and Anchises received the stranger kindly, assured him of his safety, and asked him who he was, and how he came to be in that desolate country. He answered that he was an Ithacan, his name Achaemenides, and that he had been one of the companions of Ulysses in his wanderings. He related the adventures of the Ithacan hero in the cave of Polyphemus, and

told how he himself, having been by accident left behind when his comrades escaped, had since led a wretched existence in the woods, living on wild berries and roots, and continually in dread lest he should be seen by the Cyclops. He advised Æneas to lose no time in quitting the country, lest the ferocious shepherds



*Achaemenides imploring the Pity of the Trojans.*

should discover and destroy them. Even as Achaemenides spoke, Polyphemus was seen accompanying his flock to their pasture. So tall was he of stature that he carried the trunk of a pine tree as a staff to guide his footsteps. Reaching the sea he stepped into it, and bent down to bathe the wound inflicted by Ulysses.

The Trojans hastened to cut their cables, and rowed out to sea. The giant heard the sound of their oars, and turned to follow them ; but in his blindness he dared not follow far, and therefore he called on his brethren with a cry so loud that the very sea was shaken in its depths. Forthwith the huge Cyclops came trooping to the shore, like a wood of lofty trees endued with life and



*Polyphemus pursuing the Trojan Ships.*

motion ; but by this time the Trojan vessels had got beyond their reach. The wanderers now sailed along the eastern and southern coasts of Sicily. At the promontory of Drepanum, in the far west of the island, they landed to recruit after the voyage ; and here a sore calamity befell Æneas, in the death of the venerable Anchises, worn out with years and toil.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE STORM: THE ARRIVAL AT CARTHAGE.



HE ruler of that part of Sicily where the Trojans now were was Acestes, a monarch who was, by the mother's side, of Trojan blood; for he was the son of Egesta, who was a young maiden when Laomedon reigned over Troy, and had been sent to Sicily by her parents to escape the fate of being devoured by the sea-monster which was at that time sent by Neptune to ravage Laomedon's dominions, in punishment of the breach of faith of which the monarch had been guilty. Acestes was not forgetful of his mother's country and kin; he treated *Æneas* and his companions with the utmost kindness and hospitality. At last, the wind being favourable, they once more launched their galleys into the foaming sea, spread their sails, and set out on the journey which seemed destined to have so many interruptions.

But a terrible calamity was in store for them. Though *Æneas*, in obedience to the counsels of Helenus, had been diligent in offering sacrifices and prayers to Juno, the heart of that proud goddess was in no way softened or inclined toward him. The

remembrance of the judgment of Paris was still bitter to her, and she extended to all his race the hatred which ought to have been satiated by his destruction. Besides that, she had a special reason for desiring the enterprise of *Æneas* to miscarry. A brave Tyrian lady named Dido had recently quitted her native land, with a number of companions, to escape the oppression of its king, her brother Pygmalion; and had founded on the African coast a new city—that same Carthage which in after years proved, as I have told you already, so formidable a rival of Rome. Juno knew that if *Æneas* were permitted to found a kingdom in Italy, that kingdom was destined in the future to work the destruction of Carthage, where she was worshipped with peculiar honours, and which in consequence she regarded with especial favour. When, therefore, she saw from the heights of Olympus that *Æneas* and his companions were making rapid progress on their voyage, her bosom swelled with anger. “Shall I then, baffled,” she exclaimed, “desist from my purpose, nor have it in my power to turn away the Trojan king from Italy? Am I alone, of all the deities, to bow to the Fates? When a single Greek insulted Minerva, she was able to destroy all his ships, and to dash him to destruction on a pointed rock. But I, both the sister and wife of Jupiter, the queen of heaven, must needs wage fruitless war with a whole people for ages. If I am thus shown to be powerless, who will henceforth offer worship at my altars?”

Vexing herself with such thoughts as these, Juno mounted her chariot, drawn by peacocks, and hastened to the *Æolian* Islands, where dwelt *Æolus*, the ruler of the winds. He kept them confined in a vast cavern, and made them subservient to

his will. Into this gloomy underground palace Juno descended, and accosted its master:—

“Æolus, a people whom I hate, now traverse the Tuscan Sea, bearing the fortunes of conquered Troy to Italy, where they hope to erect a new kingdom. Let loose your winds—bid them overturn the ships or drive them against the rocks! Do this, and



*Juno on her Way to Æolus.*

behold the reward I will bestow upon you—this fairest of my nymphs, Deiopeia, whom I will join to you in wedlock, so that she may be yours for ever.”

“O queen,” joyfully answered Æolus, “it is thine to command, and for me to execute thy will.” So saying, he raised his spear, and with its point smote the side of the inner cave wherein the

winds were imprisoned. The rock opened, and the winds rushed forth, mad with the delight of freedom, on their destructive mission. Descending upon the ocean where the ill-fated fleet of Æneas was ploughing its way through the waves, they overturned the waters from the very bottom, and raised huge billows almost to the clouds, which, gathered up from the whole heaven, snatched



*Æolus letting loose the Winds against the Trojan Ships.*

the daylight from the bewildered sailors. Æneas himself was overwhelmed with fear. "O happy they," he cried in his anguish, "to whom the Fates permitted an honourable death in the field before Troy, before the eyes of their comrades. Why was it not granted to me to fall under the heavy sword of brave Diomedes or of Achilles?" The storm increased in fury. Some

of the ships were dashed to pieces on the rocks; others were shattered by the sheer weight of the waves. On all sides ruin seemed to be overtaking the heroic band who had triumphed over so many preceding dangers.

But not thus was Juno destined to subvert the decrees of the



*The Storm.*

Fates. Neptune, the god of ocean, became aware of the violent tumult that was raging on the surface of the sea. He rose from his submarine palace, and beheld the winds careering in unrestrained fury, lashing the waters, and destroying the Trojan ships. Neptune was aware of the evil purposes of Juno, but he did not approve of them. Sternly he summoned to him the angry winds.

“How dare ye,” he cried, “without my permission thus to disturb the waters? When next you commit such an offence, a heavy punishment shall follow. Fly now to your king, and bear to him from me this message—that not to him, but to me, has been allotted the empire of the sea. His dominions are the huge



*Neptune commands the Winds to return to their King.*

rocks in whose recesses you dwell; there let him boast his authority as much as he will, but he shall not trespass in my realm.”

Tremulous with fear the winds fled to their ruler, while Neptune quickly assuaged the anger of the waves, gliding over them in his chariot, and suddenly changing the tumult of the

tempest to a calm. The exhausted Trojan mariners steered their shattered vessels to the nearest land—a deep harbour, guarded at its entrance on each side by a lofty rock, while within, thick woods came down to the very edge of the peaceful waters. Here *Æneas* brought together seven ships—all, as it seemed, that were left of his fleet. Eagerly did he and his followers spring ashore, and stretch their limbs on the dry land which they had not hoped to feel again beneath them. Achates, the most faithful friend and follower of the hero, struck a spark from a flint, and kindling some dry leaves, soon built up a fire; and speedily the wanderers began to grind corn and prepare a meal. Meantime *Æneas* climbed a rock that overlooked the sea, in order to discover whether any other of the ships were in sight. He could not perceive any; but while gazing around he saw a herd of deer pass out of the neighbouring wood and begin to feed in a valley close at hand. Taking his bow from Achates, who had accompanied him, he succeeded in killing seven of the animals, which were brought to the shore and divided among the hungry mariners. The repast was washed down with wine which had been given to *Æneas* by *Acestes*; and the hero tried to cheer his followers, reminding them that they had ere this successfully surmounted many trials, and that they were promised by the gods a safe and peaceful settlement in Italy, where they were destined to revive the glories of the Trojan kingdom. Even while he spoke thus, his own heart was filled with bitter sorrow for the companions whom he believed to be lost.

While *Æneas* and his friends were thus refreshing themselves after the hardships they had undergone, Jupiter, seated on

Olympus, was surveying the realms of earth, and meditating his purposes towards them. Venus approached him, her bright eyes bedimmed with tears, and appealed to him on behalf of her son and his Trojans, recalling to his mind the promise he had given of the future greatness of the kingdom they should found. "Father!" she exclaimed, "why is thy purpose changed? The hopes you gave me were my solace when Troy fell; but the same evil fortune still follows her children, after they have suffered so many cruel woes. When is there to be an end to their labours? How long are they to be driven from sea to sea, from shore to shore, to gratify the hatred of a single deity?"

With a smile Jupiter kissed his daughter's ruddy lips, and answered her with assurances that the promise he had made should be fulfilled. In due time the walls and city of Lavinium should arise; in Italy Æneas would wage a mighty war, crush a stubborn nation, and give laws and security to his people for three successive years. But to Ascanius was destined a longer reign. For thirty years he should rule, should transfer the seat of his empire from Lavinium, and erect the mighty ramparts of Alba Longa. There for three hundred years should the descendants of Æneas sway the sceptre, until Ilia, a royal priestess, should bear to the war-god Mars two twin-sons, who would be suckled by a she-wolf. At this point Virgil put into the mouth of Jupiter a splendid prophecy of the future greatness of Rome, which may best be given in the stately lines of Dryden:—

"Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,  
Of martial towers the founder shall become,  
The people Romans call, the city Rome.

To them no bounds of empire I assign,  
Nor term of years to their immortal line.  
E'en haughty Juno, who with endless broils  
Earth, seas, and heaven, and Jove himself turmoils,  
At length atoned her friendly power shall join  
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.  
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,  
And prostrate shall adore the nation of the gown.  
An age is ripening in revolving fate  
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,  
And sweet revenge her conquering sons shall call  
To crush the people that conspired her fall.  
Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise,  
Whose empire ocean and whose fame the skies  
Alone shall bound ; whom, fraught with Eastern spoils,  
Our heaven, the just reward of human toils,  
Securely shall repay with rites divine,  
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine."

Having contented Venus with this brilliant forecast of the future of the race in whom she took such tender interest, Jupiter sent down the messenger-god Mercury to earth to take such measures as were necessary to insure to the Trojans a hospitable reception from the people on whose territory they had landed, and who were, in fact, none other than Queen Dido and her Carthaginians.

As Dido was destined to play an important part in the immediate future of Æneas, it may be as well to explain more fully who she was, and how it happened that she was reigning over an African kingdom. She was the daughter of Belus, King of Tyre, a rich and populous city of the Phœnicians—that extraordinary people whose ships traversed every known sea, and who

for many centuries held in their hands all the maritime commerce of the world. Belus gave his daughter in marriage to a wealthy Tyrian lord named Sichæus or Acerbas, whose influence he hoped would be sufficient to secure her safety when his own protection could be extended to her no longer. But on Belus' death he was succeeded on the throne by his son Pygmalion, who was infamous in those days for his cruelty and his greed. Having wasted all the treasures which his father had left, Pygmalion longed to possess those of Sichæus, and therefore caused him to be murdered before the altar in the Temple of Hercules, of which he was the priest. The king gained nothing by this shameful deed, because Sichæus had hidden all his wealth. His spectre visited Dido in a dream, told the story of Pygmalion's crime, and revealed the place where the treasure was concealed. The bereaved wife resolved to quit a country ruled by so wicked a king, who, moreover, although he was her brother, would not have hesitated to sacrifice her life, as he had done her husband's, to obtain possession of her wealth. Secretly Dido procured ships, loaded them with her possessions, and sailed away from Tyre, accompanied by a number of others who were weary of Pygmalion's oppression. She first touched at Cyprus, where, according to the rude fashion of those times, her followers seized on a number of maidens to be their wives in the new settlement they intended to found. Then they sailed across to Africa, where they landed in the country now called Tunis; and Dido bought from the chief who ruled there as much land as might be covered by the hide of a bull. But in this bargain she showed true Phœnician cunning; for she cut the hide into narrow thongs, and claimed all the land

that could be enclosed within them. On the soil thus cheaply acquired she and her people were now busy in erecting the city which was destined, under the name of Carthage, to be for centuries the ruler of the Mediterranean.

Æneas, who knew not on what shore the tempest had driven him, passed an uneasy night in disturbed slumber. With the



*Dido's Escape from Tyre.*

first dawn of the morning light he awoke, and summoning Achates, set forth to view the land and endeavour to find out in what part of the earth they now were. As the two friends walked through the wood, they encountered a beautiful virgin, carrying a light bow across her shoulder, with her hair loose and

fluttering in the wind, and her robes gathered up to the knee. This was in reality none other than Venus herself, who had descended to Libya, and had assumed this form in order to watch over and guide her son.

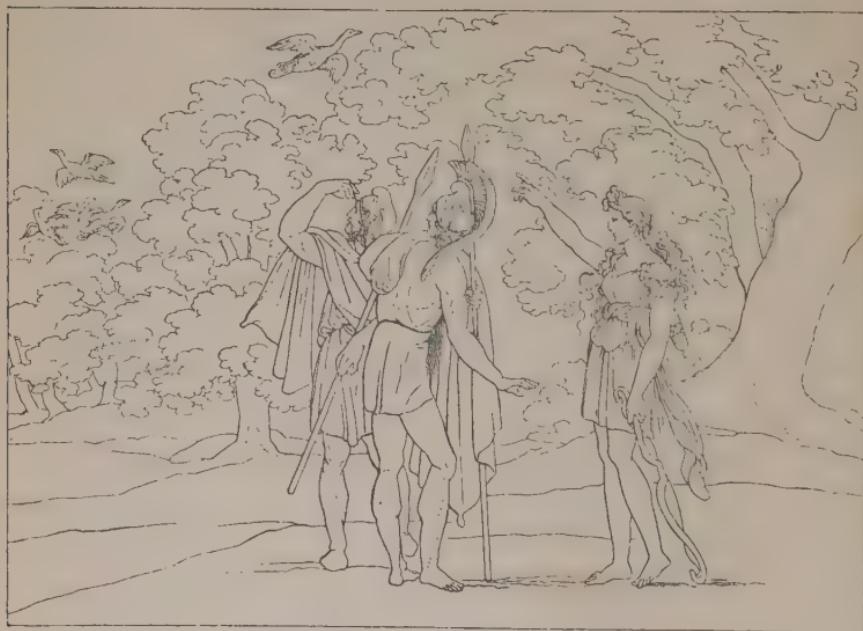
“Have you, O warriors,” she said, “seen my sister wandering this way, clad in the skin of a spotted lynx, and carrying a quiver?”

“We have not seen your sister, fair maiden,” answered Æneas. “But by what name shall I address you? For you wear not the look of a mortal, nor is your voice human. Surely thou art a goddess—perchance Diana herself, or one of her nymphs. Whoever you may be, take pity on us, and tell us in what region of the world hard fortune has cast us. We are strangers both to this country and to its people, having been driven on the coast by the fury of a tempest. Speak, and we will not forget to offer sacrifices on thy altars.”

Still keeping up her disguise, Venus answered, with the modest air of a virgin: “Indeed I do not deem myself worthy of such an honour. It is the custom of Tyrian maidens to wear such garments as mine, and to follow the chase with the bow. This country is the kingdom of Carthage, founded by a Tyrian people, who have for their leader Dido, the daughter of King Belus.” Then she proceeded to relate the story of Dido’s flight from Tyre, and ended by asking the strangers who they were, and whence they came. Æneas replied faithfully to her questions, and was recounting his misfortunes, when Venus, unable to endure the piteous story of her son’s sorrows, interrupted him.

“Whoever you may be” she said, “I trust you are not un-

friended by the immortals. I counsel you to proceed forthwith to the palace of our queen, and to seek her hospitality." Then pointing out to *Æneas* and his companion the manœuvres of a troop of swans which were flying overhead, she declared that, having been taught divination by her parents, she could perceive from the movements of the sacred birds that the ships which had been



*Venus pointing out the Swans to *Æneas*.*

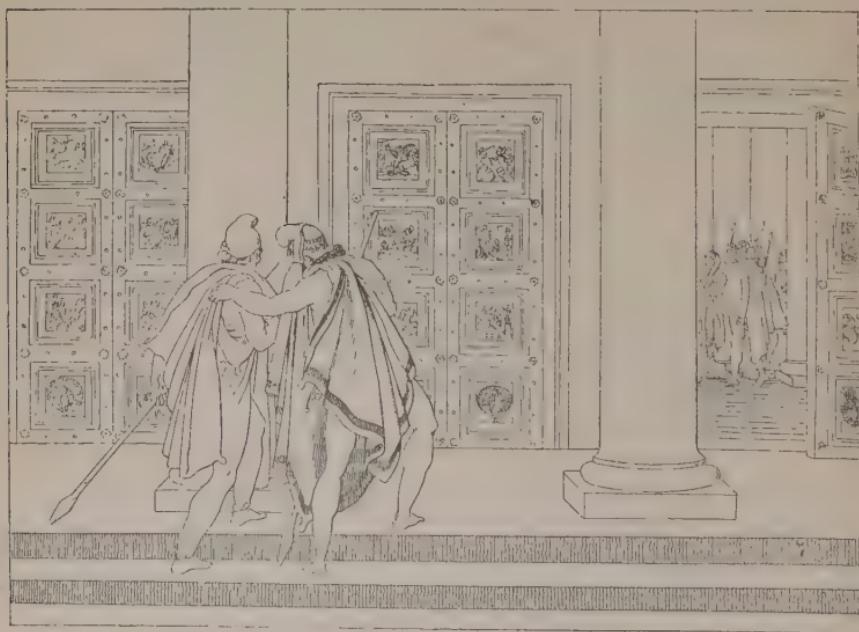
thought lost were in reality preserved, and were at that moment entering the harbour.

Having thus gladdened the heart of her son, Venus turned away, and as she left him cast off her disguise and appeared in all her natural majesty. Then *Æneas* knew his mother, and

pursued her as she fled, with entreaties that she should no longer delude him by assuming false shapes, but should meet him in her own form, give him the joy of grasping her hand in his, and answer him in words sincere and undissembled. This petition, which it was certainly natural for him to make, the capricious goddess did not grant. She winged her way to her favourite temple at Paphos, where a hundred altars were perpetually smoking with incense in her honour; but, as *Æneas* and Achates, in obedience to her mandate, set out in search of Carthage, she surrounded them with a veil of mist, so that none might see them or cause them interruption.

Advancing along a beaten path that ran through the wood, the Trojan hero and his friend soon came to the site of the new city. Here all was bustle and activity. The fortifications had already been raised to a considerable height, and ponderous stones were being placed on the walls. Elsewhere docks were being excavated in the solid rock, and palaces and temples were being reared on every side. Passing unseen through the busy multitudes that swarmed around, *Æneas* and Achates reached the centre of the city. Here was a dense grove, in which, when Dido and her companions first landed, they had dug up from the rich soil the head of a war-horse—a portent granted to them by Juno, to signify that the new state would be prosperous and victorious in war; and on this site a splendid temple, with brazen gates and columns, had been erected to the queen of the gods. Entering within, the strangers were filled at once with hope and sorrow by an unexpected sight; for on the walls of the temple they beheld a series of pictures representing the events of the Trojan war.

In one place the Greeks were flying from the walls of the city, pursued by the victorious garrison; in another, there was depicted the furious attack of Achilles when he took the field to revenge the death of his beloved Patroclus, and the slaughter he inflicted on the Trojans. On one side might be seen the tents of Rhesus, with Ulysses and Diomedes bathing their swords in the blood of



*Æneas in the Temple at Carthage.*

the sleeping warriors; and close by, the mournful spectacle of Hector's corpse dragged round the city walls behind the chariot of the implacable Achilles. In other pictures Æneas recognized the representation of his own deeds in the field. Thus reminded of the sad story of the past, the hero, his eyes filled with tears,

exclaimed, "What place, Achates, what country in the wide world is ignorant of our calamities? But if here they are known, they are also lamented; we need fear nothing, for our sorrows will meet with compassion."

While *Æneas* was surveying the temple and its adornments, Queen Dido drew near, surrounded by her maidens, and by a guard of young and vigorous warriors. Beautiful and stately as Diana she moved along, giving words of praise and encouragement to her busy workmen. Taking her seat on a throne in the centre of the temple, the queen dispensed justice among her subjects, listened to complaints, and allotted lands and houses. While she was thus engaged, an immense crowd was seen advancing, and in the midst of it *Æneas* and Achates were overjoyed to perceive a number of their companions, whom they had believed to be lost. These men had brought their vessels into the new port of Carthage, and having been seized by the people, were now led before the queen to plead their own cause. The most venerable and highest in rank among them, Ilioneus by name, now stepped forward and addressed Dido:—

"O queen, to whom Jove has granted to found here a new state, we forlorn Trojans, cast upon your shores by the merciless winds and waves, implore you to save our ships from the flames with which your people threaten them, and to relieve our distresses. We have not come hither with any purpose of war or plunder; such enterprises are not undertaken by vanquished fugitives. We were directing our course toward Italy, where a peaceful settlement was promised us, when a sudden storm dispersed our fleet, and drove us, the poor remnant of it, upon your shores.

Now your followers have risen in arms against us, and would scarcely permit us to set foot on land. If you have no regard for the laws of hospitality, at least remember that the gods will punish wrong-doing. Our leader was *Æneas*, whose piety and skill in war were unsurpassed. If he still live, neither shall we despair, nor will you have cause to repent any favour you may bestow upon us. In Sicily, too, we have friends; and *Acestes*, the king of that land, is of Trojan descent. Permit us to bring our vessels ashore, and to refit them, so that if we recover our prince we may resume our journey to Italy. But if *Æneas* has perished, we shall, if you grant our prayer, at least be able to return to the settlements we have left behind in Sicily."

Queen Dido, with eyes modestly cast down, listened to the words of *Ilioneus*, and then answered: "Trojans, banish fear from your breasts, and lay your cares aside. My kingdom is yet new, and therefore I am obliged to keep a strict guard on its frontiers, and to admit no strangers without question. But we Tyrians are not unacquainted with the misfortunes of Troy, nor wanting in compassion for them. Whether you determine to sail for Italy or to return to the dominions of King *Acestes*, I will give you whatever assistance you require; or, if you choose to settle here, you shall be treated equally with my Tyrians. Would that your chief were also here. I will forthwith send messengers along the coast, to inquire whether by any chance his ships have been cast upon our shores."

When they heard the queen speak thus, both *Æneas* and *Achates* were eager to break through the veil of mist by which they were surrounded. "What need, O chief," exclaimed *Achates*,

“for further concealment? All is safe; your fleet and your friends are restored, as your mother predicted; and you are sure of a hospitable welcome.” Scarcely had he spoken when the cloud that Venus had thrown around them disappeared, and they stood forth visible to the eyes of all. Upon *Æneas* his mother had bestowed the aspect and majesty of a god. A youthful radiance sparkled in his eyes.

“Behold, O queen!” he exclaimed, “he whom you would seek now stands before you. I am Trojan *Æneas*, cast like my companions on these shores by the fury of the waves.” Then he gave Dido earnest thanks for the kindness she had displayed, and hastened to embrace the friends whom he had thought lost, and who had scarce dared to hope that they should be permitted to see him again. Dido greeted him with fresh words of welcome, and invited him and his companions to take shelter in her palace. “Myself acquainted with misery,” she said, “I have learned to pity and relieve the misfortunes of others.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### ÆNEAS AND DIDO.

QUEEN DIDO conducted *Æneas* into the royal apartments, and caused a splendid banquet to be prepared for him and for the other chiefs of the expedition. At the same time she sent, as presents to the crews of the ships encamped upon the shore, twenty oxen, and a hundred each of swine and sheep. *Æneas* also despatched Achates to the ships, to bear the joyful tidings of the queen's friendship to Ascanius, and to bring back with him the boy, on whom the anxious father continually thought when they were separated. He directed Achates to bring, as gifts to Dido, some rich garments and jewels which had been rescued from the ruins of Troy. But Venus, watching the course of events, had now conceived a fresh plan for the benefit of *Æneas*. For its execution she needed the assistance of her son Cupid, the all-powerful god of love, to whose influence Jupiter himself was often obliged to yield. Him, therefore, she sought, and thus unfolded her design:—

“Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife  
By force and fraud attempts thy brother's life;

And often hast thou mourned with me his pains.  
 Him Dido now with blandishment detains ;  
 But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.  
 For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,  
 And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart—  
 A love so violent, so strong, so sure,  
 That neither age can change nor art can cure.  
 How this may be performed, now take my mind :  
 Ascanius by his father is designed  
 To come, with presents laden, from the port,  
 To gratify the queen and gain the court.  
 I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,  
 And, ravished, in Idalian bowers to keep,  
 Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit  
 May pass unseen, and none perceive the cheat.  
 Take thou his form and shape—I beg the grace—  
 But only for a night's revolving space ;  
 Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face ;  
 That when, amidst the fervour of the feast,  
 The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,  
 And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,  
 Thou mayst infuse thy venom in her veins."

It was a cruel return which Venus thus proposed to make to Dido for her hospitality to Æneas—to inspire her with a hopeless love for the hero. But Cupid, ever ready for mischief and for the exercise of his power, gladly agreed to play his part in the plot, descended to the Trojan camp, and assumed the appearance of Ascanius, whom Venus, having sunk him in a profound sleep, bore in her arms to the beautiful groves dedicated to her at Idalium in Cyprus.

The pretended Ascanius duly accompanied Achates from the

camp to the royal palace, where now Queen Dido and her guests were seated at the banquet. The Tyrians beheld with wonder the rich presents which the disguised god, at Æneas' bidding, placed at the feet of the queen; nor did they less admire the beauty and grace of the youth himself. He was especially attractive to Dido, on whom he was already beginning to exercise



*Venus asking Cupid to personate Ascanius.*

his fatal influence. She made him sit by her side, and fondled him again and again, while he poured into her veins the poison of ardent passion for Æneas. So the feast proceeded. When the hunger of the guests was satisfied the more substantial viands were removed, and great bowls of rich wine placed on the tables

in their stead. Dido herself first filled a jewelled cup, and in offering the customary libation to the gods, exclaimed: "Grant, O Jupiter, that this may be an auspicious day both to the people of Carthage and to our Trojan guests, and that it may be commemorated by our posterity." Then, having poured the offered wine on the table, she first touched the cup with her lips, and afterwards passed it to an African chief named Bitias, who was a suitor for her hand, and challenged him to drain it. He accepted the challenge, and drank every drop the spacious bowl contained; a feat which was afterwards imitated by some of the other guests, both Tyrians and natives. A prince named Iopas, who was skilled in music, next took a golden lyre, and sang a wild song of the changes of the moon, the eclipses of the sun, the causes of the summer heat and of the cold of winter. While most of the feasters listened to this singer, Dido, continuing to fondle the seeming Ascanius, fell more and more under the influence of her new-born passion for Æneas. She found a strange delight in listening to his voice, and so pressed him with questions about the events of the great war of Troy, the appearance and the feats of the principal heroes, and so forth. At last she proposed that he should relate all the adventures that had befallen him during the seven years that had now elapsed since the fall of Troy. To such a story all alike were eager to listen, so there was complete silence while Æneas, in obedience to the queen's request, recounted the history of his wanderings. When he had ended, the gathering dispersed, and the hero and his friends hastened to enjoy the repose which, after so eventful a day, was most welcome to them.

But to Dido the night was not one of rest, but of ceaseless

thought, and of an anxiety which as yet she scarcely understood. The image of Æneas, the remembrance of his deeds, was ever before her: in imagination she retraced each step of his long voyage, rejoiced in his successes, and was filled with pity for his sufferings. With the first rays of morning she summoned to her presence a sister, her chief counsellor and confidante, and began a complaint of the dreams and imaginations which had disturbed her slumbers, but soon turned the conversation to the praise of their Trojan guest. She dwelt on the nobility of his form and manner, on the heroic courage with which he had endured so many misfortunes. "Had I not," she passionately exclaimed, "been fixed and steadfast in my resolution never again to think of marriage since I was so cruelly robbed of my first lord, I might have dreamt of giving my heart to this brave stranger. I confess to you, Anna, that for the first time since the death of Sichæus I now feel an impulse of tenderness toward a man; but to that impulse I swear I will not yield. He to whom I first pledged my troth shall still possess it, even in his grave."

It may be doubted whether Dido wished to have her sister's sympathy in this protestation; certainly she did not obtain it. "Why," said Anna, "should you thus any longer waste the bloom of your youth in mournful solitude, and doom yourself never again to know a husband's tenderness? Can you think that such a fidelity is in any way a comfort to the dead? It is true that you have disdained the suit of the Getulian king Iarbas, and the other African princes who have sought your hand since first we settled in this wild land; but that is no reason why you should repress a love which would be in every way beneficial. Re-

member that around our new kingdom there swarm the Getulians, the Numidians, and other races formidable in war; remember, too, that your brother threatens to follow you with fire and sword from Tyre. Surely it is by the special favour of the gods that this Trojan chief, so skilled in arms and so worthy of your hand, has been driven on our coast. If the power of these strangers be



*Dido confessing her Love of Æneas.*

added to our own, how mighty may the Carthaginian Empire become! If, then, you will take my advice, you will do all you can to detain our guests, and rather cherish than subdue your affection for their leader."

These counsels were too much in accordance with the real

feelings of the queen not to command her approval. The two sisters hastened to the temples, and endeavoured to obtain the favour of the gods by sacrifices. But while she thus fed her hopes, Dido's passion burned all the more intensely. She could not endure to have *Æneas* out of her sight: she conducted him all over the city, showed him the fortifications, and explained what further buildings she intended to erect. In the evening she again entertained *Æneas* at her table, and would have been glad to hear him repeat the story of his wanderings. She could no longer take interest in the occupations which had before engaged her; all her thoughts were turned to devising new excuses for enjoying the society of her guest.

The arts of Venus and Cupid, and their success, had not escaped the observation of Juno; and now, wishful to turn the new state of matters to her own advantage, she proposed to Venus that they should join together to promote a common purpose, and bring about the union of *Æneas* and Dido, so that the two peoples might combine to erect one great empire. Venus perceived that the object of Juno was to avert the foundation of a kingdom in Italy that might become a rival to Carthage; but she affected to consent to the proposals of Juno, and it was agreed between them that the occasion of a hunting-party, which Dido and *Æneas* had arranged to hold on the next day, should be taken to bring about the declaration of their mutual love.

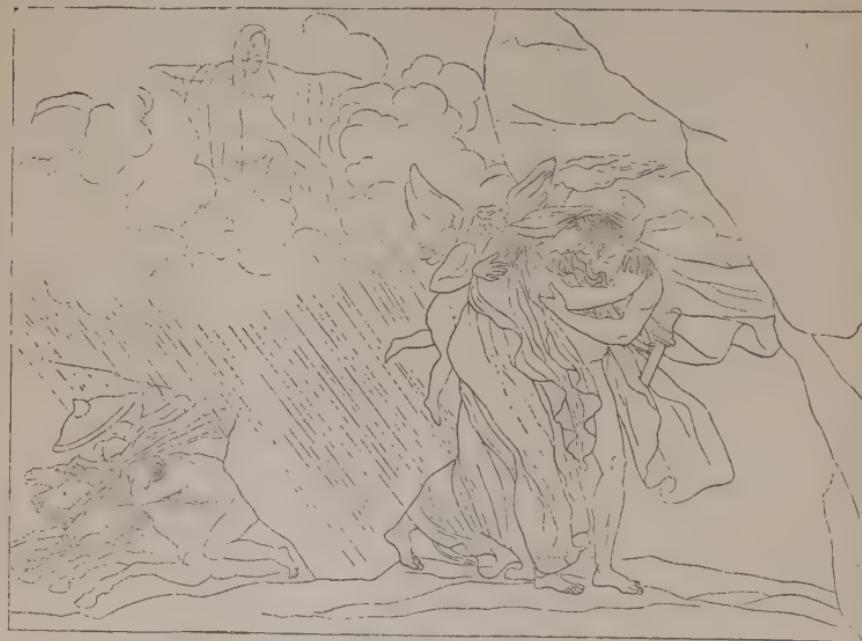
The poet's description of the assemblage of the hunting-party is a noble word-picture, which is worth giving in a literal translation: "Soon as the beams of day shot forth, the chosen youth issue from the gates; the fine nets, the toils, the broad-pointed

hunting-spears, the Massylian horsemen, and a pack of quick-scented hounds pour forth together. Before the palace gate the Carthaginian nobles await the queen lingering in her alcove; her steed, richly caparisoned with purple and gold, stands ready, and fiercely champs the foaming bit. At length she comes, attended by a numerous retinue, attired in a Sidonian chlamys with embroidered border; she has a quiver of gold; her tresses are tied together in a golden knot; a golden buckle binds up her purple robe. The Trojan youth, too, and sprightly Iulus, accompany the procession. Æneas himself, distinguished in beauty above all the rest, mingles with the retinue, and adds his train to hers."

Such was the brilliant company which set forth for the pursuit of the wild goats, the stags, the fierce wild boars, and even the tawny lion. But ere the chase had fairly begun the sky grew dark, and a deluge of rain descended. The hunters scattered in all directions in search of shelter; and Dido and Æneas, under Juno's guidance, took refuge together in a cave. While they were thus alone together, the Trojan chief was tempted, by the beauty and the evident fondness of the queen, to utter words of love to which she readily responded.

But the happiness of that moment was dearly bought. In the ardour of her passion Dido thought of nothing else, and soon the news of her intended alliance was spread far and wide through the surrounding countries. Busy Rumour, many-tongued and swift-winged, carried the intelligence to Iarbas, the King of the Getulians. This African monarch was a son of Jove, to whom he ever diligently offered worship. He had long been a suitor for

Dido's hand, and he was filled with anger when he learned of the favour she showed to *Æneas*. Hurrying to the temple, he earnestly prayed his divine father to forbid the intended marriage. Jupiter heard and assented to the prayer. He summoned Mercury, and bade him swiftly descend to Carthage, and carry to *Æneas* a message that he should set sail without delay for Italy,



*Æneas and Dido seek Shelter in a Cave.*

where he was destined by the Fates to found an empire, and that it was not for him to loiter longer on the African shore.

Mercury at once obeyed the mandate of the ruler of the gods. Putting on his feet his winged sandals, which bore him over land and sea more swiftly than the wind, and taking in his hand his

magic wand, he descended rapidly to Carthage, and beheld Æneas superintending the erection of new buildings which he and Dido had projected together. Conquered by love, the hero had abandoned all thought of prosecuting his enterprise; and the very garments which he now wore, glowing with gold and costly dyes, were the gifts of the enamoured queen. To him the heavenly messenger spoke thus:—



*Rumour informing Iarbas of Dido's Love Affair.*

“ Is it for you now to be laying the foundations of stately Carthage, and, in fond slavery to a Tyrian wife, to be raising a city for her, regardless of your own enterprise? The sovereign of the gods, who governs earth and heaven by his nod, himself sends me down to you from bright Olympus. With what purpose

do you waste your time in these regions? If you are no longer ambitious of glory, and will not attempt anything for your own renown, have some regard at least for the future of your son, to whom the kingdom of Italy and the future glories of the Roman dominion are destined."

Having thus delivered his message, Mercury disappeared on the instant, leaving *Æneas* overcome by the suddenness of the command, and full of shame when he remembered how faithless he had been to his sacred mission. His passion for Dido vanished like a dream, and all his thoughts were busied in contriving means of speedy departure. How he should obtain the consent of Dido he knew not, but in the meantime he summoned the chiefs among his Trojan comrades, and bade them secretly equip the fleet, get their arms in order, and prepare everything for departure. His purpose was to break his intention to the queen gradually, as favourable opportunities might occur. But love is not easily deceived. Ever watchful, Dido became aware of *Æneas'* projects and preparations before he had had an opportunity of speaking to her about them. Her rage was at first uncontrollable and beyond all utterance. Then she turned on *Æneas*, mingling tears, reproaches, and entreaties. Could neither their mutual love nor the faith he had pledged, nor her own resolve to die if he deserted her, she asked, induce him to abandon his purpose? She spoke of the perils he would have to face were he to sail during the season of winter storms; she reminded him that for his sake she had sacrificed her fair fame, and provoked the enmity of all the neighbouring kings. "Wilt thou fly from me?" she cried. "By these tears, by our nuptial rites, by our conjugal

love begun, if I have deserved any thanks at thy hand, or if ever you saw any charms in me, take pity, I implore you, on a falling race and lay aside your resolution."

It was certain that through his own weakness *Æneas* had placed himself in an awkward position. On the one side were the imperative mandate of the gods, his duty to his son and to his race; on the other, the obligations which he had undoubtedly incurred to *Dido*, whose heart he had won, and from whom he had received so many favours. But the one thing on which he was resolved was obedience to the message which *Mercury* had brought. In answer to the entreaties and reproaches of the queen, therefore, he could only express his gratitude for all the kindness she had shown him, the memory of which, he said, he should always cherish. But the oracles, and now the express command of *Jupiter* himself, bade him pursue his journey to *Italy*. That land was the object of his love, and thither he must go. His resolute announcement of his purpose provoked *Dido* to a terrible outburst of anger. She poured upon him the most bitter taunts; she called on the divine justice to avenge her wrongs. She uttered fervent prayers that misfortune might dog his footsteps wherever he went, and vowed that even when she was dead her spectre should pursue him, the herald of disaster. Even in mid-speech her passion overcame her, and she sank fainting at the feet of the perplexed *Æneas*. He would gladly have appeased her, but never relaxed for a moment in his preparations for departure, in which he was faithfully and gladly seconded by his followers, so that the fleet was very soon fit for sea.

When Dido beheld all the ships ranged in order, with their loading almost completed, the strength of her love completely conquered her pride. Hopeless that her own entreaties would have any effect, she summoned her sister Anna, and charged her with a message to Æneas, imploring him not indeed to abandon, but at least to postpone, his journey, so that she might have time



*Dido imploring the Help of her Sister.*

to fortify herself against the separation. But the Trojan chief had now learned the danger of delay, and Anna's supplications, though again and again repeated, moved him no more than her sister's wrath and anguish had done. The despair of the unhappy queen increased; she longed for death, and began to form a resolution of putting an end to her own life as soon as Æneas

should have actually departed. In this purpose she was confirmed by an omen; for while she was performing her customary sacrifices to the gods, the sacred liquors grew black, and the wine she poured upon the altar seemed to her to turn into blood—an occurrence which in those times was believed to be a sure portent of a speedy and violent death to the person offering the sacrifice.



*Dido's Sacrifice.*

In her nightly slumbers she was continually haunted by fearful visions. Sometimes she beheld Æneas himself, stern and cold, irresponsible to her love; more often appalling spectres of the Furies tormented her. Determined, therefore, to put an end to her life and her sufferings together, she sought her sister and said, "Rejoice with me; I have thought of an expedient which

will either restore to me my betrayer or rid me of the love I feel for him. A Massylian priestess, who understands all manner of incantations, has taught me what to do. You must erect in the inner court of my palace a lofty funeral pile, and place upon it the arms which Æneas left in my apartments, the garments in which I first beheld him, and everything of his which is within



*Dido's Dream.*

these walls. It is the bidding of the priestess that every trace of his presence amongst us should be destroyed."

Even as she spoke thus Dido grew pale as death at the mere thought of the purpose she meditated; but her words and manner were calm, and Anna, suspecting nothing, obeyed her commands,

and erected the pile, upon which the clothes and arms of *Æneas* were laid, together with a bust of him which the queen had caused a skilful artist to execute in the brief time of their happiness. All around altars were placed, on which Dido herself offered sacrifices, with appropriate invocations to the infernal gods.

Night came ; the earth and all its weary inhabitants were hushed in repose—all save the unhappy queen, whose heart was torn by conflicting emotions. Life was still sweet to her, in spite of her anguish ; and at one time the thought occurred to her of solacing herself for *Æneas'* desertion by accepting as a husband one of the African monarchs who had been her assiduous wooers ever since she set foot in the country. Again, she asked herself if it would not be better to accompany the Trojans in their voyage, and leave her Tyrians and their city ; or whether, playing a part more worthy of her rank and her former renown, she should not arm her people and prevent *Æneas'* departure by force. While she was pondering these different plans, the hero was taking needful repose in the cabin of his ship, his purpose being to sail on the following morning. But while he slept, Mercury appeared to him in a dream and exhorted him to fly at once, while he was still free to do so, because if he waited till morning he might find the queen determined to arrest his flight. Awakened by this vision, *Æneas* roused his comrades, ordered them to spread their sails, cut the cables, and depart at once. Joyfully they obeyed his orders, and by the uncertain light of the moon and stars succeeded in getting their vessels clear of the harbour and out into the open sea.

As soon as morning broke, Dido ascended to a tower in the palace whence she could command a view of the port and the Trojan ships. Great were her astonishment and wrath to see that they had quitted their berths during the night, and were already far away from her shores. At first she issued wild orders that her own ships should set out in pursuit; but these desperate



*Dido discovers the Flight of Æneas.*

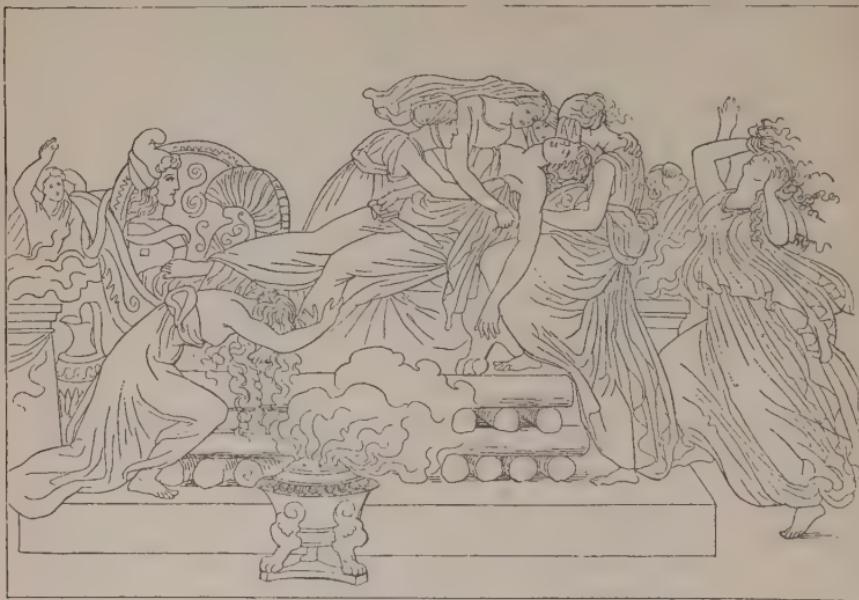
commands she as quickly recalled, perceiving that now indeed death was all the remedy that was left to her. But first she uttered against Æneas and all his race a solemn malediction:—

“Thou, Sun, who view’st at once the world below !  
Thou, Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow !

Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes !  
Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods !  
All powers invoked with Dido's dying breath,  
Attend her curses and avenge her death !  
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,  
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,  
Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes,  
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose ;  
Oppressed with numbers in the unequal field,  
His men discouraged, and himself expelled,  
Let him for succour sue from place to place,  
Torn from his subjects and his son's embrace.  
First let him see his friends in battle slain,  
And their untimely fate lament in vain ;  
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,  
On hard conditions may he buy his peace ;  
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,  
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,  
And lie unburied on the barren sand !  
These are my prayers, and this my dying will ;  
And you, my Tyrians, every curse fulfil.  
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim  
Against the prince, the people, and the name.  
These grateful offerings on my grave bestow ;  
Nor league nor love the hostile nations know !  
Now and from hence, in every future age,  
When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage,  
Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,  
With fire and sword pursue the perjured brood—  
Our arms, our seas, our shores opposed to theirs—  
And the same hate descend on all our heirs !”

Then, having ordered her attendants to summon her sister  
v 6

and prepare for the rites of sacrifice, the wretched queen mounted the funeral pyre she had caused to be prepared. Gazing on the garments which had once been worn by him she had loved so deeply, and who had so ruthlessly deserted her, she wept over them. "I have lived," she exclaimed, "and have performed the tasks allotted to me by the Fates. I have raised a glorious city,



*Death of Dido.*

I have avenged my murdered husband, and disappointed the greed of my unnatural brother. Happy, ah! too happy should I have been if the Trojan ships had never touched my shores. Then let me die! Gladly I descend to the shades below: let the cruel Æneas from the sea feast his eyes with my funeral flames, and bear with him the omens of my death." With these words

she plunged the sword of *Æneas* into her breast, and sank back on the pyre, amid the shrieks of her horrified attendants. Receiving the fatal news, her sister hurried to the spot and climbed the pile, endeavouring in vain to stanch her wound, and pouring forth bitter lamentations. The blow had been struck too surely; after a brief struggle Dido fell back dead. Cruel, indeed, for her had been the result of Venus' plots; nor can it be said that *Æneas* had acted toward her a noble or heroic part. But it should be remembered that both he and she had merely been instruments in the hands of the gods, who were working out through them the destinies of nations.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FUNERAL GAMES OF ANCHISES—THE VOYAGE TO ITALY.

**A**HILE Dido was thus paying with life itself the penalty of her misplaced love, the Trojan fleet was ploughing its way through the waves, the prows all turned toward Italy. As the good ships, with their sails bellying in the wind, dashed through the blue waters, the mariners could not help giving an occasional backward glance at the massive walls and towers of Carthage, where they had spent many pleasant days, and thoroughly recovered from all their preceding hardships. Æneas looked back also: the sense of joy and relief arising from the knowledge that he was once more free was mixed with sorrow; for he knew well that he had done a great wrong to the Tyrian queen, and inflicted on her heart a wound from which it might never recover. Suddenly, as he gazed, he saw a column of thick smoke rise from the court-yard of the palace to the sky, and after that lurid flames darted up. It was the funeral pyre of Dido which had been kindled. The Trojans knew not what it meant, but they were aware that Dido was full of wrath against their chief, and the spectacle filled their minds with vague fears and forebodings.

Soon, however, their minds became occupied with their own dangers; for the ships were not yet out of sight of the African shore when heavy clouds gathered overhead, and the winds and waves began to rise. Palinurus hastily directed the crews to furl the sails and take to the oars, while, turning to *Æneas*, he declared that it was hopeless to try to reach Italy in such weather. The wind was blowing directly against them, and as they were near the friendly shores of Sicily, and as the breeze favoured their course thither, it would be better to seek refuge in King *Acestes*' harbours. To this *Æneas* assented, and the course of the vessels having been altered accordingly, in no long time they were safely beached on the sands of the promontory of Drepanum. *Acestes*, who chanced to be hunting on the mountains near the shores, saw the approach of the voyagers, and came to the landing-place to welcome them. That night he entertained them with friendly cheer. The next morning *Æneas* called together all his followers, and reminded them that a year had now passed since the death of his father. Not of their own purpose, but doubtless by the will of the gods, they had now returned to the friendly land where his bones had been laid. It was therefore his intention to celebrate funeral games. For eight days there should be feasting, for which *Acestes* had generously provided two oxen for each ship; and on the ninth day he would give prizes to be contested in the foot-race, in shooting with the bow, and in boxing with the cestus.

Having thus spoken, the hero, according to the custom of that time, placed a wreath of myrtle upon his head and proceeded to the tomb of his father, where he poured out, as a libation to the

gods, two bowls of wine, two of new milk, and two of sacred blood. Then he scattered flowers over the tomb, and offered up a prayer to his father's shade. Immediately there came forth from the tomb a huge snake, with glittering scales of blue and gold, which, after tasting of what had been poured out, retired again to the recesses of the vault. Believing this creature to be an attendant on his father's spirit, *Æneas* offered rich sacrifices—ewes, sows, and bullocks—and his companions followed his example. The eight days of feasting passed pleasantly enough, and the morning appointed for the funeral games dawned bright and serene. A joyous crowd assembled on the shore, some to take part in the contests, and others to watch them. The first of the games was a race between galleys, and four ships had been entered to take part in it. The first was the *Pristis*, or *Shark*, of which *Mnestheus* was the captain. The *Chimera*, a vessel of immense size, was commanded by *Gyas*. The other vessels were the *Centaur* and the *Scylla*—the first commanded by *Sergestus*, and the second by *Cloanthus*. Some way out in the sea, opposite to the starting-point, a rock rose amid the restless waters. The galleys were to round this rock, on which *Æneas* had planted an oak tree as a mark, and then return to the shore. The vessels were assigned their places by lot, and the captain of each took his place on the poop; while the rowers, stripped to the waist, their shoulders glistening with oil, sat with their arms stretched to the oars, eager for the signal. At the blast of a trumpet all the oars struck the sea at once, and beat it into foam, and the vessels shot forward amid the loud shouts of the multitude. The *Chimera*, under *Gyas'* skilful guidance, took the

lead ; next followed the *Scylla*, whose rowers were more efficient, but were unable to make such progress, because the vessel was naturally slower. Behind, the *Shark* and the *Centaur* followed close together, and first the one and then the other gained a slight advantage. The two leading vessels were rapidly nearing the rock when Gyas perceived that his helmsman, Menœtes, was keeping a course too far to the right, in fear of some hidden crags, and was thus losing the advantage that had been gained. He urged him to steer more to the left, nor to care even if the oars grazed the rock ; but Menœtes was afraid to obey the command. And now Cloanthus in the *Scylla*, taking the very course Gyas had wished to follow, ran boldly between the *Chimera* and the rock, and so got round the goal in front of his antagonist. When Gyas beheld this he was full of wrath. Rushing to the helm, he seized the over-cautious Menœtes and hurled him into the sea ; then he himself took the helm, and at once guided his ship and issued commands and cries of encouragement to his oarsmen. The luckless Menœtes with difficulty contrived to scramble out of the sea on to the rock, and sat there in his dripping garments, while the spectators roared with laughter at his misadventure. But now Mnestheus in the *Shark*, and Sergestus in the *Centaur*, pushed forward with redoubled zeal in the hope of obtaining the lead. Sergestus got a little in front of his competitor, but Mnestheus, walking among his rowers, urged them to put forth their utmost strength, and at least not to suffer the disgrace of being last. In response to his appeal they bent to the oar with new vigour ; the ship trembled under their strokes, and the water seemed to fly from beneath her keel. Suddenly, while the

*Centaur*, in full career, was pressing close to the rock to prevent the *Shark* from passing on the inner side, she ran upon a jutting point, where she remained fast, while the oars were shattered against the hard rocks. In a moment the *Shark* shot past, and having rounded the goal, dashed on the homeward way. Ere long Mnestheus had overtaken the *Chimera*, which had lost ground because she was deprived of her steersman. Cloanthus in the *Scylla* was now alone in front of the *Shark*; and though the race was nearly over, the frantic efforts of Mnestheus' crew might have gained him the victory, but that Cloanthus poured forth passionate prayers to the marine deities, and promised them ample offerings if the first prize became his. They heard his vows, and gathering underneath his vessel, pushed it forward, so that it entered the harbour just in front of the *Shark*. Then *Aeneas* proclaimed Cloanthus the victor, and gave him a mantle embroidered with gold and ornamented with a thick fringe of the costly Melibœan purple. On Mnestheus, who had so gallantly gained the second place, he bestowed a ponderous coat of mail worked in gold and brass, which he had himself taken from a famous Greek warrior, Demoleus, whom he had slain before Troy. Gyas received two caldrons of brass, and some silver bowls ornamented with rich carvings. Lastly, when Sergestus had slowly brought back to port his crippled galley, his chief bestowed on him, in reward for having rescued the vessel from her perilous position, a Cretan female slave with her two children.

Thus ended the galley race; and the assembled multitude now proceeded to a grassy plain a little way inland, where thrones were placed for *Acestes*, *Aeneas*, and the other leaders.

Here the remaining games were to be celebrated, and first of all a foot race. Among the competitors in this were Euryalus, a Trojan youth distinguished for his personal beauty; Nisus, a brave warrior, who was his constant friend and companion; Diores, Salius, and Patron, three other Trojans; and two Sicilian youths famous for their speed, named Elymus and Panopes. *Aeneas* announced that he would give two Cretan javelins of bright steel and a carved battle-axe of silver to each who took part in the race, and to the three who came in first other rich prizes: to the first a war-horse with costly trappings; to the second a quiver full of Thracian arrows, with a gold belt and jewelled buckle; and to the third a Grecian helmet. The runners having been placed in proper order, the signal was given, and they darted forward like a tempest. Nisus led the way, Salius coming second, and Euryalus third, with the rest following close behind. Already Nisus was near the goal, when unluckily his foot slipped at a spot where some victims had been sacrificed for the altar, and the blood soaking into the grass had made it slippery. Down he fell into the puddle, and in a moment his chance of victory had disappeared. But even then, in spite of his disappointment, he was mindful of his affection for Euryalus, and resolved that since he could not win the race, his friend should do so. He rose to his feet just as Salius was coming up, and contrived to stand in his way so as to overturn him. Euryalus, who had still kept the third place, now sprang forward, and was easily victorious amid the applause of the crowd. Elymus came in next, and close behind him Diores. But Salius loudly demanded that the first prize of right belonged to him, because he had been deprived of the

victory by unfair means. The spectators, however, favoured the claim of Euryalus because of his youth and beauty; and Diores vehemently took the same side, since, if Salius were adjudged the victory, he would not receive a prize at all. *Æneas* speedily silenced all contention by declaring that the promised rewards should go to the three who had arrived first at the winning-post; but he added that he would show his sympathy for the disaster which had befallen Salius, and therefore bestowed on him the shaggy hide of a Getulian lion, still retaining the claws, which had been gilt. Upon this, Nisus also merrily asked for some consolation, since but for an accident the first prize would have been his, and he showed his face and limbs all besmeared with mud. His chief entered into the jest, and gave him a buckler, finely carved, which had once hung on the wall of Neptune's temple at Troy.

The next contest was that with the cestus, the boxing-glove of the ancients, a formidable implement, intended not to soften the blows dealt by the boxers, but to make them more painful, for it was composed of strips of hardened ox-hide. To the competitors in this sport—if such it could be called—*Æneas* offered two prizes: the first a bullock, decked with gold and fillets, and the second a sword and a shining helmet. A noted Trojan warrior named Dares, a man of immense strength and bulk, who was also celebrated for his skill with the cestus, presented himself to contest this prize. He brandished his huge fists in the air, and paced vaingloriously backward and forward in the arena, challenging any one in the assembly to meet him. But there was no response; his friends were too well acquainted with his skill, and

the Sicilians were awed by his formidable appearance. At last, therefore, imagining that nobody would venture to encounter him, he advanced to *Æneas* and asked that the prize might be given up to him. It seemed, indeed, that this would have to be done, when King *Acestes* turned to one of his elders, a venerable Sicilian chief named *Entellus*, and asked how it was that he thus allowed such splendid prizes to be taken before his eyes without striking a blow for them. *Entellus* had, in his younger days, been a great champion with the cestus, having been taught the use of the weapon by none other than *Eryx*, at that time King of Sicily and one of the most expert boxers in the world. So confident had *Eryx* been in his powers, that when the mighty *Hercules* passed through Sicily on his way from Spain, where he had slain King *Geryon* and carried off his splendid cattle, the Sicilian monarch ventured to challenge the hero to a combat with the cestus, staking his kingdom against the cattle which *Hercules* was bearing away to Greece. *Hercules* had accepted the challenge, and had slain *Eryx* in the encounter; but the tradition of his skill had been preserved by his pupil *Entellus*. The chief was now old, and disinclined for exertion; but when thus urged by King *Acestes*, he slowly rose and threw into the arena the gauntlets which King *Eryx* had been accustomed to use. Terrible weapons indeed they were, with heavy pieces of iron and lead sewn into them underneath the ox-hide. At the mere sight of them *Dares* shrank back appalled, and refused to fight with such implements. "These," said *Entellus*, "were the gauntlets with which my master *Eryx* encountered *Hercules*; and these, after his death, I myself was accustomed to use. But if *Dares*

likes not such gloves, let *Æneas* provide others for both of us." With these words he threw off his upper garments and bared his massive shoulders and sinewy arms. The Trojan chief brought out two pairs of gauntlets of less formidable make, with which the two champions armed themselves; and then they stood face to face, and both raised their arms for the encounter. For some time they stood parrying each other's blows and watching for an opportunity. Presently, as they grew warmer, many heavy strokes were given on each side, now on the head, now on the breast. Entellus stood stiff and unmoved in the same firm posture, only bending to evade Dares' blows, and always closely watching his antagonist, who, more active, wheeled round him, trying first one method of attack then another. At last Entellus uplifted his right arm, thinking he saw an opportunity for delivering a decisive stroke; but Dares with great agility slipped out of the way, and as the arm of Entellus encountered no resistance save from the empty air, he fell forward on the ground through the violence of his own effort. Acclamations burst from all the onlookers, and Acestes himself stepped forward to assist his old companion to his feet. But the mishap had only roused Entellus' anger; he no longer acted on the defensive, but rushed upon his opponent with irresistible ardour, and smote blow after blow, driving Dares headlong over the field, pouring down strokes as incessantly as a shower of hail rattles upon the house-tops. *Æneas* now deemed it high time to put a stop to the combat, and called upon Dares, who indeed was quite overpowered, to yield. His comrades led the beaten champion to the ships, with the blood flowing from his battered head and face,

and on his behalf they took away the helmet and sword, leaving the bull to the conqueror. Entellus, proud of his victory, laid hold of the animal, and exclaimed, "Behold, O chief, and you Trojans, from this what my strength once was, and also from what death you have saved Dares." With these words he smote the bull on the forehead with the cestus so mightily that the skull was battered in and the brute sank dead at his feet.

After this exciting competition came a more peaceful sport—a trial of skill with the bow. A mast was planted on the sward, and to the top of it a living dove was secured by a cord. This was the mark, and four archers came forward to contend for the prizes—Hippocoön, the brother of Nisus and one of Æneas' dearest friends; Mnestheus, the winner of the second prize in the galley race; Eurytion, a brother of that Pandarus who was one of the most skilful archers that fought in the Trojan war, and who, after wounding Menelaus, was slain by Diomedes; and lastly, King Acestes himself. Hippocoön shot first, and his arrow, whizzing past the fluttering dove, pierced the pole to which she was fastened. This, though it did not hit the mark, was an excellent shot, and it won loud applause from the spectators. Mnestheus next discharged his dart, taking a long and steady aim; but his arrow, instead of striking the bird, cut in two the cord by which she was fastened, and spreading her wings the dove at once flew away. Instantly, however, Eurytion raised his bow, and shot with so true an aim that he struck the bird even in mid-flight, and brought her lifeless to the earth. There was thus no longer a mark at which Acestes could aim; but notwithstanding he drew his bow and discharged a shaft high into

the air. And now a strange prodigy happened ; for the arrow, soaring upward, took fire as it flew, and marked out a path of flame till, being quite consumed, it vanished into the air. This spectacle naturally excited the wonder and reverence of the assembled multitude ; and *Æneas*, embracing *Acestes*, declared that the incident was an omen from the gods awarding to him the first prize. He therefore bestowed on him a splendid bowl, embossed with figures, which had once belonged to *Anchises*, nor did the other competitors dispute the justice of the decision.

But the games were not yet ended. The Trojan chief had prepared a closing spectacle as a surprise for the spectators. He sent a messenger to summon *Ascanius*, and in the meantime ordered a large space of ground to be cleared. Then suddenly his son entered on horseback at the head of a numerous company, —all the youths of the expedition. They were attired alike, with garlands on their heads and circles of gold about their necks; and each carried two spears of cornel-wood, tipped with steel. The young equestrians were divided into three companies: one was commanded by *Ascanius* himself, mounted on a beautiful Sidonian steed which had been given him by Queen *Dido*; a second by the youthful *Priam*, a son of that *Polites* whom *Pyrrhus* slew at the fall of *Troy*; and the third by *Atys*, a boy who was *Ascanius*' especial friend and companion. They went through a series of evolutions, now advancing in line, again forming in different bands and pretending to charge one another, and afterwards going through many other intricate manœuvres. The scene was a most picturesque one, and gave great pleasure to those who witnessed it.

But the happiness of the day was destined to be rudely interrupted. Juno had not been induced by the fate of Dido to lay aside her plots against *Æneas*, and she now perceived an opportunity of at least hindering his voyage. While all the men of the Trojan company were assembled at the games, the women remained by the sea-shore, lamenting the death of Anchises, and mourning over the prospect of further perils on the deep. One and all, they expressed the desire that their leader would abandon his purpose of seeking Italy, and be content to settle in Sicily. Juno, overhearing their complaints, sent down her messenger Iris, who assumed the shape of an aged matron named Beroe, and thus addressed the other women:—

“Truly we are unhappy that we did not perish at the hands of the Greeks under the walls of Troy! Seven years have already passed since we left our native land, while we, having wandered through every land and sea, are still pursuing an Italy that ever flees before us, and are being tossed on the rude ocean. What reason is there why *Æneas* should not found a city here? Come with me, and we will burn these accursed ships, which otherwise will bear us from this peaceful soil. In my sleep lately the prophetess Cassandra appeared to me, and presented me with two flaming brands, bidding me seek for a new Troy here in Sicily. Now is the time for us to act.” So saying, she snatched up a lighted fagot from a fire that was burning on a neighbouring altar, and threw it against one of the ships. The other matrons hesitated, uncertain whether or not to follow her counsels; and the oldest of them, Pyrgo by name, who had once been nurse to the children of Priam, exclaimed: “This is not

Beroe. See what flashes of divine radiance dart from her eyes, with what grace she moves! I myself but now left Beroe sick, and lamenting that she could not take a part in paying the honours due to Anchises."

But the warning came too late. Juno had already infected the women with a frantic spirit of destruction; and although Iris now suddenly assumed her own form and shot up into the sky, they rushed with wild cries towards the ships, carrying burning brands, with which they speedily kindled the timbers of the vessels. The flames rose rapidly, and proclaimed the disaster to the crowds assembled at the games. Then all was haste and excitement. Ascanius was the first to set spurs to the horse on which he had been leading the young equestrians, and he rode at full speed down to the camp. "What strange frenzy is this?" he cried to the matrons. "My wretched country-women, what are you doing? It is not the camp of an enemy, but our own hopes that you are destroying." Æneas and the rest of the Trojans now came hurrying to the spot; and the women, their transient madness gone, slunk away, full of shame and repentance, to hide wherever they could find concealment. But in the meantime the fire was spreading, and defied every effort to stop it, so that it seemed that the whole fleet was doomed to destruction. Then Æneas offered up an earnest prayer to Jupiter to aid them; and the god sent a tremendous rain-storm, by which the flames were so quickly subdued that only four of the galleys were actually destroyed.

But this unforeseen disaster made a deep impression on the mind of Æneas, and well-nigh broke the courage which no other

misfortune had been sufficient to subdue. He began to ponder whether, after all, it would not be well for him to disregard the command of the oracles, and settle in Sicily, where Acestes would have been most happy to keep him. In this state of doubt he consulted an aged follower of his named Nautes, renowned above all the other Trojans for his skill as a soothsayer. The old man bravely answered that it was their duty to obey the will of the gods, whatever might happen; there was no calamity, however great, which might not be remedied by patience. He advised that all who were weary of the enterprise—the old, the feeble, and such women as were unwilling to engage in further wanderings—should be left to form a settlement under Acestes' protection; and that *Æneas* himself, with the younger and stronger part of the company, should persevere in his undertaking.

Still the chief was unable to decide what course he should follow. But in this case, as in so many others, his doubts were set at rest by a dream. That same night, while he was sleeping, he was visited by the shade of his father Anchises, who ordered him to follow the good advice given him by Nautes; for in Latium he would have a stubborn foe to conquer, and would therefore need to have resolute and hardy warriors at his back. Further, Anchises commanded his son to pay him a visit in the shades, whither he would be conducted by the Cumæan Sibyl.

Thus instructed, *Æneas* no longer hesitated. In the morning he summoned all his people together, and explained what he purposed to do, leaving to all the free choice whether they would go with him or stay in Sicily—except indeed the women, most of

whom were obliged to remain whether they wished it or not. The Trojans approved of the plans of their leader; and Acestes was by no means averse, since he would thus add to his dominions a new city and many subjects. The fortifications of the settlement were marked out, and the lands distributed by lot; while the mariners were busily engaged in repairing the damage done



*Æneas visited by the Shade of his Father.*

by the fire to the ships. A nine days' festival was held, after which the time came at last for departure; and when many farewells had been spoken between those who were destined never to meet again on earth, the diminished fleet once more set sail for Italy.

Determined to obtain this time, if it were possible, a peaceful voyage for her son, Venus now sought out the god of ocean, who was gliding over the sea in his chariot, and thus accosted him:—"Juno's insatiable resentment against my Trojans, O Neptune, and her thirst for revenge, oblige me now to come to you with entreaties. Nothing can soften her—neither the lapse of time nor compassion for suffering men. You yourself are aware what a furious tempest she lately raised on the Libyan Sea by inducing *Æolus* to let loose his winds, thus daring even to invade your realms. But a little since, she infected the Trojan matrons with madness, and incited them to set fire to the ships. I entreat you now, at least, to protect the fleet during what remains of the voyage, and to enable *Æneas* to reach his promised settlement in safety."

"It is just," answered Neptune, "that you should claim my aid, goddess, and look for the friendship of Ocean, whence you had your birth. Nor have I refrained from aiding your *Æneas* in the past; for when Achilles was driving before him in confused rout the breathless troops of Troy, and your son, though of unequal strength, ventured to encounter the hero, I snatched him away in a cloud, taking pity on him even while I was desirous of overthrowing the walls of perjured Troy; and I am still equally inclined to befriend him. Therefore banish your fears, for he shall safely arrive in his destined harbour. One life only shall be sacrificed among all his followers."

Having thus appeased the anxiety of Venus, Neptune lulled the waves, and banished the clouds from the face of the sky, while a favourable breeze impelled forward the Trojan ships.

Æneas therefore ordered all sail to be spread. His vessel, steered by Palinurus, led the way, and all the others closely followed.

In the middle of the night, while the fleet was thus steadily ploughing its way through the foaming waters, and most of the sailors were buried in slumber, the god of sleep descended from the heavenly regions and alighted on the stern of Æneas' ship,



*Venus entreating Neptune to protect the Trojans.*

by the side of Palinurus. Taking the form of Phorbas, one of the crew, he addressed the trusty pilot:—

“See, Palinurus, the sea itself carries forward the ship in the proper direction. The gale blows fair and steady; this is the proper hour for rest. Recline your head on the bulwark,

and close your weary eyes ; I will undertake for a time to discharge your duty."

" Do you," answered Palinurus, " ask me to desert my post merely because the sea is calm and the wind favourable, as I have often seen them before ? Why should I trust the fortunes of Æneas to the moods of the ever-changing elements ? " While



*Somnus causing Palinurus to fall overboard.*

he spoke he still grasped the rudder, and kept his eyes fixed on the stars by which he guided his course. But Somnus, resolved on the unhappy pilot's destruction, now waved over his head a wand steeped in the waters of Lethe ; and under the influence of this charm, sleep overmastered Palinurus in spite of all his efforts.

Then the god, seizing upon him, dragged him overboard, and he fell into the sea, too late awaking and calling to his friends for help. On glided the vessels through the shining waves. The galley of Æneas, no longer directed by a steersman, pursued a fluctuating course, and was approaching the dangerous rocks of the Sirens, on which, even in a calm, the waves beat with a hoarse murmur, when the chief himself awoke, and perceived that his pilot had disappeared. He himself hastened to the helm and guided the course of the vessel, lamenting bitterly the loss of his friend.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CUMÆAN SIBYL—THE VISIT TO THE LOWER WORLD.

ONTINUING their voyage, the wanderers in the course of the next day reached the shore of the country afterwards named Campania—the modern province of Naples. Here the ships were carefully moored, and the crews disembarked. Some busied themselves in kindling fires and preparing a meal; others explored the country in search of game. Æneas, however, hastened at once to seek the Temple of Apollo and the adjoining cave of the Cumæan Sibyl—the most famous of all the oracles of antiquity. The temple and cave were situated in a thick wood, closely adjoining the gloomy Lake of Avernus—a black pool of unknown depth, hedged in by precipitous cliffs, and emitting gases so poisonous that no bird was able to fly over it in safety. In the rocks at one side of the lake there yawned a sombre cavern, which was believed in those days to be the entrance to the kingdom of Pluto—the abode of the dead. Æneas was surveying the temple, an edifice of great splendour, adorned with pictures wrought in metal by the cunning hand of Dædalus, when Achates, whom he had sent before him to the Sibyl's cave,

approached, conducting the priestess. “O prince,” she said, “this is not the time for admiring the works of men. It will be more fitting for you to propitiate the god with sacrifices, so that he may inspire me.” With this mandate the hero at once complied, and then the Sibyl summoned him and his followers to the entrance of her cave—a vast apartment carved out of the living rock, whence issued a hundred corridors. Scarcely had the Trojans approached the threshold when the virgin exclaimed, “Now is the time to consult your fate! The god! lo, the god!” As she cried out thus her looks suddenly changed, her colour came and went, her hair fell in disorder over her shoulders, her bosom heaved; and she was shaken by an uncontrollable passion. Her very form seemed to dilate, and the tone of her voice was no longer that of a mere mortal, since she was inspired by the influence of the god. “Trojan Æneas!” she exclaimed, “delay no longer to offer thy prayers for the knowledge which thou seekest; for not till then can I reveal to thee the secrets of the future.”

Earnestly did Æneas implore pity and aid from Apollo; and of the Sibyl he entreated that she should proclaim her revelations by word of mouth, and not, as was her custom, write them on leaves of trees, lest they should become the sport of the winds. At first the prophetess did not answer; she was not yet fully possessed by the spirit of the god, and raved in wild ecstasy in the cave, struggling, as it were, to resist the will of Phœbus, who, on his part, wearied her foaming lips, subdued her fierce heart, and moulded her to his will. Then all at once the hundred doors of the cavern flew open of their own accord, and the Sibyl proclaimed the divine response:—

“O thou who hast at length overpassed the perils of the ocean, yet more terrible trials await thee on shore. Thou and thy Trojans shall indeed reach the promised land—that is assured; but ye shall wish that ye had never come thither. Wars, horrid wars, I foresee, and Tiber foaming with a deluge of blood. Another Achilles awaits thee in Latium—he also the



*Aeneas consulting the Cumæan Sibyl.*

son of a goddess. Nor shall the persecutions of Juno cease to follow the Trojans wherever they may be; and in your distress you will humbly supplicate all the surrounding Italian states for aid. Once more shall a marriage with a foreign wife be a source of affliction to you. But yield not under your sufferings; en-

counter them resolutely in the teeth of adverse fortune, and when you least expect it, the means of deliverance shall come to you from a Greek city."

So, under the inspiration of Apollo, spoke the Sibyl. When she had ceased, *Æneas* answered that no prospect of further trials could appal him, for he was prepared to endure the worst that could befall. But he now entreated, since it was said that the entrance to the shades was near, that the Sibyl should conduct him into those dark regions, in order that he might obtain an interview with the spectre of his father. It was Anchises' self, he added, who had bidden him make this request; and filial devotion would enable him to perform a task which Orpheus had achieved out of love for his wife Eurydice, and Pollux through his attachment to his brother Castor.

"*Æneas*," replied the priestess, "easy is the descent into Hades:/\* grim Pluto's gate stands open night and day; but to retrace your steps and escape to the upper regions will be a difficult task indeed, and one which few have hitherto been able to accomplish. If, however, you are fixed in the resolve to pursue so desperate an enterprise, learn what first is to be done. There is in the dark woods which surround the Lake of Avernus a certain tree, dense of foliage, on which grows a single bough of gold, with leaves and twigs of the same precious metal; and no living mortal can enter Hades unless he have first found and plucked this bough, which is demanded by Proserpine, the con-

\* "Facilis descensus Averni" is one of the best known and most frequently quoted passages in Latin literature, and most young readers will have met with it, even before they begin the study of Virgil.

sort of Pluto and queen of the infernal realms, as her peculiar tribute. When the bough is torn off, another always grows in its place. Therefore search for it diligently, and when you have discovered it grasp it with your hand. If the Fates are propitious to your enterprise, you will be able to pluck it easily; if otherwise, your whole strength could not tear it from the tree, nor could you even sever it with your sword. In the meantime the body of one of your friends lies lifeless, and demands the funeral rites. First bury him with proper ceremonies, and then return to me with black cattle for the sacrifices; and then you shall be able to visit the realms of Hades, to which most living men are denied an entrance."

With sorrowful thoughts *Æneas*, closely followed by Achates, now withdrew from the shrine, and took the way to the shore. Both were greatly perplexed to know what was the corpse needing burial of which the Sibyl had spoken. But while they were wondering they came to the beach, and there, before them, they saw lying the body of Misenus, who had come to a lamentable end. Misenus was the most skilled among all the Trojans in the art of blowing the trumpet. He had been, besides, a famous warrior, and during the siege of Troy was accustomed to be the companion of Hector in the field, and to fight by his side. When Hector fell, he attached himself to *Æneas*, scorning to follow any less illustrious chief, and so had formed one of the band which the hero was conducting to Latium. But he was inordinately vain of his skill with the trumpet, and believed himself superior even to the Tritons, the sea-deities whose especial province it was to lull the seas at the command of Neptune by blowing upon

instruments made of shells. These Tritons Misenus had challenged to a trial of skill, and by way of defiance had blown so loud a note that the deities were afraid to respond to his challenge; but being full of jealousy, they had now contrived to lure him into the sea and drown him. The discovery of his lifeless body filled all his comrades with sadness. They gathered about him with loud lamentations, and then prepared to erect his funeral pyre, hastening with axes into the thick surrounding woods, and cutting down huge oaks and pines and ash trees.

Æneas himself led the way in the performance of this task, and while he was engaged in it he could not help exclaiming, as his glance surveyed the wide forest, "Would that I could now perceive the golden bough which I must find before entering Hades; for in this ample forest, how can I begin to search for it?" Scarcely had he spoken when two pigeons suddenly swooped down from the upper air and alighted at his feet. He guessed at once that these doves, his mother's favourite birds, had been sent for his guidance, and he entreated them to conduct him to the place where the precious bough was growing. The doves, feeding and flying by turns, advanced through the wood at such a speed that Æneas could easily keep them in sight, and presently, having reached the very edge of Lake Avernus, both rose at once into the air, and settled on a great tree of very dense foliage. The hero hastened to the spot, and there indeed, on one of the lower limbs of the tree, gleamed the bough, the rich yellow lustre of its leaves and twigs contrasting vividly with the deep green of the surrounding foliage. Æneas with delight grasped it, and

plucked it from its place, and, bearing it carefully in his hand, hastened to rejoin his companions.

They, in the meantime, had reared on the shore a vast pile of logs of pine and oak, the sides of which they had interlaced with smaller boughs. After having carefully washed and purified the body of Misenus, they first made a couch upon the pyre, with the apparel of the dead man, and then, with renewed cries of



*Æneas plucking the Golden Bough.*

grief, placed the body upon it. His arms, too, they laid beside him, and having poured incense and oil abundantly upon the pile, they set it on fire. When only smouldering embers were left, these were quenched with wine, and the ashes of the dead were carefully collected and placed in a brazen urn. This urn was afterwards deposited in a lofty tomb which Æneas

erected on a promontory that henceforth bore the name of Misenus.

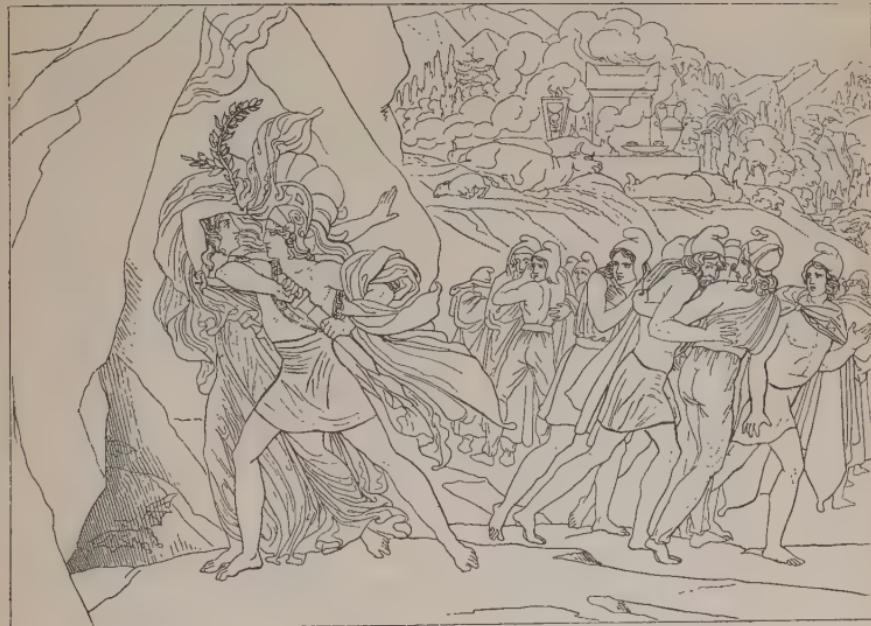
The funeral ceremonies having thus duly been performed, the hero proceeded to the cave of the Sibyl, and called upon her to fulfil her promise, and accompany him to the kingdom of the dead. She led him to the mouth of the black cavern at the side of Lake Avernus, and there offered up sacrifices of black cattle and sheep, uttering various invocations. Presently the ground



*Funeral Rites of Misenus.*

began to rumble beneath their feet; upon which the Sibyl ordered those of Æneas' followers who had attended him to withdraw from the spot, and exhorted the chief himself, drawing his sword from its sheath, to march firmly forward. So saying she plunged into the cave, nor did he hesitate to follow.

At first they moved along through a region that was utterly waste, void, and covered with an intense gloom, deep as that of a winter's night when the moon is obscured by clouds. But this desolate tract was not wholly untenanted, for *Æneas* saw flitting about certain hideous shadowy forms. The spirits of Grief and Revenge and pale Disease, Fear and Famine and deformed



*Descent of Æneas and the Sibyl into the Lower World.*

Indigence, had their abode in this vestibule of Hades; and so, too, Death and Toil, and murderous War, and frantic Discord, her head crowned with curling vipers and bound by a blood-dyed fillet. Here, also, were the iron chambers in which dwelt the terrible Furies. In the midst rose a gloomy elm, which was the

haunt of vain Dreams, who dwelt under every leaf. Beyond this tree were many huge and misshapen monsters—Centaurs, and double-formed Scyllas, and the great dragon of the Lernæan lake, which, when it plagued the upper earth, was slain by Hercules. Here, also, was the huge Chimæra, with its three heads vomiting flames ; Gorgons, Harpies, and other ghastly forms flitted about.

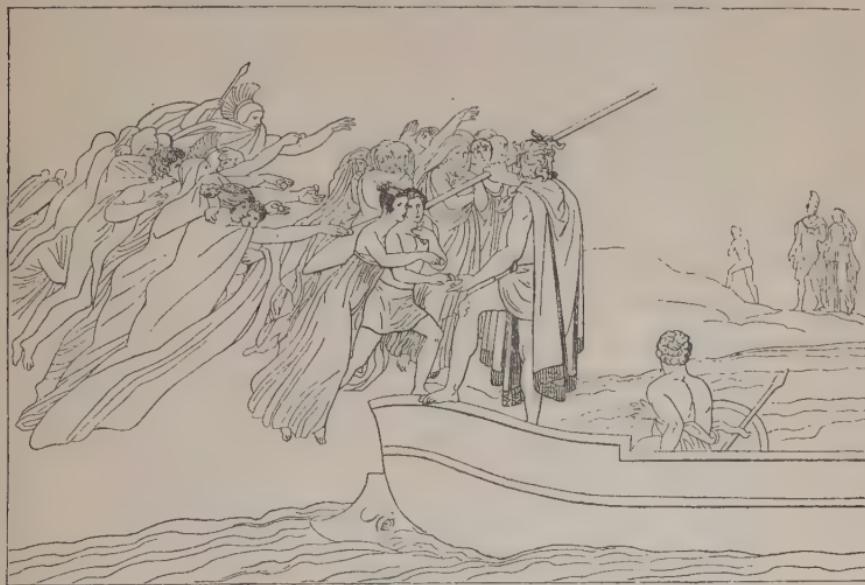


*Æneas in the Vestibule of Hades.*

At so fearful a sight Æneas was seized with sudden fear ; he drew his sword, and would have struck at the monsters, if the Sibyl had not restrained his hand and reminded him that they were but disembodied shadows.

The path now led them to a place where the three infernal

rivers, Acheron, Cocytus, and Styx, met in one deep, black, and boiling flood. Here there kept guard the grim ferryman Charon, an infernal deity of fearful aspect. A long gray beard fell all tangled and neglected from his chin; his filthy and ragged garments were knotted over his shoulders; his eyes glittered with baleful light. He sat on a great black barge, which he pushed to and fro across the river with a pole. An immense crowd of



*Charon and the Shades.*

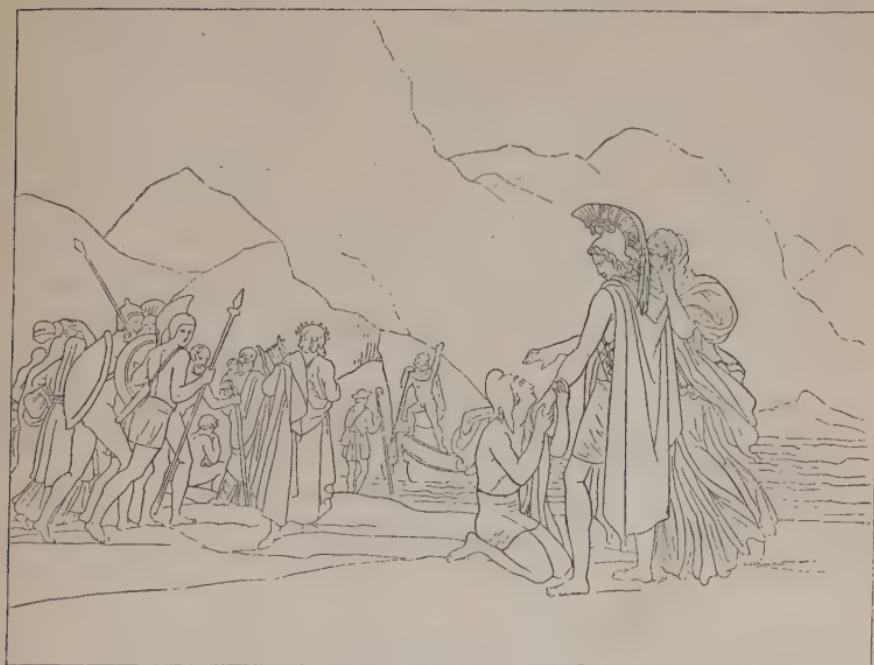
shades was incessantly pouring to the banks—young and old, matrons and virgins, warriors who had endured the toils of a long life, and tender boys who had died while yet under the care of their parents. All were eager to cross the stream, and stretched their hands in earnest entreaty to Charon to admit them into his boat. But the sullen ferryman only consented to receive some;

others he drove back with his pole, and would on no account permit them to cross.

Æneas was amazed at this scene, and asked the Sibyl to explain to him its meaning. "You see before you," she replied, "the deep pools of Cocytus, and the Stygian lake, by which the gods are accustomed to swear when they take an oath which they dare not violate. All that crowd which Charon will not ferry across is composed of persons who after death received not the rites of burial; those only are permitted to enter the boat who have been interred with proper ceremonies. As for the others, they wander unquiet about these shores for a hundred years before they are allowed to cross to the regions beyond."

When Æneas heard this he was filled with sadness, for among the spectres of the unburied who crowded on the bank he saw many of his own comrades who had perished during the storms he had had to encounter during his long voyages. As he looked, there advanced, slow and mournful, the pilot Palinurus, who had been thrown overboard by Somnus during the recent voyage from Sicily. The hero accosted him, and asked him what god had torn him from his post and overwhelmed him in the midst of the ocean. The oracle of Apollo, he said, had assured him that Palinurus would be safe on the sea, and would arrive on the Italian coast; and yet it would seem that the oracle had been falsified. The shade of Palinurus, knowing nothing of the enchantment which had been wrought on him by Somnus, replied that no god had destroyed him, and that the oracle had spoken truly. He had fallen into the sea through being overcome by slumber, and having kept afloat for three days and nights, had on

the fourth day reached the Italian shore alive, but had been cruelly murdered by the savage people while clambering up the cliffs. Now his body was tossing on the waves, sometimes thrown on the shore and then washed off again. But he passionately entreated *Æneas* either to find his corpse and inter it with proper



*Æneas and the Shade of Palinurus.*

solemnities, or else to contrive some means of taking him as his companion across the black waters of Styx, unburied as he was, that at last his soul might find rest. The Sibyl, however, rebuked him for expressing so impious a desire, and for hoping that the fixed decrees of the gods could be violated for the benefit

of one insignificant mortal. But by way of consolation she informed him that the people of the country where he had met with his death, compelled by terrible plagues sent by Jupiter, would offer solemn atonement to his remains, erect a tomb to his memory, and give his name to the place where it stood.

*Æneas* and the Sibyl now advanced toward the river; but when Charon saw them approaching, he called out, "Whoever thou mayest be who art now coming armed and in life to our rivers, say quickly on what errand thou art coming. This is the region of ghosts and death; to waft over the bodies of the living in my boat is not permitted. Nor was it joyful to me to receive Hercules when he came, nor Theseus and Pirithous, though they were descendants of the gods and unconquerable in war. Hercules dared to bind in chains Cerberus himself, the keeper of the gate of Tartarus, and dragged him trembling from the very throne of Pluto. The others attempted a feat scarcely less perilous, for they sought to carry off our queen Proserpine."

"Be not disturbed," answered the Sibyl; "we at least meditate no such plots, nor does this mortal bring with him his arms for any purpose of violence. He is *Æneas* of Troy, illustrious for piety and skill in arms, and he penetrates these gloomy abodes to have converse with his father Anchises. If your compassion is not moved by his filial devotion, at least pay regard to this branch." And so saying, she produced the golden bough. The surly ferryman, though filled with rage at being thus forced to obey, was at once silenced. He brought his boat to the bank, and silently received into it *Æneas* and his companion, driving back the ghosts that at the same time eagerly strove to enter the vessel. It was

old and leaky, and sank deep in the black flood under the unaccustomed weight of living mortals ; but Charon ferried them safely across, and landed them on the further side, where, in a huge den at the gate of the infernal regions, lay Cerberus, the terrible three-headed dog which was the guardian of the place—a ferocious brute which only Hercules among living men had been



*Æneas and the Sibyl entering Charon's Boat.*

able to subdue. When *Æneas* approached he opened his huge jaws and made all Hades resound with his barking; but the Sibyl threw to him a medicated cake, which he at once devoured, and was thereby lulled in profound sleep. The way was now safe; the Trojan chief and his companion passed quickly through the open gate, and entered the dread region where Minos and his

fellow-judges pronounced on the fate of each ghost that came before them.

The first place within the gate was assigned to the shades of infants, cut off in the very beginning of life, who filled their allotted region with loud wailings and weeping. Beyond these were placed persons who had been put to death in consequence



*Cerberus.*

of false accusations. Not even the unjust suffering which such persons had endured on earth could at once procure for them a place among those happy spirits declared free of guilt. Here they were doomed to wait till the inexorable Minos examined each case and gave his award. Immediately adjoining was the

place allotted to those who, though unstained by crime, had become weary of life and had committed self-destruction. Gladly, indeed, would they have now returned to the upper world they had despised ; but no such return was possible to them.

Æneas and his companion next viewed a region named the Fields of Mourning,—a wide tract, with shady paths and thick



*The Tribunal of the Lower World.*

myrtle-groves, dedicated to those who had died through unrequited love, and were held to have been emancipated by the miseries they had endured on earth from suffering any punishment below. Here were to be seen, wandering disconsolately, many women of whom Æneas had heard in old legends of Greece

and Troy. Among them he beheld, with sorrow and pity, the ill-starred Queen of Carthage, the wound she had herself inflicted yet gaping in her fair bosom. "Dido!" he exclaimed with tears, "was it then a true rumour that reached me of your having died after my departure, and by your own hand? If I have been the cause of your death, I am indeed unhappy. By all I hold sacred,



*Aeneas meets the Shade of Dido.*

fair queen, I swear to you that it was against my own will I quitted Carthage. The will of the gods, which now has brought me, while yet living, into these melancholy realms, drove me from you; but I dreamt not that our separation would bring upon you such extreme suffering. Why will you not speak to me? Why

do you fly from me? Never again will the Fates permit us to meet together."

But all his entreaties and his tears were vain. The spectre gazed upon him awhile with eyes of inexorable hate, and then turned away, with a gesture of unrelenting aversion, to a shady recess near by, where she was joined by the ghost of her first lord, Sichæus, who by the compassion of Pluto had been permitted to bear her company. *Æneas* resumed his journey, pondering sadly over the fate of the woman who but a little since had loved him so ardently, and to whom he had unwillingly brought such misfortunes. He and his guide now came to a place dedicated to the shades of renowned warriors. Here he saw numbers of those brave Trojans, once his companions in arms, who had fallen before Troy. They eagerly crowded around him, pressed his hands, and questioned him as to the circumstances which had brought him, while yet alive, amongst them. There, too, were many Greeks who had perished during the Trojan war; but when they beheld the hero in the flesh, and wearing his gleaming armour, they fled from him in dismay. As he passed on, after exchanging affectionate words with many of his old comrades, he met Deiphobus, that son of Priam who after the death of Paris became the husband of Helen. The spectre of the prince was cruelly mutilated, so that *Æneas* scarcely knew him. "Who, O Deiphobus," he exclaimed, "could have inflicted such shameful wounds upon you? After I had escaped from Troy a story was brought to me that you had indeed perished, but honourably and in fair fight, having slain many of the enemy. Then I erected in your honour an empty tomb on the shore under Mount Ida,

and offered proper funeral rites, for your body I was unable to find."

" You, my friend," answered Deiphobus, " omitted no duty towards my corpse that you could perform. But I owe my death and these infamous wounds to the wickedness of Helen; they are the marks of her love. On the night after the fatal horse



*Reception of Æneas by his old Companions.*

was brought into Troy, I was lying asleep in my chamber, enjoying needful repose. Then my faithless wife removed all the arms from my palace, and even took away my sword from the side of my couch. That done, she threw open the gates, and herself summoned her former husband, Menelaus, and he and Ulysses

burst into my apartment and inflicted on me these wounds, for which I pray the gods that they may be requited."

Æneas would have spent yet more time in conversing with the shades of his former comrades; but the Sibyl reminded him that the hour was approaching when he must return to the upper world. "Here," she said, "the path is divided. To the right, past the palace of Pluto, lies our way to the Elysian Fields; on the left is the way to Tartarus, the place of punishment for the wicked."

As they proceeded toward Elysium, Æneas looked around him, and beheld to the left a vast prison, enclosed by mighty walls, at the foot of which ran Phlegethon, the river of fire, whirling along great rocks in its furious current. Across the stream, just opposite to where he was standing, was a lofty gate, with columns of solid adamant. In an iron tower adjoining sat Tisiphone, the eldest of the Furies, watching the gate. From within sounds were heard—groans of pain, the sound of cruel lashes, and the clanking of chains. Æneas asked his companion what punishments were being inflicted within, and who were the sufferers. "This," replied the Sibyl, "is Tartarus, whereinto no righteous person can enter. Here Rhadamanthus presides: he searches into the deeds of all who are sent hither, obliges them to confess all the crimes they have committed in the upper world, and awards the punishment. As soon as the sentence is pronounced, Tisiphone scourges the doomed one with a whip of scorpions, and then consigns him to the fierce attendants of her sister Furies. Immediately the gates, creaking on their hinges, fly open. Within, the entrance is guarded by a hideous Hydra, with fifty black and gaping mouths.

In the pit of Tartarus beyond, the giants who waged war against the ruler of the gods lie prostrated by his thunderbolts. Beside them, enduring terrible tortures, is Salmoneus. He was a King of Elis in Greece, and was so puffed up by pride that he rode through his city on a high chariot drawn by four prancing horses, waving in his hand a torch, and pretended to be Jupiter himself,



*Tartarus.*

wielding his thunderbolts. The almighty sire punished his impiety by hurling from Olympus a real thunderbolt, which deprived him of life; and now he pays the penalty of his mad pride by eternal suffering in Tartarus. There also lies Tityus, the huge giant who, having insulted the goddess Latona, was slain

by the darts of her children Apollo and Diana, and whose writhing body now lies extended over nine acres of ground, while insatiable vultures perpetually prey on his vitals, that are renewed as fast as they are devoured. Beyond him is Ixion, bound to a wheel that never ceases to revolve, while he is scourged by attendant Furies. He it was who, being admitted to Olympus by the generosity of Jupiter himself, dared to seek the love of the Queen of the gods. Not less dreadful is the punishment allotted to Pirithous, who, along with Theseus, endeavoured to carry off the Queen of Hades, Proserpine, from the side of Pluto. Over his head hangs a huge rock, which every moment seems about to fall and crush him, but yet never actually descends ; while he is plagued with a gnawing hunger, and a rich banquet is always before him, which yet he is never able to reach. Myriads of other unhappy shades, whose course on earth has been stained by detestable crime, here expiate the evil they have done ; but had I a hundred mouths and a hundred tongues, I could not recount all their offences and the varieties of their punishment. It is necessary that we should go forward, since yonder stands the palace of Pluto, where thou, O *Æneas*, must deposit the bough which has gained thee admission here."

Obedient to his guide, *Æneas* advanced to the vast portals of the palace where Pluto, the brother of Jupiter and monarch of the infernal kingdom, had his abode with his lovely queen Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, whom ages before he had carried off from the upper world. There he made due reverence before the goddess, and deposited the golden bough at her feet. Advancing beyond, *Æneas* and the Sibyl came at last to the

Elysian Fields—the abode of joy assigned to those who during life had been distinguished for piety, virtue, and heroic actions. Here were lovely green fields and pleasant groves; the air was pure and balmy, the sky was blue, and all was glowing in the light of the blessed sun. Some of the happy spirits who dwelt in this region were amusing themselves by wrestling on the green-



*Æneas depositing the Golden Bough at the feet of Proserpine.*

sward, and other sports in which they had delighted on earth, such as chariot-racing, exercises with the spear and the bow. Others were dancing and singing to the delicious notes which Orpheus, the most skilful of musicians, produced from his lyre. On the bank of the river Eridanus, which pours its clear waters

through Elysium over sands of gold, were gathered a band whose heads were adorned with snow-white fillets. These were priests who had kept unstained the purity and sanctity of their office; poets who had sung the praises of the gods in immortal verse; and those who had made human life more happy by the invention of useful arts. Among them the Sibyl sought out Musæus, the



*Musæus pointing out Anchises to Æneas.*

father of the poets, and besought him to reveal in what retreat they should find Anchises, on whose account she and her companion had traversed all the regions of the shades.

“None of us,” answered the venerable shade, “have here any fixed abode. We wander at our will among the shady groves and by the pleasant banks of the river. But if you mount

with me this little eminence, I will show you him whom you seek."

As he spoke, he led them to a spot where they could survey all the shining plains around, and pointed to where Anchises, reclined in a secluded vale, was surveying the souls of his descendants who were destined in future times to visit the earth, and were enacting beforehand the achievements they were fated to accomplish during life. As soon as he saw *Aeneas* advancing toward him, he rose with hands stretched out and joyful tears pouring down his face.

"Are you indeed," he exclaimed, "come to me at last, my son? Am I permitted once more to see your face, and to listen to the tones of your dear voice? Now indeed the hopes which I cherished are fulfilled. By how many dangers have you been threatened since we parted! I was filled with dread lest you should be prevented from accomplishing your task by the temptations which beset you at Carthage."

"Thy apparition, beloved father," answered *Aeneas*, "continually appearing to me in dreams, urged me forward even to these regions. Permit me now to clasp thee in my arms, and do not withdraw from my embrace." Thrice did he attempt to throw his arms about the shade, which being only composed of thin air, was not perceptible to his touch. While the two conversed together, *Aeneas* observed at no great distance from them a stream, at which prodigious numbers of ghosts were incessantly crowding to drink, swarming like bees round their hive. Astonished at this spectacle, the hero inquired of his father what that stream was, and why those spectres were so eager to drink of it.

“These,” answered Anchises, “are souls destined by fate to occupy other bodies in the upper world; and the stream is Lethe, one draught of which is sufficient to destroy all recollection of their former condition.”

“But surely,” said *Æ*neas, “it is not to be believed that any souls which have tasted the delights of this abode will be desirous



*Æ*neas and Anchises.

to return again to the life of earth, with its uncertainties and its miseries. How comes it that this impulse possesses them?”

In reply to this question, Anchises entered into a long explanation, the substance of which was that all the spirits of the departed had to endure in the regions below a process of

expiation for their earthly sins, longer or shorter according to the nature of their transgressions. Those which were not consigned to the pains of Tartarus entered the Elysian fields, where, after they had remained a thousand years, they were summoned to drink of the waters of Lethe, and thus lose all recollection of their former lives; after which, being purified from all stain, they



*The River Lethe.*

were fitted to return to the upper world and inhabit new bodies. Anchises added that he would show to his son the forms of his own descendants in the Italian kingdom he was destined to establish, and would trace for him their achievements. Leading Æneas and the Sibyl on to a rising ground, in the midst of the

souls which were crowding about the magic stream of Lethe, he pointed out to him a long array of future kings of Latium;—Silvius, who was to be the son of Æneas' old age by his consort Lavinia; Procas, Capys, and Numitor, destined to be monarchs of Alba Longa; and Romulus, the future founder of the great city of Rome, which would extend over seven hills, and would



*Anchises revealing the Future to Æneas.*

spread her dominion over the whole earth. Not far from these were the souls of Romulus' successors in the early days of Rome;—Numa Pompilius, who first should give his country laws, and encourage the arts of peace; Tullus Hostilius, who would wage victorious wars, and extend the territories of Rome; Ancus Martius, not less successful in the field; and Tarquin, destined to

lose the throne through his oppressive reign. Anchises proceeded to indicate to his wondering son many of the patriots and generals who in future years were to contribute to the glory and power of the Roman State;—more especially the great Julius Cæsar, the lineal descendant of *Aeneas* himself; and Augustus,



*The Rise of the Roman Empire.*

who would once more establish the golden age in Latium, and whose empire would extend to countries as yet unknown. The venerable shade concluded his forecast of the future with a splendid description of the part which Rome was destined to play in the world's history:—

“ Let others better mould the running mass  
 Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,  
 And soften into flesh a marble face ;  
 Plead better at the bar ; describe the skies,  
 And when the stars descend, and when they rise :  
 But Rome ! ’tis thine alone, with awful sway



*The Elysian Fields.*

To rule mankind, and make the world obey,  
 Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way ;  
 To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free ;—  
 These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.”

Having thus inspired Æneas with renewed determination by showing him the brilliant future that was awaiting his descen-

dants, Anchises conducted him over those parts of the Elysian Fields which he had not yet visited, and showed him everything that was of peculiar interest. As they went, he discoursed to him respecting the wars which he would have to wage in Latium, and gave him counsel as to the means by which he should overcome every difficulty. Then at last, having brought him to the



*Aeneas quitting the Lower World.*

ivory gate whence the gods were accustomed to send false dreams to the upper world, he bade him farewell. By that gate Aeneas and the Sibyl quitted the abodes of the dead, and ascended without difficulty or adventure to the cave of the oracle, whence the hero hastened at once to his ships. Without loss of time he

ordered the sails to be spread, and the ships were steered along the coast, drawing nearer every hour to their final destination.

The story of *Æneas*' visit to the lower world is of especial interest, because it may be taken to represent the ideas which popularly prevailed in Virgil's time about the fate of the dead. But it also shows that these ideas were not fixed or rigid, because it is clear that he introduced into the narrative much that was of his own invention. Whether or not he really believed in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, brought from the East by the Greek philosopher Pythagoras, five hundred years before his time, he did not hesitate to put it forward as an undoubted truth in his narrative, because it enabled him to introduce some compliments to his patron, the Emperor Augustus. The journey of *Æneas* to Hades was doubtless suggested to Virgil by that of Ulysses described in the "Odyssey;" but the later poet enters into much greater detail of description than the Homeric bard, and thus his narrative is in some respects more interesting and more instructive.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE ARRIVAL IN LATIUM—THE INTRIGUES OF JUNO.

NE more halt the Trojans had to make before they reached their destination. As the fleet was advancing up the Italian coast, one of the few women who had accompanied the expedition from Drepanum—Caieta, a venerable matron, who had been the nurse of Æneas in his infancy—died, overborne by years and hardships. The hero, with a proper feeling of respect for one who had rendered him long and faithful service, caused the ships to cast anchor in a noble harbour near which they happened at the time to be sailing, and going ashore, he performed the necessary funeral rites over the remains of his old nurse, whose name was given to the place of her interment—a name which, in the slightly altered form of Gaeta, it still bears. This duty done, the voyagers resumed their course. A gentle wind blew steadily in their favour; and when night came the moon shed her silvery light on the waters, and enabled them to pursue their journey in safety. Presently they came in sight of the cliffs of Æaea, the island of the sorceress Circe. This goddess, the daughter of the Sun, lived in a stately palace, and delighted in seducing thither mariners, whom, when she had brought them under the

influence of her spells, she turned into various beasts. Here Ulysses came with his followers during his wanderings; but by the help of Mercury he subdued the sorceress, and compelled her to restore his companions, whom she had transformed into swine, back to their original shape. As the Trojans sailed past the island they could hear the roaring of lions, the growling of bears, and the howling of wolves, victims of Circe, to whom she had given the form of these savage beasts. But the kindly breeze sent by Neptune carried the vessels of *Æneas* safely past the fatal island.

And now the sea began to redden with the first beams of the sun, and from the lofty sky the saffron-coloured morn shone in her rosy ear, when on a sudden the wind died away, as though to proclaim that the end of the voyage had been reached. Looking about him, *Æneas* saw a thick wood descending to the shore, in the middle of which a noble river poured forth into the sea, its rapid current discoloured by the vast quantities of yellow sand it carried along. Amid the trees that hung over its banks innumerable birds fluttered to and fro, and filled the air with the music of their songs. The chief commanded the pilots to steer their vessels up this stream, which was indeed the Tiber; and the rowers, sturdily plying their oars against the current, worked their ships up the channel.

It is now necessary to say something of the condition of Latium at the time of the arrival of the Trojans. The country was under the sovereignty of Latinus, a monarch now far advanced in years, but who during his whole reign had enjoyed prosperity and peace. Latinus was the son of Faunus, who himself was the son of Picus, a direct descendant of Saturn, and the founder of the

kingdom. Picus had been a great soothsayer, and much revered by his people; but he had been so unlucky as to arouse the love of Circe, and when he refused to return it the sorceress changed him into a wood-pecker. His son Faunus had inherited his powers of divination, which had not, however, descended to Latinus. That monarch was unfortunate in one thing,—he had no son to succeed him on the throne. One had indeed been born to him, but had died while yet in the bloom of youth. His sole living offspring was a daughter, the beautiful Lavinia, whose charms, not less than the extent of her inheritance, had brought round her as suitors chiefs from all the neighbouring states. By far the most conspicuous of these was Turnus, the young king of a war-like tribe, the Rutuli. He was of divine parentage, for his mother was the nymph Venilia, the sister of Amata, the wife of Latinus. He was brave and handsome, and the queen strongly favoured his suit for her daughter's hand. But there were obstacles in the way, which it was beyond human power to remove. Signs and prodigies had been sent by the gods, which the augurs had interpreted to mean that Lavinia must not be given in marriage to any prince of Italian birth. In the inner court of the palace stood a laurel tree, which King Latinus had discovered when he was laying the foundations of the building. This tree the king had consecrated to Apollo, and he regarded it with so much reverence that he gave its name to the people over whom he ruled. Some time before the arrival of the Trojans, a swarm of bees was observed to settle on the summit of this tree, and to cluster upon it in a miraculous fashion. When the priests were asked to explain the meaning of this strange occurrence they said

it portended the arrival of a foreign hero, who was destined to bear sway in the palace. About the same time, Lavinia, going with a torch to kindle the sacred fire on an altar at which her father was about to offer sacrifice, seemed all at once to be enveloped in flames, which swept all over her flowing hair and her garments, and yet left her altogether unharmed. This, the sooth-



*Lavinia enveloped by the Flames*

sayers declared, signified that she herself would attain to great fame and fortune, but that on her account the people would be threatened with a great war.

King Latinus was naturally made uneasy by these occurrences, and in order, if possible, to find out more precisely what they

meant, he repaired to the tomb of his father Faunus, which stood in a dense wood near the neighbouring town of Albunea. Here the spirit of Faunus gave oracular responses to those who, after making due sacrifices, lay down to rest under the shade of the trees ; for as soon as they had sunk into sleep the answers to their questions came to them in dreams. Latinus, having slain for the sacrifice a hundred sheep, laid himself, according to the custom, upon their fleecy skins, and awaited the revelation of the oracle. In his sleep he heard the voice of his father give forth this warning,—

“ Seek not, my son, to join thy daughter in wedlock with any native prince, nor rest thy hopes on the match now designed. A foreigner comes, who is destined to be thy son-in-law, and who by his descendants shall exalt our name to the stars, and from whose race, conjoined with ours, monarchs shall arise who are destined to see all the world under their sway to the farthest confines of ocean.”

This revelation of the oracle was by no means kept secret by Latinus, so that the coming of the mysterious strangers was being looked for by his whole people at the very time when *Æneas* and his followers brought their ships into the Tiber.

Having moored their vessels to the bank, the travellers landed and stretched themselves on the grass under the pleasant shade of the trees. No time was lost in preparing a meal ; the corn was ground, cakes made and baked, and then, having no flesh left in their stores, they placed on the cakes such fruits as they were able to gather, and ate both together. Ascanius, full of youthful merriment, exclaimed, “ What ! are we eating our tables as well

as the food they bear?" But this saying of his, uttered only in sport, was greeted with delight by *Æneas* and the elders of the band, who recognized the fulfilment of the gloomy prediction of the Harpy.

"Hail! O land destined to me by the Fates," cried *Æneas*. "Hail! ye faithful tutelary gods of Troy. This is our home, this is our country. I now remember that my father Anchises, when in Elysium he was revealing to me the secrets of the future, spoke thus: 'When famine shall compel thee, my son, wafted to an unknown shore, to eat up your tables after your provisions fail, then may you hope for a settlement after your toils, and on that spot you may found your first city, and fortify it with a rampart.' The famine of which he spoke has now overtaken us. We have eaten our tables, and the period of our calamities is at an end. To-morrow with the sun's first light we will explore this country, and learn by what people it is inhabited, and where they have erected their cities. Now let us pour out ample libations to Jove, and to my sire Anchises, and then spend the rest of the day in enjoyment and repose."

So saying, he offered the sacrifices of which he had spoken, and supplicated all the deities to befriend him. As if in answer to his prayers, Jupiter sent three peals of thunder from a cloudless sky. All the Trojans were filled with joy and hope by the words of their leader and the signs sent from heaven. All that day they feasted, and poured out the inspiring wine. On the following morning scouts were sent out in different directions to ascertain what the country was and by whom it was peopled; and they soon returned with the information that the river was the Tiber, and

that the country was inhabited by the Latins. Thereupon *Æneas* directed that a hundred ambassadors should proceed to the king's palace, bearing palm branches in their hands, and should carry gifts to the king and ask him to give the Trojans a friendly reception. They departed on their mission; and meanwhile *Æneas* marked out the walls of the new city, caused a shallow trench to be dug, and hastened the erection of fortifications to protect the encampment.

The ambassadors in due time came in sight of the city of Laurentum. In an open space outside the wall young men were exercising on horseback; others were training steeds to run in the chariot; others again were shooting with the bow, or throwing the dart. When the Trojans made their appearance, one of the young men on horseback hastened before them to the city to inform the king that a band of strangers of lofty stature and unusual apparel were approaching. *Latinus* directed that they should be led to the ancient palace, which had been reared by King *Picus*, and he himself proceeded thither and seated himself on the throne. This palace was a splendid structure supported by a hundred columns. Here it was customary for the kings of Latium, when they succeeded to the throne, first to assume the sceptre and other badges of royalty; here also the elders of the state were accustomed to meet, and the sacred banquets were held. In the vestibule stood, ranged in their proper order, statues of the ancestors of the royal house, carved in cedar-wood; and on the door-posts were trophies gained in battle—swords and helmets, darts and shields, the massive bars of city-gates, and beaks torn from ships. It was in this stately building that *Latinus*, seated on his lofty throne, received the Trojan messengers.

“ Say, ye descendants of Dardanus,” he said in friendly tones—“ for we are not ignorant of your city and your race—what do ye seek in my realm ? What pressing errand has brought your fleet to our coasts over so many leagues of ocean ? Whether you have wandered hither by reason of having lost your way, or have been driven into the Tiber by stress of weather, you shall not be refused our hospitality. We Latins, descendants of Saturn, act justly, not under the constraint of any laws, but from our own free choice, following the example set us by that great deity. Perchance you are of our kin ; for I remember an old tradition that Dardanus was a native of this country, and that he travelled hence to Samothracia and Phrygia, where the Trojan kingdom till lately flourished.”

“ O king,” replied Ilioneus, the chief of the ambassadors, “ we were neither forced to take refuge in your realms by the fury of the winds and waves, nor did we come hither through having wandered from our proper course. It was designedly and with willing minds that we arrived on this coast. We have been expelled from a kingdom which was once the most powerful on earth. Our race boasts its descent from Jupiter himself, and the leader who has now sent us to your court, *Æneas*, is of divine origin. The knowledge of the terrible storm which, coming from Greece, has burst upon Troy, has spread over the whole world, and will doubtless be familiar to you. Driven by that fatal war over so many wide seas, we beg now from you land for a settlement, with water and air, which are free to all men. We shall be no dishonour to your realm ; we shall never forget your kindness ; nor shall you or your people ever have cause to repent your

hospitality. This I swear by the right hand of our chief, which is equally potent in the works of peace and in feats of war. Despise us not because we come to you in the guise of suppliants. Many peoples ere this have not only been willing to receive us, but have entreated us to remain with them. But the commands of the gods compelled us ever to go forward in search of your territories. Dardanus indeed owed to this country his birth, and he demands the return of his descendants, and the oracle of Apollo bade us seek the banks of the Tiber. *Æneas* offers you, by our hands, some small presents, remnants of his former fortune, saved from the flames of Troy. This is a golden bowl with which his sire Anchises was wont to perform libations at the altar ; this sceptre, diadem, and embroidered robe are those which Priam wore when he discharged his royal functions in presence of his assembled people."

King Latinus listened attentively to the message thus delivered by Ilioneus, but he did not at first reply. He sat deeply pondering ; thinking, not so much of the presents that had been brought to him, as of the prediction which he had heard at the oracle of his father. This *Æneas*, he felt assured, must be the stranger of whose coming he had been forewarned, who was destined to wed his daughter, succeed to his throne, and have descendants who by their unequalled valour and fortune should become the masters of the world. Rising at last from his seat, with the eagerness of a sudden resolve, he exclaimed, " May the gods crown with success our enterprise and their own predictions ! Trojan, what you demand shall be yours ; nor do I reject your presents. While I rule here neither the blessings of a fruitful land nor such com-

forts as you were wont to enjoy in distant Troy shall be wanting to you. If your chief has in truth such friendly feelings towards us, if he seeks a close alliance with us, let him come hither in person, that I may ratify our treaty by clasping his hand. Bear now this message from me to *Æneas*. I have a daughter, whom I am forbidden, by the oracle of my father's shrine, and by other prodigies which have been shown to me, to match with a husband of our own nation. It has been foretold that a son-in-law should come to me from a foreign land; and I both believe and desire that your chief is the man thus ordained by the Fates."

Having thus gladdened the hearts of the ambassadors by his friendly words, the king directed that from among the three hundred horses that fed in his stables each Trojan should be provided with one to bear them back to the camp. The horses were led forth accordingly, arrayed in costly trappings of purple hue, and champing golden bits. For *Æneas* he sent a chariot drawn by two coursers of surpassing swiftness, of the race of those which Circe had obtained from her sire the Sun-god. Thus splendidly arrayed, the messengers returned to *Æneas*, bearing back the glad tidings of peace.

It seemed, indeed, that the adversities of the much-enduring prince and his followers were ended. But the Sibyl had warned them that terrible wars would have to be waged ere they could obtain a firm settlement in Latium, and that they would have to suffer much from the unrelenting hate of Juno; and the prediction was now about to be fulfilled. It chanced that the proud queen of heaven was traversing the regions of the air in her chariot, and from on high she saw *Æneas* on the Latian coast,

busy with his companions erecting buildings, while their ships, drawn up on the beach, were altogether abandoned. The sight filled her with grief and anger. "Am I then," she cried, "in truth powerless against that detested race? Are their fortunes destined to triumph over my hostility? I was able to accomplish the ruin of their city; but what then? When Troy was burned to ashes, were they consumed? Through the midst of armies, through the midst of flames they have made their way. I followed them through the waves, and inflicted endless calamities on them in the midst of ocean; but the powers of heaven and the sea have been spent against them in vain. In the long-sought plains of Latium they rest secure. Other gods have been able to wreak vengeance on mortals who had given them offence; but I, the wife of Jupiter himself, who had power to employ every means against my foes—I am vanquished by *Æneas*. Well then, since my own force is not sufficient, I may surely appeal to other deities: if I cannot move the powers above, I will solicit those of Hell. It seems that I shall not be permitted to bar the detested Trojan from the succession to the throne of Latium, and that Lavinia is destined to be his spouse by the unalterable decrees of Fate. But at least I shall be able to raise obstacles to the accomplishment of these events, and to inflict injury on the subjects of both kings. Let Lavinia and *Æneas* unite; their union shall only be accomplished at the cost of their people's blood. Lavinia's dowry—I swear it—shall be paid in the lives of Trojan and Rutulian warriors. Even as the son of Hecuba proved a firebrand to his native Troy, so shall the cherished son of Venus be the cause of unnumbered woes to the peoples who receive him in their midst."

Uttering these threats, Juno swept down to earth, and lower still, to the infernal regions, where she sought out the abode of the Furies. Thence she summoned Alecto, the second of the three dreadful sisters whose special delight it was to provoke civil wars, strife in families, and bitter quarrels. "Virgin, offspring of Night," said the Queen of the Immortals, "you can render me a great service, and at the same time minister to your own pleasure. You know how to sow enmity amongst those who are most closely allied in blood or in friendship; you possess a thousand means of creating mischief and turmoil. Fly now to Latium, and bring about war between the detested Trojans and the people of the land."

Rejoicing in the task thus imposed upon her, the baleful Fury quickly ascended to the realms of light, and took her way to Laurentum, where she sought out the royal palace and the apartments of Queen Amata. The consort of King Latinus was already full of wrath and anxiety because of the arrival of the Trojans, and the purpose of her husband to deny the hand of his daughter to Turnus, the suitor whom she favoured. She was reclining in her chamber, vexing herself with disturbing thoughts, when Alecto entered, invisible, and flung from her head one of the vipers with which it was crowned. The poisonous reptile, gliding between the robes of the unhappy queen and her breast, fixed his venomous sting deep in her heart, and filled her with mad passion. Then, hastening to the presence of her husband, she first strove to move him by lamentations and entreaties.

"Is Lavinia, your much-cherished daughter," she cried, "really to be bestowed in marriage upon a Trojan exile? Have you no

pity on me, on yourself, and on her? Know you not that with the first fair wind the perfidious pirate will abandon us, and return to sea, carrying off the virgin with him? Thus it was that his kinsman Paris came to Sparta and stole away the fair wife of Menelaus, bringing ruin and destructive war both on Greece and Troy. What becomes of your solemnly-plighted faith, that your daughter should be given to her kinsman Turnus? If the Latins must receive a ruler from a foreign nation, surely any people who are independent of Latium may be accounted foreigners; and I believe that Turnus, and no other, is the husband intended for Lavinia by the gods, for, indeed, if his ancestry be traced back, he is descended from Acrisius, the king of Argos, and is not of Italian blood."

But Latinus was not to be shaken by such arguments as these from his strong conviction that *Aeneas* was the stranger whose coming had been foretold by the oracle of his father Faunus. When she found that she could not change his purpose, Amata, in whom the Fury's poison was now beginning to work, rushed wildly forth through the streets of Laurentum, in a frenzy similar to that which was wont to infect the worshippers of Bacchus when they indulged in the orgies. With dishevelled hair and garments all in disorder, she rushed about, exciting the other matrons to like fury. Lavinia she concealed in the woods of the neighbouring mountains; and she called on the other women of her people, if they had any affection for her or regard for a mother's rights, to assist her in preventing the nuptials which were meditated by the king. Very soon wild turmoil spread through all Laurentum. Having done her work in that region,

Alecto hastened away on the wings of the swift south wind to the lofty walls of Ardea, where Turnus, the king of the warlike Rutuli, had his capital. He himself was reposing in his palace at the dark hour of midnight, when the Fury presented herself to him, transformed into the shape of Calybe, the aged priestess of Juno's temple that rose near the palace. "O Turnus," she said, "will you suffer yourself to be deprived of the fruit of all your toils, the object of your ambition, and quietly see the throne of Latium transferred to a Trojan invader? King Latinus has resolved to refuse to you the wife and the dowry you have bought by many achievements in war; he intends a foreigner to inherit his kingdom. This is your reward for having, with your blood and that of your followers, defended the Latins against their fierce Etruscan foes. Hither the queen of heaven herself has sent me, to warn you of your danger, and to bid you, without any delay, muster your troops and march them against the Trojan intruders. She commands you to give them to the sword, and to destroy with fire their vessels, which are moored in the Tiber. Let King Latinus himself, unless he abide by his pledged word and consent to your marriage with his daughter, know what it is to provoke the wrath of Turnus."

The Rutulian chief was not at all inclined to believe the intelligence which the seeming priestess conveyed to him. "I am not ignorant," he said, "as you seem to think, that a Trojan fleet has entered the Tiber; but I am not on that account oppressed with the fears that possess you. Old age, O priestess, fills you with groundless alarms and empty cares. You delude yourself with the hope of being a prophetess. Your business is

to watch over the temples of the goddess. Leave the management of peace and war to men, to whom they properly belong."

This scornful reply filled Alecto with rage. She cast off her disguise: her fierce eyes glowed with infernal light; the horrid snakes reared themselves on her head. "Am I," she shrieked, "deluded by the tremors of old age? Behold me! I come from the abode of the dread Furies; war and death in my hand I bear!" So saying, she pierced his breast with a fiery dart, and vanished. Instantly Turnus sprang from his couch, calling for arms, and thinking of nothing, desiring nothing, but warfare and blood. He despatched a messenger to King Latinus, peremptorily requiring that the strangers should be expelled from his territories, and adding that if the demand were refused he should not fear to encounter Trojans and Latins together. Meanwhile, having first offered sacrifices to the gods, he summoned the Rutulians to prepare for war, and they eagerly armed themselves and gathered together in readiness for the expedition.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE QUARREL WITH THE LATINS—ÆNEAS AND EVANDER—THE NEW ALLIANCE.

**W**HILE Turnus was thus getting ready for hostilities against the Trojans, the untiring Fury busied herself in fresh conspiracies. She spied the young Ascanius in the woods near the camp, bow in hand, and followed by his hounds, engaged in the pursuit of beasts of prey. She contrived to make the dogs start in chase of a large and beautiful stag, which belonged to a maiden named Sylvia, the daughter of Tyrrhus, to whom was assigned the care of the king's herds and the forests wherein he was wont to hunt. This stag the gentle Sylvia had taken when a fawn, had tamed him, and was accustomed to comb his sleek hide, and deck his branching horns with garlands. During the day it was his habit to range in the woods with others of his kind; but at night he always returned to the shelter of a stable belonging to the forester's cottage. On that morning he was swimming in the Tiber, and cooling his heated sides with the clear water of the stream, when the hounds of Iulus were led by Alecto to the spot, and they at once started in eager pursuit. As the stag bounded through the greenwood,

Ascanius saw him, and discharged at him an arrow which pierced his flank. The poor animal at once sought refuge in his master's stable, where his loud groans of pain soon brought to his side his young mistress. She, filled with pity and anger at the spectacle of his sufferings, beat her hands together in lamentation, and poured forth bitter complaints to her sire and her brothers



*Ascanius hunting in the Woods of Latium.*

against the huntsman who had thus dared to injure her favourite. The angry rustics snatched up whatever rude weapons lay nearest, and hastened to attack Ascanius; while Alecto, ascending in the guise of a shepherd to the roof of the cottage, sent forth from a horn a loud note of alarm, which summoned all the people of

the neighbourhood to arms. In the meantime the peril which threatened Ascanius was not unseen in the camp, and a number of the Trojans hurried forth to his assistance. Formed in regular ranks, disciplined in war, and armed with swords and bows to oppose to the clubs and stakes of the rustics, they were far more formidable. They easily rescued the son of *Æneas*, and drove back his assailants, who nevertheless persevered in their furious attack. In the midst of the fight Almon, the eldest of the sons of Tyrrhus, while leading on the peasants, was slain by an arrow which pierced his throat. Many of his companions also perished; and a certain elder named Galæsus, distinguished not less for his uprightness than for his great wealth and numerous flocks, was unhappily struck down while advancing between the two hostile parties and endeavouring to prevent further bloodshed.

Having so successfully executed her mission, the Fury hastened to Olympus, where she accosted Juno with jubilant speech. "Behold," she said, "how I have bred for you discord and baleful war! What hope is there now of friendship and marriage, since I have caused the Trojans to shed Latin blood? If it be your wish, however, I will undertake to excite the neighbouring peoples, and cause the war to spread all over Italy."

"Nay," replied the queen of the gods, "you have done enough; already there is ample cause of quarrel. Let Latinus give his daughter, if he be able, to those whose hands are stained with the blood of his people. Jove will not permit you to work further mischief. Retire now to your own domains, and I myself will undertake the further management of our plots." Sullenly the

Fury spread her black wings, and descended to the gloomy regions of Erebus.

Meantime the shepherds, utterly routed by the experienced warriors of *Æneas*, fled from the field of battle and took refuge within the walls of Laurentum, bearing with them the bodies of young Almon and the ill-fated Galæsus. They exhibited the corpses, disfigured with ghastly wounds, in the streets, in order to excite the fury of the people; they carried them before King Latinus, and called on him for vengeance. Just at this moment Turnus arrived from Ardea, at the head of the Rutulian warriors. He complained loudly that the Trojan invaders were invited to settle in the country, and his own promised bride assigned to their chief. He insisted that war should at once be declared against the foreigners; and his demand was supported by the bands of matrons who had been infected by Queen Amata with the wild passion that consumed her. All the inhabitants of Laurentum, together with the Rutulians, surrounded the venerable Latinus in his palace, and called upon him to fly to arms against the strangers. But the old king remained unmoved by all their outcries. He was fixed in his resolution to obey the mandates of the gods; and when he saw that he could not control the fierce passions of the populace, he warned them that they would have to atone with their own blood for the crime they were about to commit. “Turnus!” he exclaimed, “impious promoter of a wicked war, punishment will in due time assuredly overtake thee, and when it is too late thou wilt supplicate the offended deities for aid. For my part, my course is nearly run; at the worst I can only be deprived of a happy end to a long life.” So saying, he laid

down his kingly office, and shut himself up in his palace, leaving his subjects to pursue the evil course on which they were resolved.

It was an old custom in the cities of Latium—a custom which was still observed in Rome even in the days of Augustus—that when war was undertaken against any other state, the two brazen gates of the temple of Janus should be solemnly opened by the chiefs of the land. In time of peace these gates were held fast by a hundred ponderous bolts, and it was believed that while they remained closed the spirit of Mars was imprisoned within ; but when war had been resolved upon, the fastenings were removed and the gates set wide open, that the fierce god might have egress, and inflame the souls of the troops with his own ardour. Latinus was now urged to throw open the gates of the temple of Janus that stood in Laurentum; but he utterly refused to perform the office, and remained secluded in his palace. Then Juno herself, descending in her impatience from the heavens, with her own mighty hand pushed back the bolts, and impetuously thrust at the heavy doors of the temple, so that they flew wide open.

No sooner was this accomplished than all over Latium and the neighbouring lands nothing was to be seen but eager preparation for the approaching conflict. Swords were sharpened; bucklers and spears were polished; the inspiring blasts of trumpets resounded in all quarters as the sturdy countrymen laid aside the implements of their husbandry and hurried to their different standards. A vast array of chiefs and their warriors assembled in the wide plain before Laurentum, prepared to follow Turnus against the Trojans. Foremost amongst them was Mezentius, who had been king of the Etruscans, with his seat at Agylla, but

had been expelled by his subjects because of his exceeding cruelty and wickedness. He had taken refuge, along with his son Lausus, a brave warrior and great hunter, at Ardea, where Turnus had given him shelter. In return he now hastened to the field at the head of a thousand warriors, refugees who had followed him from his former kingdom. Next came Aventinus, a chief who ruled over a district adjacent to the Tiber. He was a son of Hercules, and led to the field a number of troops who were accustomed to fight with javelins and pointed pikes. He himself wore, in place of armour, the hide of a huge lion, with the white tusks still attached, and gleaming above his head. Two chiefs of Greek blood, Catillus and Coras, led the warriors from the city of Tibur; and Cæculus, the founder and ruler of Præneste, who was believed to be a son of Vulcan, came with a large band of followers from all the district that owned his sway. These were not armed with bows, or shields, or swords, nor did any of them bring chariots to the war. Most of them carried balls of heavy lead, slung at the end of cords; others bore a pointed javelin in each hand. Their heads were shielded by helmets covered with wolf-skin; they went with the left foot uncovered, while on the right they wore a shoe of untanned leather. The Sabines sent a mighty host of warriors under Clausus their king, who was said to have been the ancestor of the famous Claudian house at Rome. Halesus, a son of Agamemnon, who had been driven from his native land, and had settled in Campania, and who bore a hereditary hate to the Trojan name, led to the field a thousand fierce warriors armed with short tapering darts and crooked falchions, and carrying small targets on their left arm. The people of the island

of Capreæ and of northern Campania came under the leadership of their warlike king Æbalus; the Marsi under their general Umbro, less famous for skill in war than for the enchantments by which he knew how to tame the most venomous serpents and heal the wounds inflicted by their stings. Another chief was Virbius, the son of Hippolytus. When the death of that ill-starred prince, the son of Theseus, had been brought about by the devices of his treacherous stepmother, Diana, pitying his fate, and knowing him to be innocent of the crime of which he had been accused, induced Æsculapius, the god of medicine, to restore him to life, and conveyed him to a temple of hers in Italy, where he passed the rest of his life in obscure safety, and married a nymph named Aricia, by whom he had one son—this same Virbius who now came to swell the great army that was gathering against the Trojans. Turnus himself, the leader of the mighty array, overtopped all the other heroes by a full head. His towering helmet was adorned with triple plumes, and his shining armour was enriched with figures worked in gold. Scarcely less conspicuous was Camilla, the queen of the Volscians, a virgin warrior, who led to the assistance of the Rutulian chief a troop of horsemen armed in glittering brass. She had never employed her hands in those labours to which women commonly devote themselves, but had made herself skilful in the use of weapons, was inured to the hardships of war, and was so swift of foot as to outstrip the winds themselves. Wherever she moved the common people and the matrons of Laurentum crowded eagerly to see the spectacle of a virgin of royal birth wearing the dress of a warrior and carrying the quiver and spear.

Such was the force that assembled under the walls of King Latinus' capital in response to the summons of Turnus to the Italian people to rise in arms for the expulsion of the Trojans. But even with such an army Turnus and his advisers were not satisfied, and they sent an ambassador to Diomedes, the famous Greek hero, who had so greatly distinguished himself during the Trojan war, and who, after years of subsequent wandering, had finally settled in Southern Italy. The message sent to him was an artful one, representing that *Æneas* had come to Latium to re-establish in Italy the conquered kingdom of Troy, and that he entertained ambitious purposes of wide-spread conquest, which ought to concern Diomedes as much as anybody.

The warlike bustle and preparation thus going forward in Latium had not escaped the observation of the Trojan chief. A new burden of cares pressed upon his anxious mind, and he was unable to determine what course he should pursue. From a similar state of indecision he had always been relieved, at former periods of his history, by means of a dream, in which some spectral or divine visitant had appeared to him and told him what it was best to do. His good fortune in this respect did not fail him now. While sleeping at night amid his wearied companions under the protection of his new-made fortifications, the hero beheld old Tiberinus, the deity of the river, suddenly rise from the bed of the stream, enveloped in a robe of fine lawn of a sea-green hue, and with a chaplet of reeds about his brows. He accosted *Æneas* in encouraging words, bidding him not to flinch from the position he had taken up, for it had been assigned to him by the gods, who would not desert him in his hour of need. He added that a

colony of Greeks from Arcadia, under the leadership of a prince named Evander, had established themselves a few miles up the river, where they had built a city named Pallanteum. They were constantly engaged in war against the Latins, and therefore Æneas would do well to form an alliance with them. He himself, said the god, would assist the Trojans to surmount the opposing current of his river, so that they might accomplish this design. All he asked in return was that, when victorious, Æneas should pay due honours to him at the altar. So saying, Tiberinus disappeared, and the Trojan chief started up, eager to profit by the advice he had received. Taking up water from the friendly stream, he solemnly vowed that if its god would support him as he had promised in the vision, honours should perpetually be paid at his shrine. Forthwith he chose out two of the best galleys in his fleet, manned them with oarsmen and stocked them with arms. While preparations were being made for departure, a prediction that had been made by Helenus, when long before he had given Æneas advice as to the conduct of his voyage, was fulfilled. On the bank of the river a milk-white sow was seen lying, surrounded by thirty young ones. The hero straightway offered the sow and her litter as an offering to Juno.

Faithful to his promise, Tiberinus made his river as smooth as a peaceful lake, so as to make the work of the oarsmen easier, and those of the Trojans who took part in the expedition started in good spirits. Rapidly the vessels made their way up the stream, sheltered from observation, and from the heat of the sun, by overhanging trees on either bank. After a journey of a day and a half they came in sight of the walls and roofs of Pallanteum, and

straightway they steered their ships towards the city. It chanced that on that day King Evander was engaged in offering sacrifices in a grove outside the walls to Hercules, assisted by his son Pallas and all the elders of the colony. When they saw the tall vessels gliding up the river toward them, the worshippers were naturally astonished, and quitted the altars in some alarm. But Pallas cried out that the sacred rites ought not to be interrupted, and snatching up a javelin, hastened to find out who the strangers might be. From a rising ground he accosted them, asking what motive had brought them to that place, whither they were bound, and whether they brought peace or war. *Æneas*, standing on the deck of the vessel, and holding out in his hand an olive branch as a sign of his peaceful intentions, answered, “We are the sons of Troy, and are hostile to the Latins, who threaten us with bitter war. We seek King Evander: inform him that *Æneas* has come, desiring his alliance in arms.”

Awed by so great a name, Pallas invited the hero to come on shore, accost his father in person, and come under their roof as a guest. *Æneas* complied, and the youth gave his right hand in token of friendship, and conducted him to the presence of the king, whom *Æneas* thus addressed:—

“Noblest of the sons of Greece, to whom fortune has led me to make supplication, I feel no apprehensions because you are of Arcadian birth, or because you are akin to the sons of Atreus, the enemies of my race. I rely upon my own innocence toward you, the oracles of the gods, and the affinity of our ancestors, and I have come hither a willing visitor. Dardanus, from whom were descended the kings of Troy and their people, was the son of Jove

and Electra, the daughter of Atlas. Your forefathers also descended from the same mighty Atlas. Thus, both our families descended from the same stock. Knowing this, I have not resorted to embassies, or sought beforehand to find out your inclinations. I have put my own life in your hand, by coming myself to ask your alliance. The people who seek to expel us are the same against whom you have long waged war; and if they succeed against us, they will never be content till they have reduced all Italy under their yoke. Let us then exchange pledges of mutual faith. We can bring to the common cause brave hearts and long experience in warfare."

Evander, who had kept his eyes fixed on *Æneas* while the latter spoke, cordially greeted his guest, and related how he had once, while yet a young man, met the great Anchises, and exchanged with him pledges of friendship. Those which Anchises had bestowed still remained in his possession. Therefore he gladly assented to the proposed alliance, and on the next day would place under *Æneas*' command all the force he could muster. But that day was dedicated to the celebration of an anniversary festival which it would be impious not to observe, and he urged the new-comers to join with himself and his people in keeping it. The Trojans, wearied with their journey, were by no means sorry to accept the invitation, and the whole company sat down together to the feast in the utmost friendliness. When the repast was ended, *Æneas* inquired of the king what the anniversary was which they observed so religiously.

"It is in obedience to no vain superstition," answered Evander, "that we perform solemn rites on this day, and pile abundant

sacrifices on this lofty altar. It is to commemorate our rescue from a cruel affliction, and to render merited honour to him who preserved us." Pointing to a huge gap in the mountain side, where the rocks seemed to have been rent asunder, he continued: "Here formerly was a deep cave, the abode of a fearful monster named Cacus. He was a giant of enormous bulk, a son of the god of fire, Vulcan. He was hideous of aspect, overgrown with shaggy hair, and had been endued by his father with the power of belching forth flames and smoke from his mouth. He was wont to plunder the whole surrounding country, heaping up his spoils in the inaccessible depths of his cave. He delighted to feed upon human flesh, and so slaughtered any unhappy men that crossed his path, hanging their livid and bleeding heads at the entrance of his dark abode. Against this frightful monster our arms were of no avail. But at last the power of a god came to our assistance; for it chanced that the mighty Hercules passed through these countries on his way back from Spain, where he had slain the three-bodied giant Geryon, and was bearing back to King Eurystheus in Greece the famous herds which were the fruit of his victory. Halting for rest in these valleys, he permitted the cattle to feed on the rich grass by the side of the river. They were seen by Cacus, and he, being seized with a great desire to possess some of them, and at the same time dreading the unequalled strength of Hercules, stole upon the herd at night, and dragged four bullocks and as many heifers, the primest of them all, into his cave, drawing them backward by the tail, so that the traces of their feet would not reveal their hiding-place. The trick was so far successful, that when Hercules, missing the stolen cattle,

searched for them, he could find no traces of them. At last, giving up the search, he collected the remainder of the herd, and set about driving them forward on their journey. Then the heifers began to low loudly, and their bellowings were heard by their companions concealed in the cave, which forthwith replied in the same way. Hercules heard, and in that way detected the robber's hiding-place. Full of wrath, he snatched up his mighty club, all studded with knots, and hastened toward the summit of the mountain. Cacus beheld, and, for the first time in his life, was filled with terror. He fled into the interior of the cave, and let down before the entrance an immense rock, which hung suspended by ponderous iron chains for that purpose. Hercules came to the place, and again and again tried to force away the rock ; but it was held fast in its place by immense bolts, against which even his strength was exerted in vain. Boiling with rage, the hero sat down to rest after his useless efforts, and looked about him to see whether there was no other way of obtaining entrance to the rock fortress. The roof of the cave was composed of a high rock which overhung the river, and on its inner side was a ridge affording a convenient hold for the hands. Thither Hercules made his way, and putting forth his utmost might, tore the rock from its base and hurled it headlong into the river. And now the cave of Cacus was laid open, and its deepest recesses exposed to view, just as though some terrible convulsion of the earth had produced a yawning gap in her bosom. As the robber lay in his cave, dazzled by the bursting in upon him of the unaccustomed light, Hercules furiously assailed him with darts, and heavy boughs of trees, and ponderous stones. The monster now

resorted to another means of escape: he vomited forth from his jaws vast quantities of smoke, intermixed with tongues of flame, and concealed himself and his abode in dense clouds of black vapour. But not so was the son of Jove to be baffled. With an impetuous leap he sprang into the very midst of the smoke, and, searching with his hands, grasped the miserable Cacus by the throat, which he pressed with unrelenting grip till the wretch's eyes started from their sockets and life left his quivering limbs. Then the doors of the cave were speedily wrenched open, the cattle and all the riches which Cacus had accumulated during his life of plunder brought forth, and the ghastly corpse dragged out by the feet. The people of the country, full of joy at their deliverance, gazed on the dead monster, viewing with astonishment his huge limbs and his breast covered with shaggy hair. Forthwith they erected in this grove an altar on which sacrifices were offered in honour of Hercules, and they instituted a festival which has ever since been observed, and shall be kept up for ever."

Having thus explained the reasons why the day was honoured, Evander invited his guests to join in the ceremonies, and this they did with hearty good will. Libations were poured out to all the gods, and especially to the hero who had wrought so great a deliverance. Afterwards the priests, clad in skins, marched in solemn procession round the flaming altar. In musical verses they celebrated the praises of Hercules, and recounted his illustrious deeds: how, while yet an infant in the cradle, he strangled the two monstrous serpents sent against him by inexorable Juno; how he overthrew great cities, and endured all the grievous toils imposed upon him by King Eurystheus; how he conquered the

Centaurs, and slew the Nemean lion ; how he penetrated into Hell, and dragged thence by main strength the trembling Cerberus. All his glorious achievements, indeed, they chanted in loud songs, and made the grove and the surrounding hills re-echo with their strains.

The rites having at length been concluded, the worshippers returned to the city. *Æneas* walked beside the aged Evander and his son, and questioned them as he went about the various monuments he saw around, and the earlier history of the country. Evander related that the land was first occupied by Fauns and Nymphs, and by a rude race of men who possessed no arts, and knew not how to cultivate the earth, but depended for the means of life on the chase and on the fruits of trees. Then Saturn, fleeing from the conquering arm of his son, came to Italy and established his kingdom, giving laws to the people, and teaching them the arts of civilization. So happy was the period of his rule that it was named the Golden Age, for then all was peace and prosperity, and no man did wrong to his neighbour. Afterwards came a less happy time, when fiercer monarchs succeeded, and the rage of war and the love of gain began to possess the people. Then Evander told how he himself, driven from his native country and guided by the revelations of his mother, the nymph Carmentis, had fixed his abode on the banks of the Tiber. He pointed out all the places which afterwards became famous as parts of the great city of Rome. Leading the way to his tiny palace, he told *Æneas* that Hercules himself had condescended to repose under its roof, and he therefore hoped that no other guest would despise its mean accommodation. The hero contentedly reposed on a bed of leaves,

with the skin of a bear for his covering, while his followers were quartered in other parts of the little city.

Meantime Venus, disturbed by the fierce war that the arts of Juno had excited in Latium, was not unmindful of the welfare of her son. Seeking her husband Vulcan in the golden chambers of his Olympian palace, and bestowing on him many soft caresses, she thus addressed him: "While the Grecian chiefs were waging war against unhappy Troy, and hastening its destruction, I never appealed to thee for help to the luckless descendants of Dardanus, nor begged thee to give them arms, though I was much indebted to the sons of Priam, and was deeply concerned for the sufferings of *Æneas*, my son. Now, however, he has settled by Jove's command on the coast of Latium, and I implore thee, my cherished lord, to exert thy skill in forging arms for him, because many cities and peoples have combined together against him, and are sharpening their swords for his destruction." So saying, she threw her snowy arms about his neck, and redoubled her caresses. Vulcan, filled with love for the beautiful goddess, readily promised to do what she asked, and to employ his utmost skill in producing arms for her son. Accordingly, quitting his couch at the first dawn of day, he proceeded to the sombre caves of *Ætna*, where the fires of his forge were perpetually smoking, and where on the anvils the thundering blows of his Cyclopean workmen resounded as they withdrew the ponderous bars of fiery metal from the furnaces and shaped them with their tools. As Vulcan entered the subterranean workshop, he found his Cyclops all busily engaged. One was fashioning a thunderbolt for the mighty hand of Jove, three parts of it of hail, three of watery cloud, three of

glaring fire and winged wind ; another was constructing a war chariot for Mars, with ponderous wheels ; a third was polishing the tremendous ægis of Minerva, adorned with serpents' scales, while on its boss glared the terrible head of the Gorgon Medusa, the mere sight of which would turn a mortal into stone.

“Put aside all your labours,” cried Vulcan, “for another task requires all your powers. Arms must be forged for a valiant hero, and in this work it is necessary for you to put your utmost strength and skill.” As soon as his command was uttered, it was obeyed. In the roaring furnaces, ingots of gold and brass and steel were melted, and then shaped into an ample shield, a cuirass, and the other armour of a warrior.

While Vulcan and his workmen were thus employed, Evander and his son met *Æneas* and Achates in the court-yard of the palace at Pallanteum, and engaged in earnest conversation about their projected alliance and warlike expedition.

“I must frankly tell you, my guest,” said the king, “that my own power to aid you in this war is but small. My narrow territory is bounded on one side by the Tiber, on the other by the frontier of our foes, the Rutulians. But I know a means of enlisting in your cause a mighty nation : truly you have come to me on this errand at a happy moment. Not far from here stands the ancient and powerful city of Agylla, long ago founded by a numerous colony of warlike Lydians. To the throne of this city, some time since, there succeeded Mezentius, a detestable tyrant, who inflicted on his people such abominable cruelties that at last they rose up in arms against him. They slew his adherents, and assailed his palace ; but making his escape in the confusion, he

fled for shelter to the territories of the Rutulians, and obtained protection and hospitality from Turnus. But the Etruscans, suspicious of his designs, and eager to inflict punishment for his misdeeds, have assembled in arms to demand that he should be delivered up to them. A soothsayer, however, has warned them that they are not destined to be successful in their enterprise under any Italian chief, and has directed them to choose some foreign chief. On that account, they have encamped on the neighbouring plain, and their general, Tarchon, has sent ambassadors to me, bearing the royal crown and sceptre, and inviting me to assume the command of their army and the government of the country. I, however, am now feeble from age, and no longer capable of achieving heroic deeds in the field, or of taking upon myself so great a burden of cares. I would have sent my son in my place, but he was born to me of a Sabine mother, and having Italian blood in his veins, he cannot hold the position. It is for you, brave leader of the Trojans, who are yet in the full vigour of life, and whose origin is altogether foreign to this country, to accept the task. Pallas shall, indeed, accompany you to the field, that under your leadership he may learn the art of war; and under his command I will place four hundred Arcadian horsemen, the flower of my people."

When *Aeneas* heard this proposal, he was at first doubtful whether he ought to engage in an enterprise in which he was not directly concerned; but, as usual, he obtained guidance from the deities who watched over his welfare. As he stood pondering, all at once a peal of thunder sounded through the sky. He and his companions looked up. Again and again the thunder was heard,

though the heavens were perfectly serene ; and suddenly a figure in blazing armour seemed to shine forth amid the clouds. The other spectators of the prodigy were amazed and terrified ; but Æneas knew that it was a sign which his goddess mother had promised him if ever he should be threatened by the perils of war.

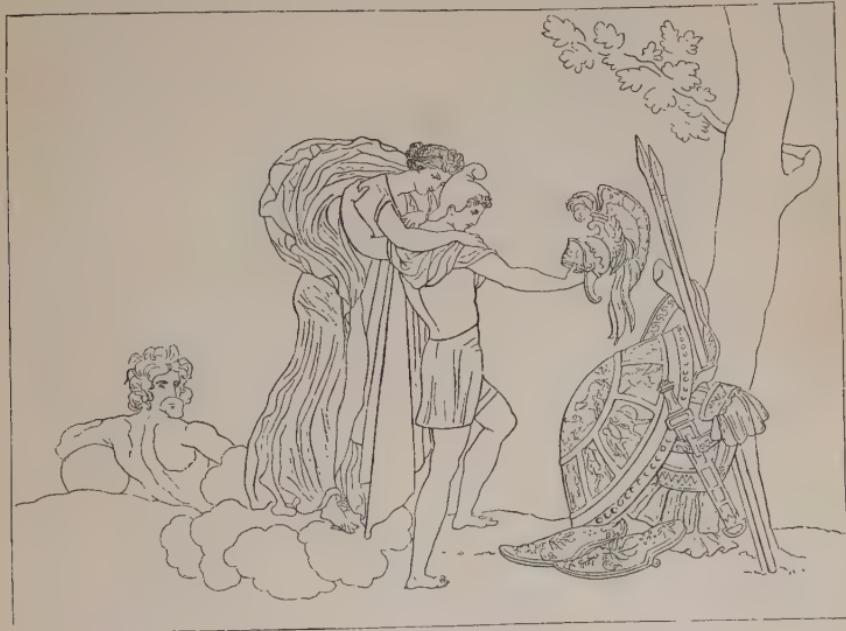
“Be not alarmed by this portent,” he said to Evander. “It is a summons to me from heaven. My divine parent foretold that if war should assail me, she would send this signal, and that she would bring to me arms wrought by Vulcan himself. Ah !” he exclaimed, with the joy of battle filling his heart, “what destruction awaits the Laurentians ! What ample satisfaction shalt thou, O Turnus, give me ! What innumerable shields, and helmets, and bodies of brave warriors, shall be rolled down to the sea by the impetuous Tiber ! Let them challenge our armies, and violate the peace they promised.”

When Æneas had thus spoken, the conference was broken off. He himself, having duly offered sacrifices to the gods, hastened to the ships, and chose out a number of the warriors to follow him to the Etrurian camp ; the rest he despatched in one of the galleys to descend the stream, and bear to Ascanius and the remainder of his followers the news of the undertaking that was projected. Those of his companions who remained with him were supplied by Evander with horses ; for Æneas a charger of superior beauty and strength, caparisoned with the hide of a tawny lion, was led forth. In Pallanteum all was now bustle and excitement. The news that the youth of the city were going forth to the war under the command of Pallas had spread fast through the little city, and the streets were crowded with warriors preparing for the

expedition, and with women giving weeping farewells to their husbands and sons, and invoking the deities on their behalf. The good old king took a tender farewell of his son, expressing a wish that old age had not deprived him of the power of accompanying him to the field. He passionately implored Jupiter to restore Pallas safe to his embrace; but if the fulfilment of this prayer were forbidden by the Fates, he entreated that at least his own life should be ended before the news of so cruel a calamity reached him.

At last the gates were thrown open, and the little army of horsemen rode forth—Æneas in the fore-front, closely followed by Achates and the other Trojans, while Pallas occupied a position in the centre of the warriors of Pallanteum. They were not indeed a numerous band, but all were well armed, and the heart of each was eager for the combat. As they passed out of the city, the people raised a farewell cheer, while the timorous women stood on the ramparts as long as the rearmost horseman was in sight, gazing eagerly through their tears on those whom they loved, but whom they might never see again. The Etrurian army was encamped on a wide plain some few miles distant from Pallanteum, and thither Æneas and his comrades bent their way. As they proceeded, Æneas quitted the line to water his horse at a little stream which ran through a narrow and secluded valley, and instantly seizing the opportunity, his mother presented herself before him in all her divine beauty and brightness, bearing the armour forged by the skilful hands of Vulcan and his Cyclops. “Behold,” she said, “the gift I promised you, my son. You need no longer hesitate to challenge your Latian foes or fierce Turnus

to the combat." As she spoke, yielding to her maternal instincts, she tenderly embraced *Aeneas*, who, overjoyed at her presence, and at the sight of the splendid armour, earnestly returned her caress. Venus returned straightway to Olympus, and the hero proceeded at his leisure to admire and handle the arms. He took up the huge helmet, dazzling in its brightness and adorned with



*Venus presenting the Armour to Aeneas.*

nodding plumes. Then he clutched the sword, made of the purest steel, with an edge of utmost keenness. Next the corselet attracted him by its perfect symmetry and the delicate brass-work with which it was adorned. Equally fine was the workmanship of the greaves, and of the long spear. But beyond all else was the

beauty and splendour of the shield. On this Vulcan, to whom the secrets of the future were revealed, had represented the future history and glories of Rome. There was the she-wolf suckling the twin-heroes who were destined to be the founders of Rome ; and close by the infant city itself, with the seizure of the Sabine virgins by the fierce followers of Romulus at the Circensian games. Then came the picture of the war waged by the Sabines in revenge ; the solemn alliance that followed ; the death of the Alban dictator, Metius, torn to pieces by wild horses at the bidding of Tullus Hostilius for breaking his oath of submission , the siege of Rome by Porsenna on behalf of the expelled Tarquins; the defence of the bridge by Horatius, and the escape of the hostage Cloelia across the Tiber. Next the divine workman had represented the defence of the Capitol by Manlius against the Gauls, with the geese giving the alarm, and the barbarians advancing stealthily to surprise the sleeping citadel. Among many other scenes depicted on the broad surface of the shield was the great sea-fight of Actium, with Augustus and his lieutenant Agrippa leading the Roman fleet to victory against the eastern galleys of Antony and his Egyptian queen, Cleopatra. Close beside this was the picture of the emperor's triumphant return to Rome, with the joy of the people, and the long train of vanquished enemies that filed before them through the crowded streets. Æneas gazed with wonder and awe at these scenes. He knew not indeed that they represented the deeds of his descendants, but he rejoiced at their beauty. Quickly he assumed the splendid armour, and rejoined his comrades, bearing on his shoulder the revelation of the future grandeur of Rome.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE SIEGE OF THE TROJAN CAMP—DEEDS AND DEATH OF  
NISUS AND EURYALUS—THE EXPLOITS OF TURNUS.

 F Venus was mindful of the fortunes of her son, Juno was not less active in watching over the interests of his enemies. Having seen *Æneas* depart on his mission to Pallanteum, she sent down Iris to Turnus, who by chance was sitting in a grove sacred to the manes of his ancestor, Pilumnus. “O Turnus,” she said, “what none of the gods were able to promise to thy wishes, time and fortune have themselves brought about. *Æneas* has quitted his camp, his friends and his fleet, and has undertaken a journey to the dominions of Evander, King of Pallanteum. Not content with that, he has wandered to regions still more remote, and seeks to bring against you a band of Lydian rustics. Why are you dallying here? Now is the time to marshal your forces, and sweep down upon his camp while the chief himself is absent, and all is in disorder.”

Having thus delivered her message, the goddess winged her way back with lightning speed to Olympus; but not before Turnus had seen and recognized her. “Iris!” he exclaimed, “bright ornament of the heavens! who was it sent thee thus

suddenly to me from above? And wherefore is the sky all at once so dazzlingly bright? Such mandates as these I will obey, whoever it is that summons me to arms." So saying he invoked the gods with ample libations, and then led forth his whole army on the plain. Messapus, a son of Neptune, and the leader of those Etrurians who sided with Turnus, was placed in command of the van, while Turnus stationed himself in the centre, and the vast array rolled on towards the Trojan camp like a great river of brass and steel. A sentinel named Caicus, standing on the battlements, first saw the clouds of dust raised by their advance, and quickly gave the alarm. With the utmost haste the Trojans closed and barricaded the gates, and manned the walls; for *Æneas*, when he left them, had strictly enjoined that should any attack be made upon them during his absence, they should not venture to set their forces in array in the open field, but should content themselves with defending their ramparts. Gladly, indeed, would they have confronted their enemy on the plain, but they bore in mind the injunctions of their chief.

Turnus, full of martial ardour, had ridden out with twenty chosen companions in front of his army, and arrived first in the vicinity of the camp. With loud shouts he rode up to the very foot of the walls, while his friends followed, wondering that the strangers did not venture to encounter them in the open. The Rutulian chief, turning his horse this way and that, surveyed the fortifications at all points, eager to find some weak or undefended place, or to contrive a means of forcing or seducing the Trojans from their entrenchments. At last he spied their fleet lying outside the walls of the camp, partly screened by the stream

and partly by a wooden fence, hastily erected. To this he soon made his way, and called to his followers for a lighted brand. With this they quickly supplied him; and themselves followed close after him, also bearing torches. It seemed that the vessels which had borne the Trojans on such long and perilous voyages from the distant shore of Asia were doomed to certain destruction. Yet they escaped, by reason of a circumstance as miraculous as any that had yet marked the career of the son of Anchises.

At the time when *Æneas* first constructed his fleet at the foot of Mount Ida, during the spring after the capture of Troy, he obtained the necessary timber from a venerable pine wood which stood high on the slope of the mountain. This wood was dedicated to Cybele, the mother of the gods, and was much beloved by her. At the entreaty of Venus she permitted *Æneas* to cut down as many trees as he required for his ships; but she implored her son Jupiter to grant her this favour, that the vessels made of those trees might prove invulnerable to all tempests, and survive every voyage. Jupiter answered, that compliance with such a request was beyond his power; it would be to grant to vessels built by mortal hands the privilege of immortality, and to secure *Æneas* from all the perils which the Fates had doomed him to endure. But, wishful to gratify his mother, the ruler of the gods promised that when the Trojan hero had completed his voyage, and arrived in Latium, as many of the ships as should have escaped the chances of the journey should be divested of their mortal form, and become ocean nymphs. This promise he confirmed with his nod, which made all Olympus tremble.

Cybele had not forgotten the pledge thus given her by her

son, and when she beheld the fierce Turnus, at the head of his warriors, approaching to apply the torch to the sides of the vessels, she hastened to protect them. First an unusual light flashed across the eyes of the Trojans, and then a vast and shining cloud was seen shooting across the sky from the eastward. From this cloud issued a tremendous voice, which was heard by both armies: "Do not concern yourselves, ye Trojans, to defend your ships; sooner shall Turnus be able to burn up the ocean itself than those sacred pines.—Glide on at your liberty, glide on, ye goddesses of the sea; the parent of the gods commands." At the utterance of these words each of the ships, as though endued with life, broke loose from the cables by which it was moored to the bank, and dived, bows downward, into the depths of the river; while in a moment afterwards as many lovely virgins rose up, and rode on the surface. At this wonderful prodigy the Rutulians started back in dismay.

But the courage of Turnus was not chilled, and he set himself to reanimate the drooping spirits of his followers, and to ridicule their fears. "These portents," he said, "are against the Trojans, not favourable to them. Jove has withdrawn his countenance from them. Their ships do not wait our darts and torches, but disappear; therefore the sea is henceforth inaccessible to these invaders, nor have they any longer the means of flight in their hands. Thus they are cut off from the ocean, and we ourselves can cut them off from the land. I care nothing for the promises which they pretend to have received from the oracles. Those promises have been fulfilled, since the Trojans have reached the Tiber, and have encamped on Latian soil. To me, also, a destiny

has been assigned by fate—that of destroying with the sword this detestable race, who would rob me of my promised wife, even as they robbed the King of Sparta of his spouse. The right of punishing such a wrong is surely not reserved to the Greeks alone. These Trojans are inspired with great courage because, forsooth, they have in front of them walls and trenches; yet they themselves have seen the walls of Troy, the mighty work of gods, sink down before the attack of an enemy. Which of you, O my warriors, will join with me in storming their ramparts? I do not ask for armour wrought by Vulcan, or for the aid of a great fleet such as was possessed by the besiegers of Troy. We will not steal away by night the images of their tutelary deities, nor conceal ourselves in the dark womb of a wooden horse. Let them make what alliances they will. We will conquer them and their allies in open day; we will teach them that they have not to deal with Grecian striplings such as those whom Hector kept at bay for ten long years."

Having inspired his men by these boasts and threats, the Rutulian King directed that, as the day was far advanced, the troops should encamp in front of the enemy's fortifications. He assigned to Messapus the duty of stationing sentinels about the gates, in order to prevent any sudden eruption of the besieged, and of kindling a line of watch-fires along the whole front of the wall. Guards and patrols were appointed, who, while the rest of the Italian army was sunk in repose, gathered round the watch-fires, and spent the hours of the night in gaming and drinking.

The Trojans from their ramparts watched the preparations of their foes, and all through the night they kept a strong force in

arms, guarding the whole length of their defences. The whole of their little army discharged this duty in turns, under the direction of Mnestheus and Serestus, to whom *Æneas*, before he started on his expedition, had assigned the military command in the event of the camp being attacked. At one of the gates there stood as sentinel Nisus, one of the bravest and strongest warriors in the whole band ; and with him his inseparable companion, the young and sprightly Euryalus. As they stood talking together, Nisus suddenly exclaimed :—

“ Do the gods, Euryalus, inspire us with enthusiastic purposes, or are our own inclinations really our gods ? I am strongly moved to attempt some enterprise against our enemies, for I am heartily tired of thus wasting the hours of the night in profitless inaction. See what an insolent confidence in their security possesses the Rutulians. Their fires are gradually dying down ; they themselves are buried in sleep and wine. No one is stirring without. Listen to the project I have formed. Thou knowest how all of us, both the leaders and the rank-and-file, ardently wish that *Æneas* should be summoned back to direct our defence ; and that there has been talk of sending messengers to him, to report the state of our affairs. If the elders will promise to give to thee such a reward as I may demand—for myself I shall consider the glory of the exploit as enough—I think I can find, under the brow of yonder hill, a road that will conduct me unobserved to Pallanteum.”

Euryalus, filled with as ardent a desire for glory as his companion, replied :—“ Do you, then, Nisus, refuse to admit me as your companion in this enterprise ? Think you that I will con-

sent to your departing alone on so perilous an adventure? Not so was I trained by my brave father Opheltes amid the incessant warfare and alarms of the siege of Troy; nor have I hitherto played such a part while sharing your friendship as a follower of the great *Æneas*. My soul holds glory dearer than aught else, and I should reckon such honour as you aspire to gain, cheaply bought at the price of life itself."

"Believe me," answered Nisus, "I never thought otherwise of you; and this I swear by my hopes of a safe return from the enterprise I meditate. But if any ill-fortune, such as might easily befall, or adverse deity, were to prove fatal to me, I wish that you may survive: you are yet young, and have a better right to life than I. Let me know that I have left behind one who, if I perish, may perform the funeral rites over my body, recovered from the field or redeemed by a ransom; or who, if this should prove impossible, may at least solemnize the ceremony over my absent corpse, and erect in my honour an empty tomb. Nor should I wish to be the cause of sorrow to thy mother, who, dear boy, in her great love has persisted in following thee, and has refused to remain in the land of King *Acetes*."

But Euryalus was not to be moved by these generous pleadings. "In vain," he said, "do you ply these remonstrances. Where you go, I go. Let us lose no more time." So saying he awoke those whose duty it was next to stand sentinel at the gate, and the two friends hastened to consult the chiefs of the Trojan army. These they found in earnest conversation, discussing what course it would be prudent to adopt, and who was most fitted to undertake the business of conveying a message to *Æneas*.

Nisus and Euryalus begged to be admitted to the council, stating that their business was important, and would admit of no delay. Ascanius turned towards them, and bade Nisus speak his errand.

“O chiefs and followers of *Æneas*,” said Nisus, “listen to our proposal with unbiased minds, and do not reject them because of our youth. The Rutulians, wearied with watching and overcome with wine, have composed themselves to rest. We have seen a safe path through their encampment, leading direct from that gate in our wall which is nearest to the sea. If you will grant us permission to go forth, you shall soon be gladdened by the sight of our leader, for we will make our way to Pallanteum; for we are not ignorant of the road thither, having frequently remarked it while hunting on the bank of the river.”

When he had heard this, Alethes, the most venerable and wisest among the Trojan chiefs, was the first to break out in warm praise of the courage of the two youths who thus voluntarily offered to undertake so perilous an enterprise. “The gods,” he cried, “have assuredly not deserted Troy, since they have produced among our young warriors such resolution and daring.” Grasping their hands in his, he declared that no rewards that could be bestowed on them would overpass their merit. Nor was Iulus slow to express the same feelings. “O Nisus,” exclaimed he, “my happiness wholly depends on my father’s safe return; only do thou be the means of bringing him back to me, and all our sorrows, all our anxieties will disappear. Two goblets of silver will I give you, laboriously worked, and rough with embossed figures, which my father won at the storming of Arisba in far away Troas; and a pair of tripods, two talents of gold, and

an antique bowl, bestowed on me by Dido. If, moreover, it is our happy chance to be victorious in this war, and possess ourselves of Italy, the very arms, rich in gold, and the steed that now belongs to Turnus shall be reserved for thy reward, with twelve slaves of either sex and all that belongs to them.—And as for you, Euryalus, nearer as you are to me in age, I now embrace you with all my heart, and swear that henceforth you shall be my chief companion, counsellor, and friend.”

“I will endeavour to show,” replied Euryalus, “that I am not unworthy of so much honour. But one favour I especially entreat you to grant. My mother is here in the camp, a matron descended from the blood of King Priam, whose love for me is so great that neither advancing years, nor affection for her native land, nor the prospect of pleasant rest and safety in the realms of King Accestes, could withhold her from accompanying me hither. She knows nothing of this perilous adventure of ours, and I must set out without bidding her farewell; not, indeed, from any want of filial love or duty on my part, but because I cannot bear the spectacle of her sorrow and her tears. If I should fall, comfort her, I beg, in her sorrow, and help her in her desolation. Bearing with me this hope, I shall go forth with the greater boldness.”

All who heard were deeply touched at this evidence of a son’s affection, and more especially the young Ascanius. “Go forth cheerful,” he said, “on your glorious enterprise, for that dear mother of yours shall henceforth be mine also in everything save the name; and, indeed, whatever fortune attends you, she deserves no small measure of our gratitude for having given birth to such a son. By my head I swear that in the event of your

death I will make good to your mother whatever I would have done for yourself, had you returned in safety."

With these words he embraced Euryalus, and gave to him his own sword, a weapon delicately wrought by a Cretan artificer. On Nisus, Mnestheus bestowed a cloak made of the shaggy skin of a lion; and then the two set forth from the gate, the leaders



*Nisus and Euryalus setting out on their Expedition.*

accompanying them to the verge of the camp, and giving them counsels, messages for Æneas, and affectionate farewells.

The daring messengers speedily crossed the trenches, and entered the enemy's camp. On every side they beheld the Rutulian warriors lying on the grass, overcome by wine and sleep,

with their arms loosely scattered around. "Now," said Nisus, "let us make the most of our opportunities. Do you keep watch behind, and see that no one observes us. I will cut out for us a bloody pathway." So saying, he drew his sword and first slew Rhamnes, a Rutulian chief and a soothsayer, who was high in favour with King Turnus, but whose knowledge of divination



*Nisus and Euryalus in the Enemy's Camp.*

was not sufficient to forewarn him of his own impending doom. Several of Rhamnes' servants, who were lying near him, Nisus also slew; and next, his destroying sword fell upon three of the warriors who had been posted as sentinels, and who, having passed the earlier part of the night in play and in drinking, were now

locked in profound slumber. Euryalus, too, was not less eager in the work of destruction. Four warriors in succession fell under his stern blade; three were asleep, but the fourth, Rhoetus by name, had waked, and sought to escape by concealing himself behind a great wine-jar, when Euryalus perceived him, and thrust his sword deep into his breast. Fired by success, the friends were about to assail the sleeping Messapus and his followers, who were near, when Nisus, fearing to be carried away by too eager a love of slaughter, whispered, "Let us desist, for the unfriendly light approaches. We have glutted ourselves with vengeance to the full, and cut a passage through the midst of our enemies."

Selecting the best of the rich spoils of those they had slain, the two reluctantly quitted the Rutulian camp, and set forth on their way to Pallanteum. Just then it fell out by ill fortune that a body of three hundred Latian horsemen, under the command of a chief named Volscens, was approaching the Rutulian army from Laurentum. They saw Nisus and Euryalus as they were running away on a path that led along the river bank; for the light of the moon was reflected on the helmet of Messapus, which Euryalus had taken up and placed on his head. "Stand, strangers!" Volscens cried out. "What purpose leads you this way? Why are you in armour?" The Trojans did not pause to make any answer, but sought safety in flight. Immediately the horsemen hastened to guard every path, so as to cut them off in their retreat. Close by was a dense wood, with a stubborn undergrowth of small bushes, intersected here and there by narrow paths. Here both the fugitives sought refuge; but Euryalus, confused by the darkness and the overhanging foliage,

and burdened by the booty he carried, missed his way, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Nisus eluded pursuit, and might easily have effected his escape, but that, looking round, he discovered that his friend had disappeared. “Unfortunate Euryalus!” he exclaimed, “where have I left thee? how shall I find thee?” At once he began to retrace his steps, creeping cautiously amid the underwood, and listening intently to the noise made by his pursuers. Nor had he gone far when he heard loud shouts, and, looking forth, beheld Euryalus in the hands of the Latins, who were dragging him along with much clamour, while he struggled desperately to release himself. Overwhelmed with grief, Nisus knew not what to do—whether to attempt the rescue of his companion, or to rush boldly out against his foes, and provoke a glorious death. Poising a javelin in his hand, he addressed to Diana an earnest prayer that she would guide it in its passage, and hurled it with all his force. The flying weapon hissed through the air, and struck a warrior named Sulmo in the middle of the back, protruding to his breast. Down he fell, panting in the death-throes, while his comrades, astounded at this sudden attack, looked eagerly around to discover whence it came. While they were in the midst of their bewilderment, Nisus hurled another spear, which pierced the temples of Tagus, another of the band, and stood transfixed in his brain. Full of rage, and unable to discover the hidden foe who was thus striking down his men, Volscens drew his sword, and rushed on Euryalus. “Your blood,” he exclaimed, “shall pay the forfeit!” Then in terrible agony Nisus screamed aloud, no longer able to remain in his concealment, “Here am I who did the deed! Turn your

swords on me, Rutulians!" he shouted. "Mine is all the offence. He has done nothing, save to love his unhappy friend too much." But his devotion was in vain. The sword of Volscens, thrust with revengeful force, pierced the side of Euryalus, and burst open his breast. The beautiful youth was overwhelmed by death; the blood flowed down his limbs, and his head fell back.



*Nisus tries to save the Life of his Friend.*

Maddened at the sight, Nisus sprang into the midst of the enemy, seeking only Volscens, and disregarding all the rest. They with drawn weapons endeavoured to repel him; but in the fury of his charge he forced his way amongst them till he reached their chief, and thrust his sword through his throat. Thus having

avenged the death of his friend, he fell, covered with wounds, on Euryalus' lifeless body, and expired.

The Latin horsemen were victorious, but at a dear price. In mournful mood they bore the dead Volscens into the camp; nor was there less sorrow there when the sleeping army were aroused and discovered the havoc which the two Trojans had wrought.



*Nisus avenging the Death of Euryalus.*

The spoils that Nisus and Euryalus had taken were brought back, and were recognized by the friends and followers of the warriors they had slain. Morning had by this time broken, and Turnus called his troops to arms, and directed each leader to marshal his own bands. The heads of Nisus and Euryalus, erected on spears,

were borne to the front, and displayed before the eyes of the Trojans, who, at the first alarm, had gathered on their ramparts to repel the expected attack. Too well did they recognize those lifeless heads, from which the blood was yet slowly oozing. Quickly the news of the fatal end which had overtaken the two friends was spread throughout the camp, and reached the ears of



*Death of Nisus.*

the unhappy mother of Euryalus. Frantic with misery, and tearing her hair as she went, the wretched woman hurried to the ramparts, reckless of danger. "Is it thus I see thee, Euryalus?" she cried, stretching out her hands to the head of her son, as the Rutulians tauntingly exhibited it beneath the walls. "Cruel one! couldst thou bear to leave me all alone? Why didst thou not at

least permit thy wretched mother to give thee a last farewell when thou wert setting out on so perilous an adventure? Alas! in a strange land thou liest, a prey to Latian dogs and wolves; nor can I lay thee out for the funeral rites, nor close thine eyes, nor bathe thy wounds. Is this all of thee, O son, that comes back to me? Is this what I have followed so far by land and sea?—Pierce me with your darts, Rutulians, if you have any pity; let me be the first victim of your swords!—Or, if the Fates forbid that thus my detested life should end, I entreat thee, Father Jove, to take pity on me, and hurl me with thy bolts down to the realms of the dead.”

These passionate outcries and lamentations of the bereaved mother filled the Trojan warriors with grief and consternation, and robbed them of all their warlike ardour; so that at the bidding of Ilioneus and of the sorrowing Ascanius she was gently led down from the walls, and borne back to her desolate dwelling. There was, indeed, no time to indulge in sorrow, for now the warlike sound of the Rutulian trumpets announced that an attack on the fortifications was impending. With loud shouts the troops of Turnus advanced to the assault. Some, under the cover of a testudo—an immense moving shield or shed—sought to fill up the trench and undermine the walls. Others placed scaling-ladders, and endeavoured to mount the ramparts at points where the defenders were comparatively few in numbers. On their part the Trojans, practised by long and bitter experience at home in the defence of fortifications, poured down on the assailants all kinds of missiles, thrust them back with long poles, and rolled down upon them heavy stones, which broke through their testudo, beat down their shields,

and committed fearful havoc among them ; so that the Rutulians ceased to attack by these methods, and strove instead to drive the Trojans from the walls by pouring upon them a tempest of darts. Mezentius, ever fertile in evil resources, hurled burning firebrands into the fortifications, in the hope of setting them on fire ; and at one point Messapus, having beaten down part of a battlement, and thus made a slight breach, called for ladders, so that he might again attempt to storm the place.

Outside the camp, but connected with the walls, there stood a strong and lofty tower, which the besiegers especially laboured to destroy, while the Trojans as strenuously exerted themselves in its defence, hurling stones from the roof, and pouring volleys of darts and arrows from the loopholes. But, in spite of all their efforts, Turnus at last succeeded in applying a lighted brand to its side. The flames quickly spread, caught hold of the boards and the massive timbers which formed the main props of the tower, and burned them through. Those of the garrison who were within endeavoured with all speed to escape ; but while many were yet crowded in that part of the tower which was not yet in flames, the whole structure, its supports being consumed, fell with a terrible crash, carrying with it the hapless defenders, most of whom were crushed under the burning ruins, or mangled by being forced against their own weapons. Only two, Helenor and Lycus, got clear of the ruin, but it was to find themselves hemmed in by the swarming warriors of the enemy. Helenor, seeing that he had no chance of escape, turned on the foe like a wild beast at bay, and where he saw their line most dense rushed furiously against them, and died dealing out furious blows all

around him. Lycus, being very swift of foot, darted toward the walls, bounding through the ranks of his pursuers, and eluding their darts. He had gained the rampart, and was hoping to reach the extended arms of his friends, when the terrible Turnus, who had pursued him with a speed equal to his own, tore him down as he was clambering up the wall; and, as he thrust him through with his merciless sword, he cried, "Fool! didst thou hope that thou couldst escape our hands?" Encouraged by their success, the assailants poured with loud shouts to a fresh attack. Some of them busied themselves in filling up the trench with heaps of earth and fragments of the fallen tower; others hurled blazing torches on the battlements. On their side the Trojans fought with all the fury of despair. Lifting a huge stone, Ilioneus cast it at a Latian warrior named Lucetius, who was endeavouring to set fire to one of the gates, and shattered his head. Many others of the besiegers perished here at the hands of the resolute garrison; but Turnus and the other chiefs of the Italians still pressed relentlessly forward. A brave young Sicilian, the son of one of King Acestes' elders, named Arcens, was standing conspicuous in glittering armour on the rampart, when Mezentius, having sheathed his dripping sword, took up a sling, and whirling it thrice about his head, discharged a ball of lead, which flew hissing through the air and clove the Sicilian's skull, stretching him lifeless on the ground. Now for the first time Ascanius joined in the fight. A Rutulian chief named Numanus, who had but recently wedded a sister of Turnus, was standing in the front of the enemy's array, and he poured out on the Trojans a volley of taunts. "Ye Phrygians, twice enslaved," he cried, "are you

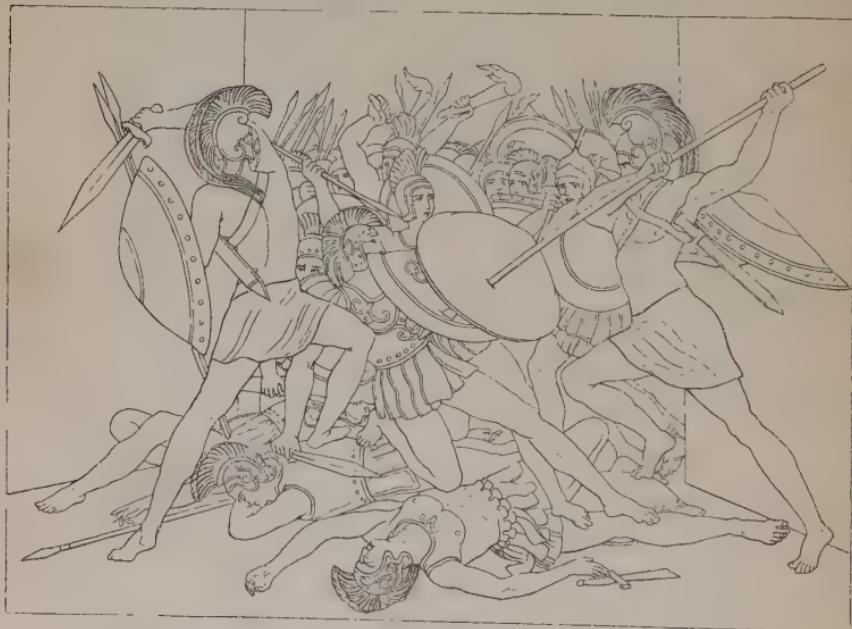
not ashamed to be a second time shut up behind walls and trenches? Lo! these are the brave warriors who are going to deprive us of our brides by force of arms. What god, what madness, brought you to Italy? It is not the sons of Atreus you have to encounter here, nor the crafty King of Ithaca, but a race trained to hardihood and war from birth. Our whole lifetime is spent in arms, nor does slow age diminish our love of battle or our vigour. Even when our hair is gray we still press it with the helmet—we still delight to undertake fresh expeditions and to gather up plunder. Your very dress is embroidered with trappings of saffron and purple; indolence is your heart's delight; you love to indulge in dancing and such effeminate pleasures. O Phrygian women!—for surely men you cannot be—go and caper, as you were wont, before the altars of Cybele, to the discordant music of the pipe and the timbrel! Leave arms to men, and dare not to touch the sword!"

Such foolish insults and bluster Numanus poured out, till Ascanius could no longer endure them; and putting an arrow to his bow, drew it to its utmost stretch. Then with an earnest entreaty to Jupiter to aid him, he discharged it. Loud twanged the deadly bow, and the whizzing arrow transfixed the boaster through both temples. As he sank lifeless on the ground, Ascanius exclaimed: "Go now and heap more insults on brave men! Your twice-subdued Phrygians give this answer to your scoffs." Applauding shouts rose from the Trojans as they beheld the youthful son of their chief thus early approve his skill and valour in war. It chanced that Apollo, seated on a cloud high in the air, was watching the conflict beneath. As he beheld the deed of

Iulus, he cried: "Go on; increase in valour, noble youth! Such is the pathway to the stars, descendant of the gods, and from whom gods shall descend." But having said these words, being concerned for the safety of the boy, he descended swiftly from the sky, and taking the shape of Butes—a venerable Trojan who had formerly been armour-bearer to Anchises, and to whom Æneas had especially assigned the duty of attending Ascanius—he approached the youthful warrior and thus addressed him: "Son of Æneas, let it suffice that by thy shaft Numanus has fallen, thyself unhurt. Great Apollo vouchsafes to thee this first glory, and envies not to thee similar feats of arms. But for the present, O prince, abstain from fight." Having thus spoken, the god instantly abandoned his disguise, and disappeared from sight. The Trojans who surrounded Ascanius recognized the presence of Phœbus, and in his upward flight they heard the rattling of his quiver. They therefore, obedient to the divine mandate, restrained Iulus, who was eager for further exploits, and themselves once more advanced to the combat, careless of danger. All along the battlements with loud shouts they renewed the struggle, hurling darts thick as hail, whirling the sling, and bending the bow.

Pandarus and Bitias, the two sons of Alcanor, a Trojan of Mount Ida, were youths of lofty stature and undaunted courage. Eager to meet the enemy hand to hand, they threw open the gate with the guardianship of which they had been intrusted, and challenged the assailants to advance. They stood before the entrance, clad in armour of glittering steel. The Rutulians, as soon as they saw a passage opened into the fortress, rushed

towards it; but four of their boldest warriors in succession were struck down, and the Trojans, fired by the example of these two brave youths, sallied out in numbers, and piled the ground in front of the gate with corpses. The news was borne to Turnus, who was furiously rallying his troops in another quarter of the field, that the enemy had thrown open the gates and were



*Pandarus and Bittias.*

slaughtering his men. Full of wrath he hastened to the spot, and encountered the victorious Trojans with a might still greater than theirs. First he smote down Antiphates, a son of the hero Sarpedon by a Theban slave, piercing him with a javelin in the stomach. Then with his sword he slew Merops, Erymas, and

Aphidnus; and next hurled a dart at Bitias with such force that neither his shield, composed of two bulls' hides, nor his thick corslet could stay its course. It pierced through all, and inflicted a fatal wound. Bitias fell heavily to the earth, which trembled beneath him. Now the fierce war-god inspired the Latins with fresh ardour, while on the Trojans he threw grim terror. Pandarus, when he perceived his brother extended lifeless before him, and the enemy rapidly gaining ground, stepped within the gate, and putting forth all his strength, closed it, leaving many of his comrades shut out amid their infuriated foes. But he did not perceive that among those who entered the fortress with him was Turnus himself, who had pressed forward in his eagerness beyond his men. Alone he stood amid a host of enemies, but undismayed; a baleful light glittered in his eyes as he surveyed his foes. As soon as Pandarus recognized the hero who had slain his brother, he sprang to the front. "This is not thy promised dowry, the palace of Queen Amata, nor the secure citadel of Ardea. You are shut within your enemy's ramparts, and there is no possibility of your escape." The Rutulian King, with unabated courage, smiled scornfully, and answered: "Begin, if indeed thou hast a warrior's heart within thee, and fight me hand to hand. To Priam you shall ere long bear word that in Italy also the Trojans found an Achilles." For all reply Pandarus, exerting all his strength, hurled at him a mighty spear; but Juno turned the fatal weapon aside, and it pierced the gate, where it stood quivering. "Not so," cried Turnus, "shalt thou escape; for this weapon is true, and the hand that wields it not altogether feeble." As he spoke, he sprang forward with uplifted sword, and smote Pan-

darus in the middle of the forehead with such strength that the keen blade split the skull asunder. Down fell the giant warrior, his arms all bespattered with his blood. The other Trojans were seized with sudden terror, and fled in all directions; and had Turnus thought at that moment of unfastening the gate and admitting his followers within the enclosure, he might on that day have ended the war. But the mad thirst for slaughter entirely possessed him, and urged him against the foes who were just before him. Vehemently he followed the flying Trojans, and cut down one after another as he overtook them.

At last the Trojan leaders, Mnestheus and fierce Serestus, informed of the slaughter of their comrades and the ravages which fierce Turnus was committing within the walls, hastened to the spot; and Mnestheus cried to the flying warriors: "Whither do you retreat? Where will you take refuge? What other fortifications have you but these? Shall one man, my friends, surrounded on every side by hostile ramparts, spread such terrible havoc in our camp with impunity? Shall he, unpunished, send down to Hades so many of our youths? Can neither shame, nor pity for your unhappy country, your ancient gods, and your absent leader, inspire courage in your breasts?" Stung by his words, the Trojans ceased to flee, and stood firm in a dense array. Baffled by their bristling spears, Turnus began slowly to fall back toward the river, and that part of the fortifications which was bounded by the stream. Then in their turn his foes began to press upon him with loud shouts. As with annoying darts a troop of hunters gather about a fierce lion, while the savage brute disdains to fly, but cannot, because of their number, make head

against them, so Turnus slowly drew backward his reluctant steps. Even then he twice dashed forward, and attacked the Trojans with such fury that they gave way for the moment; but they gathered again more thickly than before, and obliged him to retreat. Nor dared Juno to lend him further aid, for Jupiter sent Iris to threaten her with his wrath unless Turnus should quit the Trojan encampment. A rain of darts incessantly descended upon him, and rang loudly on his helmet, while his shield and armour began to yield to the blows of heavy stones, and the chief Trojan warriors plied him with fierce spear-thrusts. His limbs were beginning to fail him, and the sweat to pour down his body, when he reached the river bank, and with a sudden bound sprang, armed as he was, into the flood. Refreshed by the cooling water, he rose to the surface, and swam across the stream to the other side, where he was joyously welcomed by his friends.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS—THE RETURN OF AENEAS—THE FIRST GREAT BATTLE.

**A**HILE Trojans and Latins were thus battling with various fortune, Jupiter, sitting in his magnificent palace on high Olympus, threw its gates wide open, and summoned all the other deities to a council. When they were assembled in obedience to his command, he thus addressed them: “O ye immortals, what perversity of mood now possesses you, and why do you renew so fiercely your former quarrels? It was my will that the Italians should not engage in war with the Trojans. How is it that my commands have been disregarded, and that such stern warfare has been provoked? The proper time for fight will come when, in future ages, the fierce Carthaginians shall make their way over the frowning Alps, and threaten Rome herself with destruction. Then full license shall be granted to all the gods to take part in the contest; but at present forbear, and contend not against the events decreed by the Fates.”

Thus spoke the father of the gods; to whom Venus, eager on behalf of her son, replied: “Seest thou, O sire, how the Rutulians

are exulting in carnage ; and how Turnus, shining conspicuous in their front, leads them to the attack ? Not even their ramparts now protect the Trojans ; within their gates, and on the very walls, the combat now rages, and the trenches are deluged with their blood, while their chief, ignorant of their sufferings, is absent. Will you never suffer them to be relieved from siege ?



*The Council of the Gods.*

Once more unrelenting enemies threaten a new Troy as it rises from the ashes. Fierce Diomedes himself threatens it with destruction from his Italian settlements. I know not whether he may not again, as on the plain of distant Scamander, dare to inflict wounds upon me. If the Trojans have come to Italy without thy permission, and in defiance of thy will, let them suffer

punishment for their offence, and do not give them thy support; but if they have come in obedience to the commands delivered to them through many oracles, why now has any one the power to pervert thy commands, or to frame new schemes of fate? It needs not that I should recall to mind how thy queen brought about the firing of the Trojan fleet on the Sicilian shore, or how she stirred up against them *Æolus* and his raging winds. Now, having exhausted all other resources, she appeals to the powers of hell itself, and abhorred *Alecto*, suddenly let loose upon the upper world, has roamed about amid the Italian cities, everywhere exciting war and hate. I no longer ask empire for my son and his companions. Such hopes I might cherish while fortune smiled upon them. Give the victory to those to whom thou dost incline, but I implore thee at least to grant to me the safety of *Ascanius*. Let *Æneas* pursue whatever course chance and his own valour may mark out for him; let me but have power to protect the boy, and rescue him unharmed from the horrid fray. What hath it availed *Æneas* to escape the ravages of war, to have fled through the midst of Grecian flames, and to have overcome so many dangers by land and sea, while in quest of promised seats in *Latium*? Would it not have been better to permit him and his companions to settle amid the ashes of their country, on the site where *Troy* once was? Since a peaceful abode in Italy is denied to them, restore them, I pray, to their native land."

To these complaints of the goddess of beauty, haughty Juno listened with growing wrath, and when she had ended, broke forth: "Why do you compel me to break silence, and confess my grief in words? Did either gods or men constrain *Æneas* to

engage in war, and present himself as a foe to King Latinus? I know that he set out for Italy in obedience to the decrees of the Fates; but who advised him to abandon his camp, to leave a boy charged with the care of his fortifications and the management of the war, or to seek alliance with the Etrurians, and embroil nations that had formerly been at peace? What god, what influence of mine, urged him to this course? Doubtless in your eyes it appears a cruel wrong that the Latins should surround the infant settlement with hostile flames, or that Turnus should dare to seek a wife and a throne in his native country. But if these be crimes, what is it for the Trojans to assail the peaceful Latins with the cruel sword, or to seek the subjugation of kingdoms which are not their own? What is it for them to beguile the father of Lavinia, and carry off a betrothed virgin from her plighted lord? It was lawful for you to snatch *Æneas* from the hands of the Greek heroes who had conquered him, and to leave them instead nothing but a misty cloud. You can change his ships, threatened by Rutulian flames, into as many sea-nymphs; but if we aid his foes ever so little, we are charged with an infamous crime. *Æneas*, you tell us, is absent from his threatened camp, ignorant of the dangers that surround it—well, absent and ignorant let him remain. Do I try to overturn thy feeble Trojan state? Is it I, or the conduct of thy Trojans themselves? Who was the cause of the Greek enterprise against Troy? Was it under my guidance, or thine, that Paris stole Helen from her rightful lord? Then, indeed, you had cause to tremble for those whose fortunes you favoured. Now it is too late to urge unjust complaints and throw out unavailing reproaches."

Wearied with the incessant bickering of the rival goddesses, Jupiter again spoke: "Listen," he said, "and pay strict obedience to my words. Since you will not promote friendship betwixt Trojans and Italians, and since your own quarrels cannot be appeased, I decree that whatever fortune attend the battles to-day, I will show no favour to either party. Each shall achieve what they can by their own unassisted might, and bear the brunt of their own success or misfortune. The Fates shall have their course. This I swear by the sacred waters of Styx." Having thus spoken, Jupiter rose from his golden throne, ending the conference, and the deities dispersed to their own Olympian abodes.

In the meantime the Rutulians continued eagerly to assail the Trojan camp, the defenders of which were closely shut up within their battered ramparts, and saw no hope of escape, nor chance of safety, save in sturdily resisting the attacks of their obstinate foes. In the front of their line their chiefs hurled the dart, and cast huge rocks on the heads of the besiegers. In the midst stood Ascanius, encouraging his men, with head uncovered, his yellow hair gleaming like gold. By his side stood Mnestheus, more than ever honoured among the Trojans, because he had chiefly been instrumental in expelling the furious Turnus from the camp.

While the combat was thus raging around the Trojan ramparts, Æneas in his galley was coasting down the Tyrrhene Sea, towards the scene of strife. On reaching the Etrurian encampment, he had explained briefly and clearly the object of his visit. He had informed Tarchon of the alliance between Turnus and Mezentius, and the danger which consequently threatened the Etrurians

as well as the Trojans. On the other side, there was no difficulty or delay. A league was at once agreed upon, and Tarchon placed his army under the command of Æneas. They were at once embarked on board their own ships, and under the direction of the Trojan chief, were now approaching the arena of the war; their cavalry, together with the Arcadian horsemen, proceeding by land to the same point. Æneas sat in the bows of his vessel, meditating on the course of action it would be best to pursue, and wondering how it fared with his son and the comrades he had left behind. By his side sat Pallas, who, delighting in the companionship of so renowned a hero, plied him with questions regarding his past sufferings and adventures. Among the Etrurian chieftains who had thrown in their lot with Æneas was Massicus, the lord of Clusium and Cosæ, who led to the fight a thousand warriors, skilled in the use of the bow. Abas, the chief of Populonia, was followed by six hundred men from that city, and by three hundred from the island of Ilva—now called Elba—which furnished also inexhaustible supplies of iron for arms. Asylas, famous through all Italy for his skill in augury, led the troops of the populous city of Pisa, a thousand in number, and accustomed to wield the spear. The tall and comely Astur, a hero who was most expert in guiding the war-chariot, brought three hundred brave warriors from Cære, the plain bordering on the river Minio, Pyrgi, and Gravisæ. Cyenus, chief of the Ligurians, and Oenus, lord of Mantua, were also among those who swelled with their following the army that Æneas was now leading against the haughty monarch of the Rutulians.

Night descended while the ships were yet plunging through

the waters on their voyage. Too full of anxiety and care to sleep, Æneas had taken the helm of his galley, and was thus guiding the fleet, when a wonderful spectacle presented itself. All the ocean nymphs who had once been the vessels that bore his followers to Italy, emerged from the depths and surrounded his ship, swimming along by its side, and disporting themselves around the bows. Then one of them thus accosted him: "Offspring of the gods, know that we are the pines of Ida, cut from the sacred top of the mountain to furnish thee with a fleet. When the fierce Rutulians pressed upon us with flaming torches, and threatened us with destruction, by divine command we broke from the cables that held us, and plunged into the water; for the mother of the gods, out of compassion for her loved trees, gave us a new form, and permitted us to become ocean deities. But learn that thy son Ascanius is besieged in the camp, with the enemy surrounding him on all sides. The Arcadian horse, with their Etrurian comrades, have reached the place where you appointed to meet them; but it is the fixed purpose of Turnus to intercept their march, so that they shall not be able to reach the camp. Do you, at the first approach of morning, call your troops to arms, and display the mighty shield bestowed upon you by Vulcan. If you bear my words in mind, the sun to-morrow shall look down upon vast heaps of Rutulian dead."

So speaking, the nymph placed her hand upon the stern of the galley, and gave it a thrust forward, so that it flew through the boiling waves with the speed of an arrow. Then she and her companions vanished beneath the waters. Æneas, naturally amazed at what he had heard and seen, offered an earnest

entrety to Cybele to aid him in the approaching struggle. By this time day had dawned, and as the lofty ships advanced, the Trojan camp came into full view, with the garrison fighting desperately on the ramparts. The hero commanded his troops to take their arms and be in readiness, and he himself, mounting on the poop of his galley, displayed the gleaming shield, the gift of Vulcan. His comrades saw it from their walls, and raised a shout of joy and hope. Then they turned to the combat with redoubled fury, and poured upon their assailants thicker volleys than ever of darts and stones. Turnus and the other Italian chiefs could not understand the cause of this sudden access of confidence and valour in their opponents, till they perceived the long line of vessels, headed by the galley of Æneas, approaching. The helmet of the hero reflected with dazzling lustre the rays of the rising sun, and his whole aspect was terrible to his foes. Turnus alone was inaccessible to fear, and was as firmly resolved as before to plant his army on the shore, between the approaching succours and the camp, and to endeavour to prevent their landing. In fiery words he exhorted his men to put forth their utmost valour, reminding them that they were fighting for their homes and their freedom, and that a victory gained now would complete the discomfiture of the invaders.

Meanwhile Æneas, having moved his ships as near as might be to the shore, caused planks to be put out, and by these means was landing his troops. Some, indeed, preferred to wade ashore through the shallows, and others rowed to land in small boats. Tar-chon, the Etrurian general, chose a place where the beach was

smooth and there was no surf, and then directed his rowers to ply their oars with double vigour, while he steered the ship straight for the land. "Let us cleave this hostile soil with the beaks of our galleys," he cried, "and make each keel plough a way for itself. For my part, I care little even although our ships should be dashed to pieces, if only we ourselves get safely to land." His bold example was imitated by many of the other commanders, and every ship was run high on the beach without harm, save that of Tarchon himself, which caught on a protruding ridge among the shallows, and while in that position broke with her own weight, so that her crew had to get through the water to the shore as best they could.

But now Turnus, having brought the bulk of his forces from before the besieged camp, hurled them against the army of *Æneas* before its ranks were properly formed, and a furious conflict at once began to rage. The Trojan hero, rejoicing to find himself once more on a field of battle, first encountered the Latian warriors, who chanced to be in his front. Their leader was Theron, a man of gigantic stature, who did not hesitate to engage *Æneas* hand to hand; but he paid dearly for his rashness, for the sword which Vulcan had forged—so keen was its edge, so excellent its temper—pierced through his brazen buckler and his tunic stiffened by bars of gold, and penetrating his side, drained the life-blood. Next the hero struck down Lycas; and rushing onward, encountered two stalwart rustics, Cisseus and Gyas, who were making havoc among the Trojans by beating them down with ponderous clubs. On the divine armour the heavy blows of these rude weapons fell harmless, while the spear of *Æneas*

proved fatal to both those who wielded them. An insolent warrior named Pharus was defying the hero from a short distance with taunting speech, when he hurled a javelin, which struck the boaster full in the mouth, and transfixing the throat, silenced him for ever. Now a band of seven brothers, the sons of Phorcus, all at once attacked *Æneas* with darts, throwing them together. Some of the weapons struck his helmet and shield, and rebounded; others, turned aside by the care of Venus, grazed his skin. *Æneas* called to Achates to bring him more spears, and snatching one as soon as it was offered, hurled it against Mæon, one of the brothers, with such force that it penetrated his shield and corselet, and inflicted a mortal wound in his breast. Another brother, Alcanor, hurrying up to Mæon's assistance, he smote with a second spear, just where the arm and shoulder join, leaving the arm hanging to the body only by two or three shreds of skin and muscle. Seeing the slaughter that *Æneas* was spreading around him, Halæsus and Messapus hurried up with their bands to confront him, and so in that part of the field the battle grew still more furious.

In another part, where Pallas was fighting at the head of his Arcadian horsemen, the ground had been rendered so uneven by the winter torrents that they were obliged to dismount, and being unaccustomed to fight on foot, they began to retreat before the fierce assault of the Rutulians. At this sight their brave young leader was overwhelmed with shame and mortification. "Whither," he cried, "my fellow-countrymen, do you fly? I implore you, by the memory of your gallant deeds in the past, by the name of Evander, the king you love, by my own hopes of glory, not to flee. Your way lies through your foes, not from them; with

your swords must you cut a passage where they crowd most densely. These are not gods who pursue us; they are mortals, like ourselves, and they are not stronger or more numerous than we. The ocean hemms us in with an impassable barrier on the one side; the enemy confronts us on the other, and separates us from our friends. Whether shall we fly into the sea, or force our way toward the Trojans?" So saying, he turned, and dashed into the midst of the hostile ranks. Tagus was the first who fell a victim to his noble wrath; for as he was stooping to pick up a heavy stone, the spear of Pallas struck him in the middle of the back, and shattered the spine and ribs. As the young hero was withdrawing the weapon, Hisbon rushed on and struck at him from above; but the blow fell short, and before he could recover his guard, Pallas buried his sword deep in his body. Warrior after warrior he struck down, restored the confidence of his followers, and spread confusion and dismay in the opposite ranks, raging among them as the flames lit by the husbandman in the autumn spread through the stubble, and destroy everything in their path. But now the Auruncian chief, Halæsus, summoned by some of his followers to their aid, opposed the advance of the Arcadians. He was a tried and fierce warrior, and he slew five of the bravest of Pallas' men before the young chief could confront him. Then, however, the son of Evander hurled a spear with such skill and certainty of aim that he pierced Halæsus' heart, and the grim leader of the Aurunci sank lifeless on the field. His fall was a sore discouragement to the troops of Turnus, which would have sought safety in flight, had not Lausus, the gallant son of Mezentius,—noble and upright offspring of an

unworthy father,—suddenly come to their aid. First encountering Abas, leader of the Populonians, he slew him with a single blow of his sword, and followed up this success with a furious slaughter of Arcadians and Etrurians. Thus the battle continued: on the one side Pallas impetuously urged the attack; on the other Lausus not less obstinately maintained the defence. They were equal in years, and in beauty and grace of form; and to both alike the Fates had assigned a place among the victims of the war. But the gods had ordained that they should not encounter hand to hand; each was destined to succumb to a superior foe.

Turnus was leading his troops in another quarter of the field, when he was summoned to hasten to the assistance of Lausus, who alone was bearing up the battle against Pallas and his Arcadians. Quickly he turned his chariot in that direction, and as soon as he reached the spot, called on his warriors to withdraw from the conflict. "I alone," he said, "will encounter Pallas; to me his life is given. Would to Heaven his father were here to witness our combat." The Rutulians obeyed the command of their king, and fell back; while Pallas, amazed at their retreat and the sudden appearance of Turnus, gazed on his opponent. Then, in reply to his vaunting speech, he said, "Now, either by carrying off thy spoils, or by a noble death at thy hands, I shall be rendered famous. My sire knows how to bear either extremity of fortune. Cease thy threatenings and let us engage." As he spoke, the hearts of the Arcadians, who loved him, were filled with fear and sorrow. Turnus sprang from his chariot, and came forward to the encounter on foot, advancing as a lion bounds

toward his prey. As soon as Pallas thought him within reach of his spear, he prepared to throw it, and uttered this prayer to Hercules: "By my father's hospitality, and that abode which thou, his guest, didst visit, O Alcides, aid, I implore thee, my arduous attempt. May the dying eyes of Turnus behold me strip him, expiring, of his bloody armour, and endure the sight of a victorious foe." Hercules, from his place on Olympus, heard the prayer, and knowing that the decree of Fate was otherwise, answered with heavy groans and unavailing tears. These were not unseen by Jupiter, who strove to console his immortal son. "To every one," he said, "his day is fixed; a short and irretrievable term of life is given to all; but to lengthen out fame by heroic deeds is the best that man can do. Under the lofty walls of Troy many sons of gods themselves perished—among them the heroic Sarpedon, my own offspring, perished; Turnus, too, is summoned by the Fates, and has nearly reached his term of life." He spoke and turned away his gaze from the battle-field, himself pitying the untimely death of Pallas.

And now the brave son of Evander with his utmost force hurled his spear, and then hastened to draw his sword from its scabbard. The weapon struck Turnus where the shoulder was protected by the corselet, and piercing through the solid brass, slightly grazed the hero's body. Then Turnus, poising a steel-tipped javelin, darted it at Pallas, exclaiming, "See whether mine be not the more penetrating shaft." Cast with irresistible might, it tore its way through the youth's shield, composed though it was of thick plates of brass and iron, and through his cuirass, and inflicted a ghastly wound in his breast. In

vain he wrenched out the deadly missile from his body ; even as he withdrew it life deserted his quivering form, and he fell to the ground. Bestriding the corpse, Turnus cried : " Ye Arcadians, faithfully report to Evander this message—I send him back his Pallas in such a plight as he deserved. Whatever honour is in a tomb, whatever solace in the performance of funeral rites, I freely give him. His league with the Trojan intruder shall cost him dear." So saying, he pressed his foot on the body, and tore away a massive belt, adorned with figures richly carved in gold. This spoil Turnus exultingly clasped around his own body, little dreaming that the time would come when he would wish that he had never taken it, and that he and Pallas had never met. But now the lifeless corpse of the youth, stripped of its arms and still bleeding from the fatal wound inflicted by the Rutulian chief, was laid on a shield, and borne away by his weeping followers. Thus the first day on which he took a part in war saw also the young hero's death, though not, indeed, before he had strewn the plain with Rutulian corpses.

Speedily the news of this sad disaster, and of the consequent retreat of his forces in that part of the field, was borne to *Æneas*. Rendered furious by the event, he impetuously mowed with his sword a bloody passage through the hostile ranks in search of Turnus, on whom he was eager to avenge the death of his friend. The thought of the bright youth who had thus perished in his cause, of the hoary father bereaved of all that made life dear to him, filled his heart with sorrow as he recalled the kindness which both had shown to him, and the pledges of enduring friendship he had exchanged with them. Eight Rutulian warriors he struck

down and captured alive, destining them as victims to be offered to the shade of Pallas, and to drench with their blood the flames of the hero's funeral pyre. Next, having hurled a javelin at a Latian named Magus, the trembling wretch evaded the dart by stooping, and as *Æneas* rushed upon him with uplifted sword, he clasped his knees, and implored him to spare his life, proffering a large ransom of silver and gold which lay concealed underground in his house. Sternly the Trojan chief bade him keep his treasures for his sons; as for showing mercy, that was forbidden to him from the moment that Pallas fell by the hand of Turnus. Then grasping the suppliant's helmet, and forcing back his head so as to expose the neck, even as Magus renewed his petition he plunged the sword into his body to the hilt. Near by, the luckless *Æmonides*, a priest of Apollo and Diana, who wore a sacred fillet on his temples, and shone in burnished armour, fell a victim to his relentless spear, and the splendid arms he had worn were carried off by Serestus as an offering to Mars. The Rutulians fled in terror before the raging chief; but King *Cæculus* of *Præneste*, and *Umbro*, the leader of the *Marsians*, renewed the struggle. A huge warrior named *Tarquitus*, the son of the nymph *Dryope*, dared to oppose himself to *Æneas*, but his fate was soon decided. The hero first pierced his corslet with a spear, and then, as he lay wounded and imploring mercy, smote off his head with his sword. Spurning the bleeding trunk, he furiously cried: "Lie there, haughty champion! Thee no tender mother shall lodge in the earth, or place a tomb above thy body; to birds of prey thou shalt be left, or cast in the sea to be devoured by fishes." Still insatiable of slaughter, he drove into terrified

flight Antæus and Lycas, two of Turnus' bravest followers. But now the fierce Lucagus approached in a chariot drawn by two snow-white coursers. These were guided by his brother Liger, while he himself flourished his sword in the air, and prepared to encounter *Æneas*, who on his part rushed forward to meet them. "These," cried Liger, "are not the steeds of Diomedes, nor this the plain of Troy. Here an end shall be put at once to thy life and to the war." Against these insults *Æneas* prepared to give an answer otherwise than in words, and as Lucagus bent forward in readiness for the fight, the Trojan javelin whizzed through the rim of his shield, smote him in the groin, and hurled him, quivering in the pangs of death, out of the chariot. *Æneas* assailed his dying ears with a bitter scoff: "It is not, O Lucagus, the slowness of thy steeds in flight that hath lost thee thy chariot, but thou thyself, springing from thy seat, hast abandoned it." So saying, he seized the chariot; and now the miserable Liger, extending his hands in supplication, begged for his life. "It was not in this fashion that thou spakest a little while since," replied the relentless hero. "It would not be fitting that thou shouldst desert thy brother. Die, therefore, and attend him to the shades." With that he thrust the avenging sword through his heart, whence the trembling soul fled with a shriek.

So *Æneas* spread havoc amid the hostile ranks, and drove the forces of Turnus back in headlong rout, so that Ascanius and those who had hitherto been shut up in the fortifications were able to issue forth into the field. Meanwhile Jupiter, watching from Olympus the fortunes of the day, accosted his consort: "Thou art in the right, my cherished queen, in alleging that

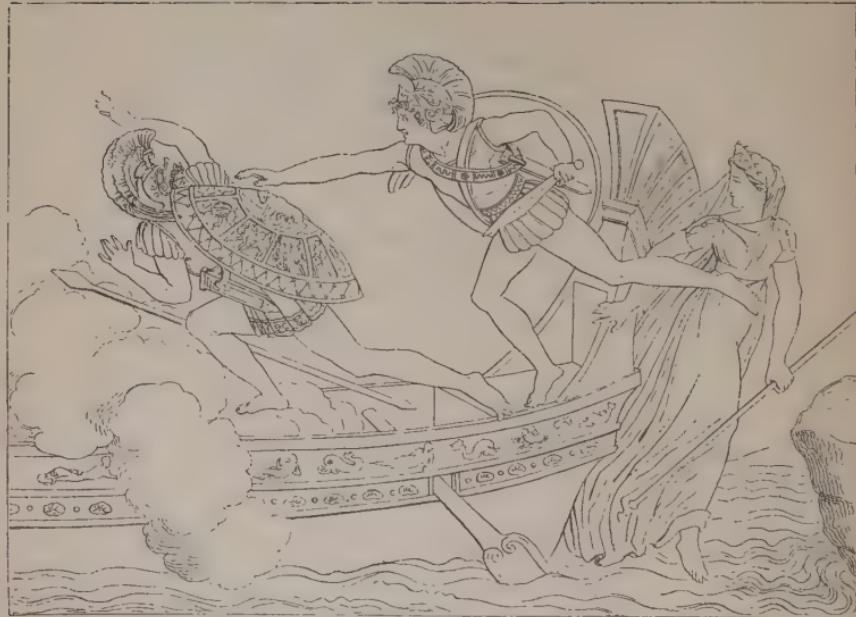
Venus gives her aid to the Trojans ; for without divine aid, how would it be possible for any mortal to achieve such deeds as Æneas is now accomplishing ? ” “ Why,” submissively answered Juno, “ dost thou tease me, who am already oppressed with anguish for the fate of the people I befriend ? Had I that share in your love which I once enjoyed, and which it is fitting for me to possess, thou surely couldst not refuse me this much, that I might have permission to rescue Turnus from the fate that threatens him, and restore him safe to his father Daunus. But since that cannot be, let him die, and glut the vengeance of the Trojan with his blood ; yet his origin is divine, and often has he piled thy altars with sacrifices.” Not unmoved, the ruler of the gods replied : “ If you plead for a respite from immediate death, and a little breathing-time for the youth, I grant you to bear him from the field, and for a short time to preserve him. So far I will indulge you ; but if you hope to gain any greater favour, and imagine that the whole predetermined course of the war is to be altered at your entreaty, you delude yourself with empty hopes.” With tears Juno responded : “ What if thou shouldst grant in thy heart what in words thou dost refuse, and continue the life of Turnus for its natural duration ? I fear much that a speedy end awaits the brave youth ; but oh ! I pray that I may be misled by groundless alarms, and that thou, to whom all power belongs, may alter thy purpose for the better.”

Not daring to say more, the queen of heaven hastily descended from Olympus towards the contending armies. Then she devised an airy phantom, wearing armour which exactly resembled that of Æneas, and imitating to the life his walk and mien. This

shadow she caused to flutter in the forefront of the battle, full in the view of Turnus, and to provoke him with darts and insolent words. The enraged Rutulian eagerly pressed upon it, and from a distance hurled against it a spear. Immediately the spectre, wheeling about, took to flight. Turnus, imagining that in very truth it was the Trojan chief who feared to meet him, and filled with baseless exultation, cried out: “*Æneas, whither dost thou fly? Desert not thus thy promised bride; with this right hand will I bestow upon thee the settled abode thou hast sought in vain through so many lands and seas.*” Thus vociferating, he madly pursued the deceitful phantom. It chanced that near the shore there lay a vessel, joined to the land by a temporary bridge of planks. Hither Juno led the shadow, and caused it in seeming fear to leap on board and throw itself into a hiding-place. With not less speed Turnus followed, bounded along the bridge, and mounted to the lofty prow of the ship in search of the supposed fugitive. Instantly the goddess severed the cable, and drove the vessel over the foaming waves. Then the phantom melted into the air, and the Rutulian, utterly bewildered, gazed about him in despair, nor did he feel at all thankful to the guardian deity for having thus preserved him from the arms of *Æneas*.

“Almighty Father,” he cried, raising his eyes and hands towards heaven, “why dost thou think me worthy of such shame as this? What have I done to merit such a punishment? Whither am I borne? How shall I venture again to enter the walls of Laurentum or look upon my camp? What will be said of me by the warriors who have followed me into this war, and whom —unutterable shame!—I have abandoned to the bloodthirsty

Trojans? O winds! take pity on me, I entreat you; dash this vessel on some rugged crag, and overwhelm me so that I can no longer be conscious either of my humiliation or of the reproaches of my Rutulians." While he thus lamented, he was uncertain whether he should put an end to his own life with his sword, or plunge into the sea and endeavour to regain the land by swim-



*Turnus pursuing the Phantom.*

ming. Three times he attempted each expedient, and as often Juno, full of pity, restrained him. Carried along by a favourable wind, the ship bore him safely to the capital of his father, King Daunus.

Meanwhile Æneas raged through the battle-field in search of

the victim whom the queen of the gods had thus snatched from his conquering hands. Under his leadership the Trojans and their allies, flushed with success, pressed more eagerly on their discomfited foe ; but Mezentius now advanced to restore the courage of the Rutulians. The Etrurians, as soon as they saw their expelled monarch, out of hostility to whom they had engaged in the war, rushed upon him with shouts of rage ; but he, as fearless as he was wicked, stood as firmly against them as a great rock on the shore meets all the fury of the winds and waves. Three warriors he overthrew in quick succession : Hebrus he cut down with his sword, Latagus he slew by hurling a great stone which battered in his face, and at Palmus he threw a javelin which pierced his thigh, and extended him helpless on the ground. Then the raging king slew Evas the Phrygian, and a Trojan named Mimas, who in former days had been the companion of Paris, having been born in Troy on the same night that gave to the light the ill-starred son of Priam. Paris now lay in eternal repose amid the ruins of his native city, while to Mimas the sword of Mezentius assigned an unknown grave on the distant shore of Italy. And just as when an old wild boar, chased from his retreat amid the wooded Alps, stands at bay among the underwood, and the hunters, afraid to approach him, ply him with darts from a distance, while he gnashes his tusks with rage and faces them undaunted, so stood Mezentius ; while his former subjects, though filled with just anger against him, and eager for his destruction, dare not come within reach of his dreaded sword, but galled him with spears and useless clamour. It chanced that a Greek from Corytus, named Acron, presented himself in the front, conspicuous

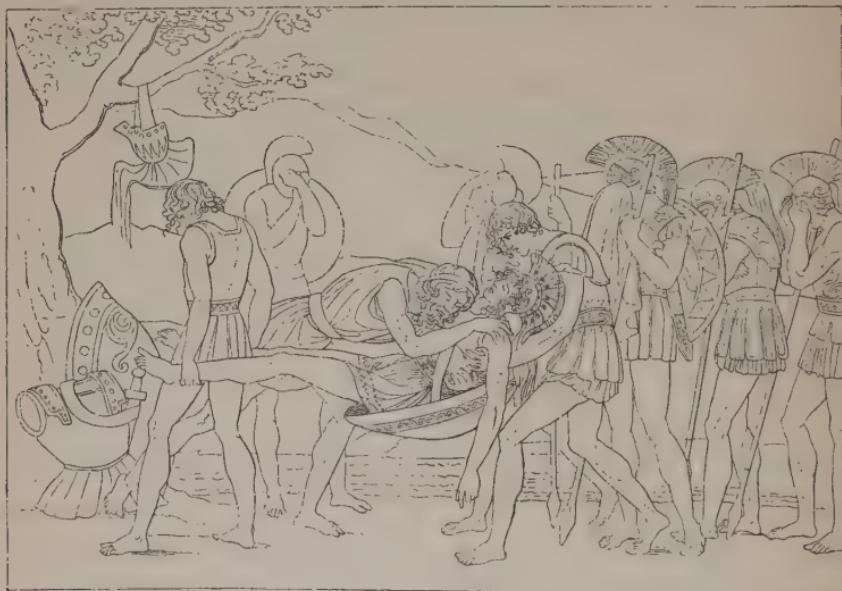
in nodding plumes, and in purple trappings that had been worked for him by his betrothed wife. His gay attire caught the eye of Mezentius, who rushed forward and smote down the luckless Greek ; then, as the others fell back, he cut off the retreat of an Etrurian chief, Orodes, forced him to engage hand to hand, and speedily slew him. Pressing his foot on the expiring warrior to draw out his lance from his body, Mezentius cried to his followers, "Behold, friends! Orodes has fallen—not the meanest of our foes." The Rutulians raised a joyful shout, but the dying Orodes faintly answered, " Not long shalt thou rejoice with impunity over me ; a similar fate awaits thyself, and soon shalt thou also be stretched lifeless on this same field." Smiling scornfully, Mezentius returned, " Die thou, and leave my fate to the gods, in whose hands it rests." His example inspired others of the Rutulians ; they pressed fiercely forward and drove back the troops of *Æneas*. Mezentius advanced at their head, and as he strode along, the Trojan hero espied him, and hastened towards him. Unawed by the prospect of an encounter even with so terrible a foe, Mezentius stood firm, and poising a huge spear in his hand, exclaimed—for he was a contemner of the gods, and never offered invocations to them—" Now let this right hand and this good dart be my aid ; and then I vow that my son, my dear Lausus, shall be clad in the bright arms torn from the body of yon Trojan pirate." With these words he threw the spear. Sent with a true aim, it struck the shield of *Æneas*, but glanced from the hardened surface, and, turning aside, pierced the side of Antores, a faithful follower of Evander, who had come with Pallas to the war. Thus died Antores, by a weapon never aimed at him ; but he was speedily

avenged. *Æneas*, putting all his might into the cast, now in his turn hurled his spear. It tore its way through the triple plates of Mezentius' shield, through his corselet, and inflicted a severe wound in his groin, though its force was so far spent that the injury was not mortal.

Overjoyed at the sight of his enemy's blood, *Æneas* drew his sword from its sheath, and rushed upon Mezentius, who was yet bewildered by the blow. When Lausus saw his father in such peril he sprang forward and stood before *Æneas*, while Mezentius fell back among his friends, the Trojan lance still trailing in his armour. Lausus received the first stroke of *Æneas*' sword on his buckler, while the Rutulians with loud shouts applauded him, and poured on the Trojan hero a tempest of darts. Against these he protected himself with his shield, and meanwhile, pitying the youth and courage of Lausus, spoke to him in words of warning: "Why do you thus rush on your own destruction, and attempt what is beyond your strength? Your filial devotion blinds you to your danger." But Lausus, resolute to defend his wounded sire, returned a haughty defiance. Then *Æneas* could no longer control his wrath; he exerted all his strength, and thrust his terrible sword up to the hilt through the body of the youth, who sank lifeless on the blood-steeped ground. When *Æneas* saw the comely young warrior stretched dead before him, his heart was filled with pity. "Ill-fated youth!" he cried, "how can I testify my reverence for thy filial piety and thy undaunted valour? Thou shalt at least retain those arms which it was thy delight to wear, and thy body shall be given up unspoiled to thy friends." With that he summoned the dismayed followers of Lausus, and

with his own hands raised from the ground the comely body, all disfigured with blood and wounds.

Meantime Mezentius had retreated to the bank of the Tiber, where he took off his armour, and bathed his wound with water. While he was thus resting from the fatigues of the battle, he was full of anxiety for his son, and sent messenger after messenger to



*Grief of Mezentius at the Death of his Son.*

recall him from the fight. But too soon a crowd of weeping warriors appeared, carrying the corpse of Lausus in their arms. The sorrowing father divined what had occurred from their lamentations, even before the body was brought to him. He threw dust upon his head, he clasped the loved form in his arms, and bedewed the pallid face with his tears. "O my son," he

exclaimed, "was I possessed with such a fond desire of life as to suffer thee to offer thyself in my place to the relentless foe? Am I preserved at the cost of these cruel wounds? Now, indeed, I feel the calamity of exile. My crimes have cost thee not only thy paternal throne and sceptre, but thy life also. It was I that owed expiation to my country, and should have satisfied my people by a deserved death. And yet I live! yet I do not quit the detested light! but I will quickly follow thee." Then he rose up, and though crippled by the wound in his thigh, and suffering anguish from its smart, he did not flinch, but ordered his attendants to bring his courser. This was a horse famous for its speed and its prompt obedience to the rein. When it was brought, he accosted it: "Long have we lived together, Rhoebus, and many great deeds have we accomplished. To-day we shall either bear away the head of *Æneas* and his arms all spattered with his blood, or we shall perish together; for I am assured that thou wilt never condescend to bear a Trojan lord." Then mounting the noble steed, he filled both hands with darts, and dashed recklessly into the midst of the battle. His heart swelling with rage and shame and grief, he thrice loudly summoned *Æneas* to the combat. *Æneas* heard, and rejoiced at the challenge; and with threatening spear advanced to meet his foe. "Barbarous wretch," cried Mezentius, "thinkest thou to affright me with thy weapons, now that thou hast robbed me of my son? That was the only means by which thou couldst destroy me. I fear neither death nor the anger of any of your gods. Forbear threats; now am I come hither to die, but first I bring you these gifts." So saying, he rapidly hurled one dart after another at the hero, whirling swiftly

round him on his horse ; but the shield framed by Vulcan's hands received all the shafts and repelled them. Wearied at last of so unequal a fight, in which he had to endure ceaseless attacks without striking a blow, *Æneas* stepped forward, and hurled his spear against the charger, piercing its skull betwixt the ears. The fiery horse reared upward in the death-agony, and then fell backward upon his rider, pressing him to the earth. The spectators of this fierce combat uplifted their voices in shouts, some in joy and others in sorrow, as *Æneas* rushed up to the fallen warrior, and lifting his sword to deal the fatal blow, cried : "Where is now the stern Mezentius ?" The Etrurian, on the other hand, replied : "Spiteful foe, why dost thou threaten and insult before thou strikest ? Thou wilt do me no wrong in slaying me. I sought thee expecting nothing else, and neither I nor my son have asked mercy at thy hands. One favour alone I implore of thee, that thou wilt give burial to my corpse. I know well that the hate of my former subjects would pursue me after death. Defend my remains, I entreat, from outrage, and grant me a grave along with my son." He said no more, but extended his throat to receive the fatal blow, which descended and drew forth his life as the blood poured over his armour.

The shades of night were now gathering, and as the Rutulians and Latins had quitted the field in confusion, the conflicts of that sanguinary day were at last ended.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE TRUCE—THE COUNCIL AT LAURENTUM—THE SECOND GREAT BATTLE, AND DEATH OF CAMILLA.

**A**S soon as dawn appeared on the following day, Æneas proceeded to offer up vows and sacrifices to the gods for the victory he had gained. On a rising ground he erected the trunk of an oak, from which he had caused all the boughs to be lopped off, and on this he suspended the arms he had taken from the body of Mezentius as an offering to Mars—the helmet still stained with blood, the shattered corselet, and the breast-plate all over dinted with blows, the target of solid brass, and the ivory-hilted sword. Having erected this trophy, he addressed the leaders of the army, who in exultant mood crowded around him: “Brave warriors, our most difficult task is accomplished; no cause for fear or anxiety remains. Yonder are the first fruits of victory, the spoils won from the insolent tyrant Mezentius, who has met his deserved fate at my hand. Now our way lies open to the walls of Laurentum; make ready your arms, and be fully prepared to renew the contest, so that no obstacles or uncertainties may detain us when again we raise our standards and lead forth our troops from the camp. But first let us commit

to earth the unburied corpses of our friends—the last sad honour we can pay them. Let us testify our gratitude to those brave men who with their blood have won for us the settlements we seek; and especially let us convey to the mournful city of Evander the corpse of Pallas, cut off in the midst of glorious exploits by untimely death.” Then weeping, the hero sought the place where aged Accetes, who had formerly been the armour-bearer of Evander, and had come to the war as the guardian and attendant of his son, was watching over the body of his beloved young master. All the followers of the dead prince stood around the bier, with many Trojans, pouring out lamentations, which they redoubled as Æneas entered, and advanced to the side of the dead. When he beheld the face and neck of Pallas, cold and white as snow, and in his smooth breast the gaping wound inflicted by the spear of Turnus, his tears gushed forth anew. “Lamented youth!” he exclaimed, “how envious was Fortune, just when she began to smile upon me, to snatch thee from me so that thou couldst not see my kingdom nor return victorious to thy father’s house. This is not the fate I promised for thee to the venerable Evander, when, taking leave of me with affectionate embraces, he sent me against my foes, and warned me that the enemy were ferocious, and that victory would only be bought with hard blows. At this moment, perhaps, he is standing beside the altars, filled with groundless hopes, offering vows, and piling up liberal sacrifices, while we, oppressed with grief, surround with unavailing pomp the body of his only son. Ill-fated father, thus doomed to witness the funeral rites of thy offspring! Is it thus he returns to thee? Is this the triumph he

looked for? Yet at least Evander will not have to meet him repulsed and disfigured with inglorious wounds; nor, though he may sorrow over his death, will he have cause for shame."

Having thus vented his grief, *Æneas* directed them to bear away the corpse, and sent a thousand men, selected from the whole army, to join the funeral procession. A bier was fashioned out of boughs of oak and pliant arbutus. On this was placed, on a couch shaded by foliage from the sun, the beautiful body of the youth, like a flower which, gently cropped by a maiden's hand, still retains its graceful form and its bloom, though no longer fed or sustained by the parent soil. Then *Æneas* brought forth two rich vestments stiff with embroidery of gold and purple, which the fair Queen of Carthage had formerly wrought for him with her own hands, and with these rich garments he attired the body. Along with the procession he sent a load of spoils gained from the enemy in the battle of the previous day, and the eight captives destined to be sacrificed on the funeral pile, who walked sorrowfully along with hands bound behind their backs. Unhappy *Acœtes*, worn out with age and grief, followed the bier with tottering steps, beating his breast in unavailing sorrow. Next came the chariot of *Pallas*, still smeared with *Rutulian* blood, and his war-horse *Æthon*, which seemed to know that he had lost his master, and walked with bent head, and the big tears dropping from his eyes. Behind followed the contingent of *Trojan* and *Etrurian* warriors, and the *Arcadians*, carrying their arms reversed. *Æneas* stood wrapped in gloomy thought till the whole procession had passed. "We," he said, "are summoned hence to other scenes of woe by the same horrid fate of war

which has robbed us of Pallas. Farewell, dear youth ; farewell for ever ! ” Then he directed his steps back to the camp.

Here he was met by ambassadors from King Latinus, who came bearing olive branches in their hands, to supplicate that Aeneas would deliver to them the bodies of their dead, which lay scattered about the battle-field, and permit them to be buried with the dead. They said war was at an end, and they besought him to grant so much indulgence to a people to whose hospitality and alliance he had once been invited. The hero received them courteously, and answered : “ What hard fortune, O Latins, has involved you in so disastrous and unnecessary a war, and caused you to refuse our friendship ? Is it for the dead, for those who have fallen on the battle-field, that you implore peace ? Very readily would I grant it to the living also. I should not have come hither if the Fates had not commanded me to seek a settlement in Latium ; nor, in truth, have I any quarrel with the Latin nation. Your king, after offering us friendship and hospitality, has left his affairs in the hands of Turnus. It would have been more just if that chief had exposed only himself to the evils of a war with me. If he hopes to expel the Trojans, or thinks of gaining a triumph by his might in arms, he ought to have met me in single combat, and so our differences could have been settled at the cost of a single life. Now depart, and in peace perform the funeral rites for your unfortunate countrymen.”

The ambassadors listened in astonishment to the language of the Trojan chieftain, who, after all the provocations of the past few days, still showed so friendly a spirit towards the people of Laurentum. The chief of them, Drances by name, an aged coun-

sellor of King Latinus, who was vehemently opposed to Turnus, at last replied: "O Trojan hero, mighty in fame, but mightier still in arms, what shall I say in thy praise? I know not whether most to admire thy justice or thy deeds in war. With grateful hearts we will bear your answer back to our city; and if our advice be followed, we will bring about alliance between thee and our king. Let Turnus find friends and allies for himself. For our part we would with pleasure assist you to rear the walls of your city, and join in the creation of your new Troy."

The other ambassadors expressed their approval of what Drances had said. A truce for twelve days was agreed upon, and during this period the soldiers of both armies together wandered in the woods that lined the surrounding hills without hostility, cutting down huge ash trees and oaks to build the funeral piles, and conveying the heavy logs in creaking waggons to the plain.

In the evening of that same day on which it left the camp, the mournful procession which bore the body of Pallas arrived at the gate of his father's city. As it approached the walls, the people, according to an ancient custom, took up funeral torches, and the path was lighted up by a long line of flame, while the women, crowding the streets, filled the air with loud lamentations. Nothing could restrain Evander from forcing his way through the midst of the multitude till he reached the bier, and when it had been set down by the bearers he flung himself on the beloved corpse with groans and tears. When at last his emotion permitted him to speak, he cried: "Ah, Pallas! thou hast not fulfilled the promise thou didst give me, that only with caution wouldst thou trust thyself to the combat. I was not ignorant

how far the desire of glory and the wild fierce rapture of the first battle might carry thee. Ah! fatal to the youth his first essays, hard his early probation in war. By none of the gods have my vows and prayers been regarded. Would that I had myself joined in the confederation with the Trojans; that I had been overwhelmed by the Rutulian darts, and that Pallas had been spared! I accuse not the Trojans, nor blame our alliance, for this woe; it was a stroke of misfortune reserved by the Fates for my old age. However, if untimely death hath overtaken my dear son, it is some satisfaction to remember that it was in ushering the Trojans to Latium he fell, and that he sent unnumbered enemies before him to the shades. And now with no other funeral obsequies, O Pallas, can I grace thee than what pious Æneas and the noble Trojans, the Etrurian leaders and the whole army, have given thee. Here are all the trophies of those whom thy right hand consigned to death; nor should the spoils of Turnus himself have been wanting had my youth and the strength that I then possessed been left to me. But why should I, in my selfish grief, detain the Trojans from the war?" Then turning to the warriors whom Æneas had sent, he said, "Return, friends, and bear to your prince this message from me: 'If I linger out a hated life after Pallas is gone, it is because of my trust in thy avenging right hand, from which Turnus is due to the father he has bereaved. This honour and duty are especially reserved for thee. For myself, I seek no joy in continued life save that of being able to bear to Pallas, when I descend to the shades, the tidings of his enemy's overthrow.'"

With this message the Trojans who had taken part in the

funeral procession returned from Pallanteum. With the next morning's light the Trojan and Etrurian leaders were busy erecting funeral pyres along the shore, on which they placed the bodies of their dead, and then applied the flames, so that the sky was obscured with the smoke of so many fires. The funeral rites were performed, and the friends of the fallen, gathering round their ashes, offered loud lamentations, and threw into the burning pyres the arms of the dead, trophies won from the enemy, and gifts of their own, while innumerable cattle, sheep, and swine were slaughtered in sacrifice. On their part the Latins performed the sad ceremonies for a still greater number of bodies. But when these were completed, the city of Laurentum itself was the scene of more bitter mourning; for everywhere mothers robbed of their sons, tender brides of their husbands, and children of their sires, lamented their losses, and uttered maledictions against the war and the selfish ambition of Turnus. They loudly exclaimed that he alone ought by his sword to decide the quarrel, since on his account it was provoked. These complaints were repeated and aggravated by Drances, who declared that *Æneas* had given a challenge to the Rutulian king to meet him in single combat, and that this challenge he was bound in honour to accept. On the other side, however, there were many who were ready to befriend Turnus, and he was supported by the known friendship of the queen, and by his own distinguished achievements in the field.

While the whole city was in turmoil over these disputes, the ambassadors who had been sent to *Ætolia*, to crave the help of the great Diomedes, returned, and reported that their long journey had been fruitless. Neither by gifts nor by earnest entreaties

had they been able to accomplish anything. When this intelligence was conveyed to King Latinus, he was overwhelmed with grief. The rejection of his proposals to the Greek hero, as well as the terrible disasters sustained by the Latins and Rutulians, strengthened the belief which he had held from the first, that *Æneas* had been sent to Latium by the gods themselves as the destined husband of his daughter and heir of his throne. He summoned to a solemn council in his palace all the nobles and great men of his realm. When they were assembled, he first called on those who had undertaken the embassy to Diomedes to give in full the message they had brought back. In obedience to his mandate, Venulus, the chief of the ambassadors, related that he and his companions had made their way through a thousand dangers to the new kingdom that had been established in Apulia by Diomedes, and had spoken with the great warrior who had done so much to bring about the fall of Troy. They had found him engaged in superintending the construction of his chief city, Arpi. Having obtained admission to his presence, they had delivered their message; to which Diomedes, having attentively listened, had replied by enumerating the calamities which had fallen upon all those heroes who had warred against Troy—on himself among the rest. He would not, he said, wage further warfare against the Trojans; and he advised them to take to *Æneas* the gifts and proffers of alliance which they had brought to him. Too well did he know by experience the valour of *Æneas* in the combat, his prowess with the sword and with the lance. If Troy had been able to produce two other such heroes as *Æneas* and Hector, the Trojans would never have been subdued, and

the Greeks would have sustained reverses on their own soil. It was Hector and *Æneas* who protracted the struggle before Troy until the tenth year. Let the Latins join the son of Anchises in friendly alliance if they could possibly do so; but let them beware of opposing him in arms.

Such was the response which the ambassadors had brought from Diomedes. When Venulus had finished, there was a general murmur of excitement throughout the council. Silence was at last obtained, and then the aged king rose and spoke. It would have been far better, he said, had that been possible, to have arrived at a determination on the course they should pursue somewhat sooner, and not to have had to hold a council at a moment when the foe was at their very gates. But it was certain that the war they were carrying on was an unwise one, waged with an invincible hero, whom no battles could tire out, and who, even if he were vanquished, would not lay down the sword. Moreover, they could not obtain any outside help; all the hopes that had been built on the expectation of the mighty aid of Diomedes had disappeared. They must perforce depend upon themselves; and they had too much reason, in the present disastrous condition of their affairs, to know that their strength was unequal to that of their opponents. He would not accuse any one. All that valour could do had been done; the utmost power of Latium and of Rutulia had been put forth, and put forth in vain. He proposed, therefore, that a large district should be freely ceded to the invaders, and that they should be recognized as allies and friends. If they had so strong a desire to settle in Latium, let them do so, and build cities. If, however, they were disposed to seek some

other country, he advised that as many ships as they could man should be built for them, and amply supplied with treasure, stores, and provisions. His desire was that a hundred nobles of the first rank should go to *Æneas* bearing these proposals, and should convey to him also costly presents.

Turnus, who had hastened back to Laurentum from his father's capital, and was present at the council, listened to the words of the king with manifest disapproval; but before he could speak there rose his bitter enemy Drances. He was a man of great wealth and eloquent in speech, but reckoned of little worth in the field. In consultations and the direction of affairs of state, however, he possessed great influence. "Great king," he said, "you seek our advice in a matter which is obscure to none and calls for no debate. Every citizen well knows what the welfare of the nation really demands, but all fear to speak out the truth. For my part I will utter my sentiments, even though I should be threatened with death, and say to whose evil influence we owe it that so many of our bravest chiefs have perished, and that the whole city sits in mourning; while he, trusting to his swiftness in flight, ventures to attack the Trojan camp, and defies the manifest will of the gods. To those costly gifts which you order to be sent to the strangers, O king, add yet another; nor permit the violent remonstrances of any prince to deter thee from exercising a father's rights, and giving away thy daughter to a worthy husband, thus securing a firm alliance and perpetual peace. If so great a dread of Turnus oppresses us, let us supplicate him for peace; let us entreat him to yield, for his country's sake, the match he claims as his right." Then turning to the

Rutulian chief, who listened in bitter anger to his words, he said:—"O thou, the source and origin of all these evils to Latium! thou knowest that for us there is no safety in war. To thee, Turnus, we must sue for peace, because thou demandest her who alone can be the inviolable pledge of peace. I myself, whom you esteem your enemy—nor am I concerned to deny it—I will first entreat you. Have pity on thy countrymen. Lay aside thy bloodthirsty rage, and abandon thy hopeless enterprise. Or if you are so filled with warlike passion—if your heart be set on martial glory and on the throne of these realms—why, dare the consequences, and meet your rival single-handed in the field. It is, forsooth, in order that Turnus may be blest with a wife of royal birth that we poor wretches are stretched lifeless on the battle-field. If you have in your breast any true courage, give an answer to the challenge of *Æneas*."

Burning with wrath, Turnus replied to the taunts of his adversary: "I acknowledge, Drances, that you have always a rich profusion of words, especially when deeds are required. When the elders are convened in council, you are ever the foremost. But this is not the time to fill the hall with words, which flow in by torrents from you in safety, while our walls shield us from the foe. Wherefore, thunder on in noisy eloquence as thou art wont, and accuse me of cowardice—thou, the valiant, the heroic Drances, whose right hand has piled up so many heaps of slaughtered Trojans. It will be easy for thee to put thy valour to the proof, for not far have we to go to seek our enemies, since they beset our walls. Shall we not march to meet them? Why dost thou demur? Is thy prowess always

to rest in thy blustering tongue, and in thy feet, swift only for flight? Am I defeated? Will any one, most abject wretch, charge me with that who has seen the Tiber swollen with Trojan blood spilt by my sword, and Evander's valiant son stretched lifeless? Thou sayest there is no safety in war. Go, madman, and tell such stories to the enemy and to their allies thy own friends in this city! Then thou feignest to be in terror of my violence. Banish all such fears, if in truth they possess thee. Never shalt thou lose such a soul as thine by this hand: let it dwell in its fit abode, and remain in that ignoble breast." Having thus vehemently replied to Drances, Turnus turned to the king and continued: "Now, sire, let us speak of more serious matters. If indeed you have no further confidence in our arms; if a single defeat has been sufficient to complete our ruin, and our fortunes in the field cannot be retrieved, let us sue for peace, and stretch imploring hands to the conqueror; but in that case far happier in my thinking is the lot of those who have died bravely on the field and escaped the spectacle of our shame. If, on the other hand, we still have abundant resources and many fresh troops; if the Trojans have had to buy their victory with much blood, and, like us, have had to kindle many funeral pyres,—why should we tremble and yield at the very outset of the war? Time and patience can work wonders. Fortune is seldom constant, and may well desert our foes and follow our standards. Diomedes, it seems, will not support us; but other chiefs are faithful to our cause—brave Messapus and the warlike Queen of the Volscians. If, however, the Trojan leader would rather encounter myself alone, and if it be your wish that I should meet him, be it so.

Victory has not so far deserted me as to make me decline so glorious an enterprise. I will advance against *Æneas* with confidence, even though he should prove himself as great in war as Achilles, and, like Achilles, sheathe himself in armour forged by Vulcan. To the people of Latium, and to thee, O father of my promised bride, I have devoted my life. If *Æneas* truly has challenged me to single combat, I will gladly accept his challenge, unless indeed Drances should desire to snatch from me such an opportunity for gaining endless glory."

While the debate was thus stormily proceeding in the palace of King Latinus, *Æneas* moved forward his camp and army in the direction of the city. A frightened messenger rushed into the council chamber with the intelligence that the Trojan and Etrurian troops were advancing in battle-array across the plain. In an instant all was confusion. The youths and the ardent warriors called loudly to be led against the enemy; the elders, saddened by the prospect of a renewal of the strife, muttered their complaints and regrets to one another. Turnus at once seized the opportunity. "It is well done of us," he cried, "to be sitting here and talking in praise of peace while the foe are threatening our walls." Then he hastily retired from the hall, and issued orders to his chiefs to marshal and lead forth their troops. Latinus withdrew from the council in deep dejection, seeing the failure of his peaceful projects, and bitterly blaming himself for not having persevered in his first intention of receiving *Æneas* as his son-in-law. The people of the city busied themselves in digging trenches before the walls, and in strengthening the towers and barricading the gates. The women and children crowded the

ramparts, watching with anxiety and terror the tumult that was going on below. Queen Amata, with a long retinue of noble matrons, proceeded to the Temple of Minerva to make offerings to the goddess and propitiate her favour. By her side walked the beautiful Lavinia, the innocent cause of the war, with bent head and sorrowing eyes fixed on the ground. When the queen had entered the temple, and lighted the sacred fire on the altars, she presented her offerings, and poured forth, unavailingly, this prayer: "Patroness of war, goddess powerful in arms, crush with thy irresistible might the Phrygian pirate, stretch him prostrate on the earth, overthrow him beneath our gates."

Turnus, full of warlike ardour, armed himself for battle, and descended from the palace. As he was hurrying to the plain, and had already reached the gate of the city, he met Camilla, attended by her squadron of Volscian cavalry. As soon as she perceived him, the queen sprang lightly from her horse and advanced to his side. "Turnus," she said, "permit me first to withstand the shock of the Trojan host, and to make head with my brave Volscians against the Etrurian horsemen, while you remain here and complete the defences of the city." "O heroine!" returned the Rutulian prince, "glory of Italy! in what words can I express my thankfulness to thee, or my admiration of thy daring? But since thy soul rises superior to fear, listen to what I propose. The spies I have sent forth bring me sure information that Æneas has sent forth his horse to scour the plain and distract our attention, while he himself, at the head of his foot, is making a flank march over the slope of the mountain, and hopes to surprise the city from that quarter. On his path there is a deep

defile, with thick woods on either side. This will I beset with numerous troops in ambush, while you engage the enemy's cavalry in close combat. Along with you I will send forth Messapus and his warriors, and the Latian and Tiburtine troops, but I commit the chief command to yourself." Camilla gladly accepted the task; and having explained his plans to Messapus and the other chiefs, Turnus hastened to conduct his Rutulians to the ambush, where, keeping them carefully concealed amid the rocks and thickets, he impatiently awaited the approach of Æneas.

While these movements were being made, Diana, in her abode on Olympus, summoned Opis, one of her nymphs, and thus addressed her:—"O nymph, Camilla is setting out for a battle-field which is destined, I fear, to be fatal to her. She is to me the dearest among mortals; nor is my love for her a new or sudden affection. Her father was Metabus, lord of the ancient city of Privernum, whom his subjects expelled from his kingdom for his cruelty and his abuse of power. Flying into exile, he carried along with him his infant daughter, the only child born to him by his spouse Casmilla, and whom, with a slight variation from her mother's name, he had called Camilla. Carrying her in his bosom, he sought the shelter of the distant mountains and solitary woods; but the enraged Volscians closely pursued him. In the midst of his flight he came to the banks of the river Amasenus, which being filled to overflowing by the winter rains, rushed along in a furious torrent. Metabus knew not how to cross the stream and yet preserve his child. At last he took the ponderous spear he carried, and bound the infant securely to the middle of

its shaft. Then, raising the weapon in his hand, he exclaimed, 'To thee, virgin daughter of Latona, goddess of the woods, I devote this child as thy handmaid. I implore thee, goddess, to receive her, now committed to the uncertain wind.' With that he hurled the lance across the stream, and himself springing into the foaming waters, gained the other side by swimming. On the farther bank he found his spear fixed in the turf, with the infant still safely secured to it. Having escaped thus from his pursuers, he led a lonely shepherd's life on the mountains; and from the first he trained his daughter to the use of the javelin and the bow, and taught her the fierce pleasures of the chase. As she grew older, the love of warlike weapons and fondness for the pursuits of men entirely possessed her. Many Italian matrons would gladly have greeted her as a daughter-in-law; but she disdained the soft delights of love, and remained true to me, even after the Volscian kingdom became hers. Would that she had never given herself up to war or joined in the hostilities against the Trojans! But now, Opis, since her death is decreed by the inexorable Fates, do thou descend to Latium, where the battle is about to rage; take this bow, and whoever may violate her sacred body with a wound, let him pay the forfeit with his blood. Then will I bear away in a hollow cloud the corpse and uncaptured arms of my lamented maid to a tomb in her native land.' Opis obeyed the command of her mistress, and shot down to Latium.

But now the Etrurian cavalry, and those of the Trojans whom Æneas had left behind, approached the city walls, their long lines bristling with spears. To oppose them came forth Messapus, and

the Latian horse, and Queen Camilla with her brass-clad Volscians. Having advanced within a javelin's throw of each other, the two armies halted, then suddenly both discharged a shower of darts. Tyrrhenus, an Etrurian warrior, and Aconteus, one of the Latins, rushed against each other with the utmost speed of their horses and with opposed spears. Their horses came together with a mighty crash, and Aconteus, hurled from his saddle like a stone cast from a catapult, was flung headlong through the air, expiring ere he reached the ground. At this the Latins fell into disorder, and breaking their line, fled toward the city, with the Trojans and their allies in hot pursuit. When they drew near the walls, the flying warriors turned, and repulsed their pursuers. Twice in this way the battle ebbed and flowed; but when the two lines faced each other for the third time, they mingled in close fight and encountered man to man. Soon the field was strewn with dying coursers and dismounted warriors. Amid the heaps of slain Camilla fiercely spurred her steed, one breast bared for the fight. Sometimes she hurled darts, and again plied the fatal bow. Around her were four virgins, who like herself were accustomed to war, and who always accompanied her as her special retinue. With every arrow the furious Amazon discharged an Etrurian or a Trojan was slain. In quick succession Eumenius, the son of Clytius, Liris and Pegasus, Amastrus, the son of Hoppotas, and four other warriors, bit the dust beneath her unerring shafts. Ornytus, a skilful Tuscan hunter, mounted on an Apulian steed, and wearing a bullock's hide for a corselet, led his followers against her; but these she speedily put to flight, and having intercepted Ornytus, thrust through him a deadly

spear, exclaiming, "Tuscan, didst thou think that thou wert chasing a wild beast in the woods? Now a woman's arm has proved strong enough to conquer thee." Next Camilla assailed Butes and Orsilochus, two of the tallest among the Trojan warriors: Butes she transfixes with a dart in the neck, betwixt the helmet and the cuirass; Orsilochus she deceived by pretended flight, and then, suddenly wheeling, met him face to face. Rising in her stirrups, she smote him with a battle-axe even as he was imploring mercy, and bespattered his armour with his blood and brains. Aunus, a Ligurian, unexpectedly encountered her; and being unprepared for the combat, and perceiving that he could not elude her, resorted to an artifice. "Prove thy courage, proud queen," he said, "by ceasing to rely on thy swift courser. Let us both dismount and meet hand to hand on the firm ground, and then thou shalt soon know which of us has the better right to vaunt." Enraged at the taunt, Camilla sprang from her horse, and giving it to one of her followers, advanced to the encounter; but now Aunus, believing that his artifice had succeeded, thrust the spurs deep into his horse's sides, and sought safety in flight. "Foolish Ligurian," she cried, "in vain hast thou employed the treacherous craft to which thy race is accustomed. Not with all thy arts shalt thou return safe to thy home." So saying, the virgin warrior bounded forward in pursuit, and so great was her speed that very soon she had outrun the horse of the fugitive. Seizing the reins, she tore Aunus from the saddle, and slew him as easily as a falcon overtakes a dove in the air and destroys it with his sharp talons.

Dismayed by the slaughter that Camilla was spreading among

them, the Etrurian and Trojan troops began to fall back; but Tarchon their leader, inspired by Jupiter, rallied their squadrons, and reproached them for suffering themselves to be routed by a woman. Impelling his horse into the midst of the enemy, and seizing Venulus, he tore him from his saddle and bore him off into his own lines. Venulus struggled in his foe's grasp and vainly sought to escape, while Tarchon searched for a chink in his armour, through which he might inflict a mortal wound. Speedily he drove his javelin to the heart of his captive, and dropped him lifeless on the plain. The Etrurians, excited by the example of their leader, renewed the battle; while a Trojan warrior named Aruns resolved to achieve the downfall of the Volscian queen. Wherever she moved about the field, he followed, a javelin poised in his hand, ready to seize the first sure opportunity of hurling it. By chance Camilla perceived among her foes a certain Chloreus, a priest of Cybele, who was attired in arms resplendent with gold and garments of rich purple, while a golden helmet shone upon his head. The magnificence of his dress attracted the attention of the queen, who determined to win and wear it, and she pursued him through all the host, reckless of danger. Aruns, seizing the opportunity, hurled a spear at her as she passed close by where he lay concealed: whizzing through the air, unnoticed by her, it plunged deep into her naked breast and drank her virgin blood. Her followers, overwhelmed with grief, hastened up, and received their dying queen in their arms as she fell from her saddle; while Aruns, awed by the greatness of his own exploit, and bewildered betwixt fear and joy, mingled with the other troops. Camilla tore out the shaft

of the spear, but the steel point remained deeply fixed in the wound. Death, rapidly stealing over her, robbed her eyes of their brightness and her cheek of its bloom. She beckoned to Acca, one of her virgins who was her most intimate companion, and with failing breath murmured: "Thus far, dear sister, have I endured; but now a cruel wound has ended my course, and all around is growing dark. But do thou fly quickly, and bear to Turnus this my last injunction, that he hasten to the battle and repel the advancing foe. And now farewell." Even as she spoke, the last remains of life quitted her body, and her head fell back. Her Volscians uttered loud cries of grief; while the Trojans, Etrurians, and their Arcadian allies hurried forward to the battle with greater eagerness than before.

Opis had not forgotten the task assigned her by Diana. Sitting on a neighbouring hill, she had for a long while watched the fierce combat going on below. When at last she beheld Camilla overthrown, she wept in bitter sorrow, exclaiming, "Alas! virgin, too cruel a punishment hast thou endured for defying the Trojans in war. Not even Diana, to whom thou wast devoted, could avert from thee the blow decreed by the Fates. But the goddess is not unmindful of thee, nor shalt thou be unavenged." Then she descended from the top of the mountain to the tomb of an ancient king of Latium, which stood near the battle-field, and perceived Aruns, stalking proudly among the other warriors, elated with the deed he had done. "Come hither," said the nymph in mockery, as she took from her quiver one of Diana's deadly shafts and fitted it to the bow; "direct thy course this way to receive thy doom. Thou shalt have the honour of dying by one of Diana's arrows."

Then with sure aim she discharged the winged dart, and even as the sound of its hissing flight reached Aruns' ears, the point pierced deep into his side. He lay expiring and unnoticed by his friends on the dusty plain, while Opis returned to the palace of her mistress in distant Olympus.

Completely discouraged by the loss of their heroic queen, the Volscians now fled in confusion; the Latins and the Tiburtines followed their example, and the whole army retreated toward the city. Nor did they attempt to turn and defend themselves against the relentless foes who pursued them; they thought of nothing but gaining the shelter of the walls. As they rushed along, urging their horses to the utmost speed, clouds of dust rose in the air and rolled toward the city, and proclaimed the defeat even before the breathless fugitives arrived. Coming to the gates, they crowded forward in such frantic haste that the entrances were choked, and the victors coming up, poured torrents of darts on the struggling mass, and slew many almost within sight of their own dwellings. Some of the gates were closed by the guards appointed to keep them, who feared to admit the enemy as well as their defeated friends, and here also a terrible slaughter took place. Within the city universal confusion prevailed. The very matrons mounted the walls and were eager to take part in the defence, casting down darts and stones, and arming themselves with pointed stakes. Meanwhile Acca obeyed Camilla's dying request, and bore to Turnus the fatal news of her mistress's death, the defeat of his forces in front of the city, and the threatening advance of the enemy. Full of wrath at this disaster, the Rutulian prince withdrew his troops from the position they had taken up, and reluc-

tantly returned toward the city. Scarcely had he thus retired when Æneas and his forces entered the pass and marched by the same path in the same direction. Both armies, in fact, were hastening to the same goal, and they were so near to each other that the array of each could clearly be seen by the other, and the noise of their marching heard. Both chiefs were inclined to try the fortune of battle; but as darkness was at hand, they abandoned the purpose, and encamped their armies for the night.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE SECOND TRUCE AND ITS VIOLATION—THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE TWO HEROES, AND DEATH OF TURNUS.



HE fatal result of the battle which was rendered memorable by the death of Camilla completely broke the spirit of the Latins, and Turnus saw plainly that he should not be able to induce them to continue a war which resulted for them in nothing but disaster. But his own proud spirit was unsubdued by defeat, and he was fixed as before in his determination not to give up his bride or acknowledge himself conquered. Having brought his troops within the walls of Laurentum, and provided for the defence of the city against any attempt at surprise by the victorious enemy, he sought King Latinus, and thus addressed him :—

“ I am ready, O king, to fulfil the offer I made in the council, and meet the Trojan chief in single combat. The events of to-day have given him no excuse for retracting his challenge : let him know, sire, that I accept it ; and conclude a truce so that the conditions of our combat can be settled. Either I alone will send down to Hades this Asiatic renegade (your Latins sitting still and looking on), and with my single sword repel the evil that threatens

us; or let him rule over us as our conqueror, and let Lavinia become his wife."

The venerable monarch, more composed in mind, replied: "Turnus, the more your undaunted valour impels you to rash enterprises, the more necessary it is for me to watch over your safety. You are the heir to the kingdom of your father Daunus, which has been widely extended by your conquests. Other virgins there are in Latium, not unworthy of your hand, besides my daughter; nor am I destitute of wealth to provide a fitting dowry. Listen patiently while I speak truths which it may be unpleasant for you to hear, but which it will be well for you, nevertheless, to lay to heart. It was decreed by the unanimous voice of gods and oracles that I should wed my daughter to none of her former suitors. Overpowered by my affection for thee, by the claims of thy kinship, and by the tears and entreaties of my wife, I disregarded all these warnings. I suffered Lavinia to be withheld from the husband to whom she was promised, and my people to wage an impious war against him. From that time, Turnus, you know well what calamities have pursued us. Routed in two great battles, with difficulty we maintain ourselves in this city; the Tiber yet runs purple with our blood, and the plain below our walls is white with the bones of our slain. Why should I any longer defer the execution of my original purpose? If upon your death I am resolved to effect an alliance with the Trojans, why should not an end be put to all dissensions while you still live? What will be said by my kinsmen the Rutulians, and by all the other Italian nations, if I permit you to go to a certain death—you, my nephew and my daughter's suitor? Remember the peril

to which you will expose yourself. Take pity on your aged father, who now abides disconsolate in distant Ardea."

But these remonstrances, wise and moderate though they were, had no effect on the mind of Turnus. His anger only grew more vehement. "Whatever anxiety you have on my account, sire," he said, "I entreat you to lay it aside. If die I must, I am willing to accept death in exchange for glory. I am not without skill, moreover, in the use of the sword and spear, and blood is wont to flow from the wounds that I inflict. Nor shall *Æneas* elude me by the arts of his goddess mother, who screens him from his conquering foes by a veil of clouds."

Queen Amata, learning Turnus' purpose, was filled with grief and alarm. Weeping torrents of tears, she embraced the youth with a convulsive grasp. "Turnus," she cried, "by these tears, by whatever regard for Amata has a place in your soul, I implore you. You are now the only hope and solace of my wretched old age; on you depend the glory and power of Latinus. This one request I make—forbear to engage in combat with the Trojan. Whatever fortune awaits you in such a conflict awaits me also: if you fall, I also will quit the hated light; nor will I, a captive, behold *Æneas* the husband of my daughter." Lavinia, her glowing cheeks bathed in tears, listened to her mother's words, and a burning blush spread over her face. The spectacle of her beauty and her modesty inflamed Turnus the more, since it aroused his love, and she was to be the prize of victory. "O mother," he said to Amata, "do not, I beseech thee, send me from you with so inauspicious an omen as tears, now that I am about to undertake the combat." Then summoning Idmon, his herald, he commanded him

to take to the Trojan chief this message, that on the following morning the armies should not be led forth to the combat, but that the two chiefs themselves should meet and decide the war. Having issued this order, Turnus retired to his own palace, where he caused to be led before him his steeds,—snow-white horses of exceeding beauty and swiftness, the ancestors of which Oribithyia, Queen of Thrace, had given his ancestor Pilumnus. He viewed them with delight as they tossed their proud heads and neighed in pleasure at seeing their master. Then he examined the joints of his armour, and prepared for use his sword and shield. The sword was one which Vulcan himself had forged for King Daunus, and had plunged, while yet glowing hot, in the waters of Styx, giving it unsurpassable strength and temper. Then he grasped in his hand a huge spear which he had won in battle, and flourished it vehemently around him, crying in his passion, “Grant, ye gods, that I may stretch the body of my hated enemy on the earth, and rend his corselet from him, and soil in the dust his locks, frizzled with hot irons and dripping with perfumes.”

Such wrath filled the breast of Turnus. On his part Æneas was not less eager for the conflict, and filled with joy that the unhappy war was to be ended on such terms. He ordered the herald to carry back his answer to Turnus’ message, and to inform Latinus of the conditions of the truce; while he appeased the anxiety of his followers and the affectionate fear of Iulus, and expressed to them his confidence of victory.

Early on the following morning preparations for the combat between the two chiefs were begun. A piece of smooth ground near the city walls was chosen, and in the centre altars were reared

to the gods worshipped by all the contending nations. The army of Turnus and the troops of Latinus marched out of the gates in full armour and battle-array, and ranged themselves on one side of the open space, while the Trojans and their allies gathered in similar order on the other side, each force under the direction of its generals; and then at a given signal every man thrust his spear into the ground and hung his shield upon it. The top of the wall, the towers and roofs of houses near, were crowded by the women and the aged men, who were eager to witness the combat. But from the summit of the eminence which was afterwards called the Alban Hill, Juno, filled with anxiety for Turnus, surveyed the scene. Then she summoned Juturna, the sister of the Rutulian king, who, having excited by her beauty the love of the king of the gods, had by him been raised to the rank of a river-nymph, and had received immortality. "Juturna," said the goddess, "thou knowest how I have ever bestowed favours upon thee; thou knowest also how, so far as the Fates have permitted, I have protected and assisted thy brother. But now learn from my lips the great misfortune that awaits him. He is about to engage in an unequal conflict; the term of life granted to him by the Destinies is nearly expired. I cannot for my part endure to watch this fatal combat, or see the conclusion of the peace I have sought to prevent. If thou darest to do anything in thy brother's cause, hasten; perchance thou wilt be able to bring him better fortune than I." When Juturna heard these evil tidings she wept bitterly—for she tenderly loved her brother—and beat her white bosom in despair with her hands. "This is no time for tears!" cried Juno; for since she was forbidden by her lord to interfere

further on Turnus' behalf, she had conceived the plan of inciting his sister to do so. "Be bold, and if there be any means, save thy brother from death ; or excite the war afresh, and bring about the rupture of the truce. I authorize thee to undertake the task." Then the goddess departed to Olympus, leaving behind the nymph in a state of sore perplexity, revolving different projects in her mind.

Meanwhile Latinus approached the scene of the appointed combat in a splendid chariot drawn by four horses, and Turnus in his war-car, carrying in his hand two mighty steel-tipped spears. On the other side, *Æneas*, blazing in the arms which Vulcan had forged, advanced from his camp on foot, with Ascanius by his side. A priest arrayed in a pure vestment led to the altar a young sow and an unshorn ewe lamb, and offered them in solemn sacrifice. The chiefs performed the rites appropriate for such an occasion, and then *Æneas*, unsheathing his sword, thus prayed :—

" All-seeing sun ! and thou, Ausonian soil,  
For which I have sustained so long a toil !  
Thou, king of heaven ! and thou, the queen of air,  
Propitious now, and reconciled by prayer !  
Thou, god of war, whose unresisted sway  
The labours and events of arms obey !  
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods !  
All powers of ocean, all ethereal gods !  
Hear, and bear record : if I fall in field,  
Or, recreant from the fight, to Turnus yield,  
My Trojans shall increase Evander's town ;  
Ascanius shall renounce the Latian crown :  
All claims, all questions of debate, shall cease ;  
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.

But if my juster arms prevail in fight,  
(As sure they shall, if I divine aright,)  
My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign ;  
Both equal, both unconquered, shall remain—  
Joined in their laws, their lands, and their abodes ;  
I ask but altars for my weary gods.  
The care of those religious rites be mine ;  
The crown to King Latinus I resign—  
His be the sovereign sway. Nor will I share  
His power in peace or his command in war.  
For me my friends another town shall frame,  
And bless the rising towers with fair Lavinia's name."

In his turn Latinus invoked all the powers of earth, air, and sea, and took a most solemn oath that neither he nor his subjects by his will should ever violate the conditions of the peace, however the combat between *Aeneas* and Turnus might end. The mutual pledges thus given were now ratified by solemn sacrifices. But oaths and offerings were alike destined to be fruitless. The Rutulians had from the first thought the two opponents unequally matched, for they had learned by bitter experience the might of *Aeneas*' arm. Their dissatisfaction became stronger as their chief in his turn approached the altar to take part in the rites. His form seemed slight and youthful beside the stately figure of the Trojan hero, and a deadly pallor overspread his face, proceeding, not indeed from fear, but from the intense excitement which had possessed him ever since the beginning of the war. As soon as Juturna perceived among the Rutulian troops signs of their discontent, she at once descended into their midst, and taking the form of Camertus, a warrior of noble family in Ardea, and esteemed for

his valour, she began to excite them by artful words. "Are you not ashamed, O Rutulians," she cried, "to expose one life for so many who are capable of defending their own cause? See, Trojans, Arcadians, Etrurians are all assembled, yet we more than equal them in numbers, and assuredly in valour. If Turnus engage in this ill-advised encounter, it is true that in fame he will be ranked with the gods, and will live for ever in the mouths of men; but we who are now sitting idle in the plain shall, having lost our country and our freedom, be compelled to submit to the caprices of foreign lords."

By this speech the warlike mood of the Rutulians was more and more inflamed, and sullen murmurs began to rise from their ranks. Even the Latins, who but a little since were rejoicing at the prospect of a speedy peace, felt a renewed inclination to try the fortune of arms, wished the truce unmade, and pitied the hard fate of Turnus. Juturna now further disturbed the minds of the multitude by a misleading portent. Suddenly in the air appeared a fierce eagle, pursuing a flock of water-fowl; and swooping down to the waves, he seized in his cruel talons a swan, and was bearing it away. As the people were gazing on this spectacle, they were amazed to see all the water-fowl take to their wings, pursue the eagle in a dense mass, and attack him with such vehemence that he was compelled to drop his prey and soar away into the higher regions of the air. The Rutulians saluted this omen with loud shouts, and hastily prepared for fight; and first Tolumnius the augur cried, "This is what with prayers I have often sought. I welcome the omen, and hail the interposition of the gods. I myself will lead you, O Rutulians; snatch up your weapons, and be

no longer dismayed like weak fowl by this detested foreigner who ravages our coasts. Soon shall he betake himself to flight, and seek refuge on the deep. Close your ranks, and preserve from this unjust combat your king, whom they would ravish from you."

With these words the fiery priest rushed to the front, and hurled a dart full in the faces of the opposing army. With a whizzing sound the javelin rushed through the air, and smote one of a band of nine brothers, the sons of the Arcadian Gylippus, penetrating his ribs, and stretching him lifeless on the ground. Instantly a shout of wrath arose on both sides. The brothers and companions of the slain youth darted forward to avenge him; the troops of Latium and the Rutulians eagerly advanced in their turn, and then the whole force of the Trojans and their allies poured into the field, all now inflamed with the thirst of battle. The very altars were overturned, and amid the tempest of darts that swept through the air the priests could scarcely convey away the sacred vessels that had been used in the violated rites. Latinus, beholding the truce thus suddenly broken, turned his horses' heads to the city, and mournfully withdrew. Messapus, full of animosity to the Trojans and their friends, pushed his horse violently against the Tuscan chief Aulestes, who, stepping backward, stumbled amid the ruins of the altars and fell. Messapus furiously rushed upon him with his lance, and thrust the glittering weapon through his body even while he was begging for his life. "Die!" he exclaimed,—"a more grateful offering to the gods than puny sheep and swine." The Rutulians rushed upon the expiring chief and stripped him of his armour while his limbs were yet warm. From the altar Chorinæus snatched up a blazing brand, and confronting

Ebusus, who advanced toward him with uplifted sword, dashed the flame full in his face; then seizing his foe, still confounded by the blow, he hurled him to the ground, and thrust his keen sword through his side. Amazed by this sudden tumult, Æneas, with his head uncovered, stretched forth his unarmed hand to restrain his men, and loudly called to them—"Whither do you rush?



*Attack of Mesappi's on Aulestes.*

Whence has this discord arisen? Restrain your rage! The peace is now made, and all its conditions agreed upon. I alone have a right to engage." But even while he was speaking an arrow shot by an unknown hand smote the hero, and gave him a severe wound, so that he was compelled to withdraw to his camp.

When Turnus saw Æneas thus retiring from the field, and his

army all in disorder, he was seized with a sudden hope of achieving a decisive victory. At once he called for his horses and his arms, sprang into his chariot, and himself lashed the horses to full speed, directing them against the Trojan ranks. Flying along, he traced his path with slaughter; some he trampled down under his coursers' hoofs, others he smote in the back, as they fled, with cruel darts. Thamyris and Pholus he encountered hand to hand, and cut down with his merciless sword. Sthenelus he slew from a distance with a spear. In the same way he overthrew Glaucus and Lades, the sons of Imbrasus the Lycian—warriors skilled in fighting either on foot or on horseback, but whose skill now availed them nothing. Next the Rutulian prince encountered Eumedes, the son of that unhappy Dolon who once had been sent as a spy to the Greek camp before Troy, claiming as his reward the chariot of Achilles, and had been captured and slain by stern Diomedes. Not more happy was now the fate of his son; for Turnus, spying him at some distance off upon the open plain, first struck him down with an arrow, and then, leaping from his chariot, plunged his sword into his neck. "Lo! Trojan," he said, "stretched at full length measure the land and that Hesperia which you hoped to win in war. Such are the rewards gained by those who dare to bear arms against me; in this fashion shall our invaders build their walls." Continuing his furious career, the chief sent five more of the bravest Trojan warriors to the shades. Wherever he turned, the opposing troops gave way like the clouds before the raging wind. Inflamed with grief at his exploits, Phegeus sprang in front of his chariot, grasped the reins, and strove to overturn the steeds. As he was carried along, hanging

upon the pole, Turnus pierced his coat of mail with a spear, and grazed his body. He, however, clambered along the chariot with unsheathed sword, desperate in his resolve to encounter the chief; but the wheel struck him, and hurled him to the ground, and Turnus, bending, smote off his head, and left his bleeding trunk on the sand.

While the Rutulian king was thus spreading havoc among his troops, *Æneas* had reached the camp, his feeble steps supported by Mnestheus and faithful Achates and the sorrowing Ascanius. Infuriated at his mishap, the hero grasped the arrow, which still remained in his wound, and broke off the shaft. Then he strove to wrench out the barbed point, and failing, bade them widen the wound with a sword, and so cut out the arrow-head, and enable him to return to the field. Iapyx, one of his followers who was especially loved by Apollo, and had been taught by him the healing art, now hurried to the assistance of the chief. With his robe folded back in the mode of a physician, the sage made many vain efforts to withdraw the dart; again and again he grasped it with his hand and with strong pincers, but could not move it. And for once his patron deity withheld his aid. Meantime the confusion among the allied troops was increasing, the hostile cavalry drawing nearer, and their darts already beginning to fall within the camp, while the shouts of the combatants and the shrieks of the dying filled the heart of *Æneas* with anguish and impatience. But Venus, deeply affected at the undeserved suffering of her son, now came to his aid. From the top of Cretan Ida she plucked a stalk of dittany, all blooming with downy leaves and purple flowers—a healing herb of great virtue.

This the goddess, concealed from mortal eyes, conveyed into the water with which Iapyx was bathing the wound, and added also Olympian ambrosia and fragrant panacea. So soon as the sage, not knowing its powers, applied this liquor to the wound, the arrow dropped from it without compulsion, the blood was stanched, the wound closed up, and the hero was restored to all his former vigour. Iapyx loudly bade the attendants bring Æneas' armour, and enable him to go forth against the foe. "Not from human aid," he added, "or from my art proceeds this cure, O king; some powerful god has effected it, and restored thee for the performance of thy great enterprise." Æneas, longing for the fray, impatiently reassumed his arms and grasped his lance. Then embracing his son, he promised to earn for him the glorious fruits of victory.

Having thus spoken, he issued forth majestic from the gate, while behind him poured forth impetuous all the troops that had hitherto remained in the camp. Clouds of blinding dust arose in the plain as they advanced, and the earth trembled beneath their feet. Turnus, in dismay, beheld them marching; while the Latins were filled with fear, and Juturna, the cause of all the renewed strife, fled in consternation. As a desolating tempest rushes from mid-ocean over the land, and lays waste the rich fields of ripening grain, so the dense squadron of avenging Trojans moved forward under the leadership of Æneas, and fell upon their dismayed enemies. Thymbræus first smote down with his sword a fierce Rutulian, Osiris; Mnestheus slew Archetius; and Achates drove his spear through the body of Epulo. Tolumnius the augur, who first had broken the truce by hurling his dart against the opposing

army, now fell a victim to the battle he had provoked. The conquering Trojans raised a fierce shout of triumph, and the Rutulians in their turn fled in confusion and panic. *Æneas* himself neither deigned to slay the fugitives nor to encounter any of them in hand-to-hand fight. Turnus alone he sought amid the tumult; it was on Turnus only that he desired to wreak his vengeance. Divining his deadly purpose, Juturna descended on her brother's chariot, overturned his charioteer Metiscus, and assuming his shape, guided the horses. She led them through the field, but was ever careful to keep far distant from *Æneas*. The Trojan chief as persistently followed, endeavoured to rival the speed of the horses, and loudly challenged his foe to the combat; but all was in vain, for the goddess always evaded him. As he was hurrying forward, Messapus chanced to pass him at a little distance, and hurled at him with deadly aim a heavy javelin. *Æneas* saw the coming death, and sheltered himself behind his shield, stooping on one knee; yet the dart cut away the towering plume from his helmet. Then, indeed, his wrath grew uncontrollable. Appealing passionately to Jove against the treacherous flight of his foe, and calling on the father of the gods to avenge the violated truce, he rushed into the midst of the fight, and spread hideous slaughter all around; while on his side Turnus, no longer pursued, carried havoc through the opposing ranks of the Trojans. Thus the field was piled with corpses, and both armies contended with equal fury.

But suddenly, while glancing along the opposing lines to see if Turnus by any chance were within his reach, *Æneas* saw that the city itself was unmolested, and that few troops were left to

guard it. He conceived the project of ending the war by a decisive and unexpected blow. Summoning the leaders of his forces to a hasty conference, he led them to a slight eminence in the plain, while the rest of the army gathered round in compact array. "My friends," he said, "let no obstruction be offered to the plan I propose. The city of Laurentum, the stronghold of Latinus, is in our power; and unless its people consent to receive our yoke, and own themselves vanquished, this day I will overturn it, and lay their smoking towers level with the ground. Am I to wait till Turnus condescends to accept my challenge, and, after his army has been so often beaten, dares himself to meet me in the field? Yon city, my friends, is the source and mainstay of this hateful war. Quickly bring brands, and let us teach the Latins the stern necessity of peace." Vehemently the troops applauded his words, and moved forward in a dense mass towards the walls. Scaling-ladders were brought, the gates were assailed, and a tempest of darts poured against the ramparts. Æneas in the front rank extended his hand below the wall, and in a loud voice called the gods to witness that he was for the second time compelled to the fight, and that for the second time the Latins had broken a peace to which they had agreed. Among the trembling citizens there broke out loud contention. Some were eager to open the gates and admit the Trojans; others took up arms and prepared to defend the wall. And now a fresh misfortune befell them, and filled the city with woe. The unhappy queen, seeing the enemy advance to the walls, and no sign of the Rutulians, was filled with a belief that Turnus had perished in the battle. Distracted with grief, she cried out that she had been

the criminal cause of all the woes that now threatened the state. With wild and broken exclamations of despair she rent asunder her purple robes, and tying a noose to a lofty beam in her chamber, ended disgracefully her miserable life. When the news of this fatal event reached the matrons who attended her and her daughter, they tore their hair and burst into frantic lamentations, so that the whole palace re-echoed with their shrieks. Hence the mournful intelligence spread over the city, and filled all hearts with dejection. Latinus, utterly overcome by the death of his queen and the approaching ruin of his city, scattered ashes on his head, and reproached himself for not having obeyed at the outset the behests of the gods.

Meanwhile Turnus, at the extremity of the battle-field, was still pursuing a few stragglers, but more languidly, because he himself was wearied with slaughter, and his horses also were becoming exhausted. Suddenly the sound of tumult and distress in the city faintly struck his ear, wafted by the wind. "Alas!" he cried, "what calamity now threatens the town?" Then grasping the reins, he himself brought his steeds to a stand, and halted, unable to divine what had happened. Juturna, still retaining the form and voice of Metiscus the charioteer, replied, "This is your way, Turnus. Let us still pursue these flying Trojans. *Æ*neas has assailed the Latins; do you in like manner deal destruction among his followers. Others there are who have sufficient prowess to defend the walls of Laurentum." "Sister," answered Turnus, "I knew you long ago when first by artifice you broke the truce and took part in the conflict; and now, goddess though you be, your disguise is vain. What god sent

you from the skies to join in these labours? Are you come to witness your unhappy brother's death? For what but death is now left to me? What success can fortune promise me? My bravest and dearest comrades have perished before my eyes, vainly calling to me for aid. Shall I suffer Laurentum to be destroyed? That would be the only thing wanting to complete our ruin. Shall I turn my back? Shall any mortal see Turnus fly? Is it then so grievous a misfortune to die? Oh, ye infernal deities, receive me, since the deities above are hostile! To you, at least, I shall descend with an unstained name, and in no way unworthy of my ancestors."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when one of his followers, Sages, mounted on a foaming horse, dashed through the broken ranks that were confusedly contending on the field, and cried out: "Turnus, on thee our last hope of relief depends! Take pity on thy country and thy kin. Æneas is thundering at the gates of Laurentum, and vows to overthrow its stately towers, while the firebrands are threatening our roofs. King Latinus is doubtful to whom his daughter shall be given, or with whom to make alliance. Moreover the queen, thy most faithful friend, has fallen by her own hand. Before the gates Messapus and Atinas alone bear up the fight. While they confront the dense battalions of the foe, you are rolling your chariot over a deserted field."

Confounded by these terrible tidings, Turnus stood like one stunned. His breast was racked by a storm of conflicting emotions—deep shame, bitter grief, wild fury, and passionate love. Recovering himself from the first flood of emotion, he gazed toward the city, and there beheld a torrent of flame ascending

from a lofty tower which he himself had in happier days helped to rear. "Sister!" he cried, "my destiny prevails: forbear to stop me. Let me hasten whither I am summoned by the inexorable Fates. I am resolved to encounter *Æneas*, though that be certain death. I am prepared to endure it, nor will I longer live disgraced."

So saying, he sprang with a frantic bound from the chariot, and dashed along the plain. Through foes, through darts he rushed, and made his way to the city walls, where the air was hissing with flying missiles, and the soil was already drenched in blood. Waving his hand, he cried at the utmost pitch of his voice, "Rutulians, I command you to forbear; and, ye Latins, withhold your darts. Whatever of the war remains is mine. It is just that I alone should expiate the violated truce, and by the sword decide this accursed strife."

As he spoke, all the troops retired from before him, and made an open space. On his part *Æneas*, as soon as he heard the voice of Turnus, quitted the wall and the lofty tower he was assailing. Exulting in the thought that at last he should meet his foe, he forgot all other enterprises, and advanced into the field mighty as Mount Apennine himself when he roars with his waving oaks under the winter winds, and rejoices in his snowy top, uplifting himself to the skies. And now all the troops on both sides laid down their arms and fixed their gaze on the two heroes. They, as soon as a sufficient space had been made clear, hurled their javelins from afar, and then rushed to closer combat with sword and shield. Stroke upon stroke resounded on the armour of each. Turnus, rising with his whole body to give force to his uplifted

sword, struck a tremendous blow at *Æneas*' head. Unconsciously the spectators shrieked as the weapon hissed through the air; but the Trojan caught the stroke on his shield, and the treacherous weapon broke at the hilt, leaving the Rutulian at the mercy of his enemy, unless indeed he could escape by flight. The way in which this disaster befell him was, that when he had first sprung into his chariot and dashed against the Trojans at the time of the breaking of the truce, he had snatched up in his haste the sword of his charioteer Metiscus instead of his own. The weapon served him well enough so long as he plied it only on the backs of flying Trojans; but when it came to strike against the divine armour that *Æneas* wore, it broke like brittle ice. In frantic flight Turnus traversed the ground, wheeling and turning first in one direction, then in another. All around the bands of the Trojans and their allies encompassed the place; and *Æneas*, though his speed was somewhat checked by the effects of the wound he had received earlier in the day, eagerly and perseveringly followed his trembling foe, as a stanch hound pursues the stag he has roused from his lair. Turnus, as he ran along, loudly called on his Rutulian followers by name, imploring them to bring him his sword; but *Æneas* threatened immediate death to any one who should approach, as well as the destruction of the city, and still he pressed on. Five times the two made the circuit of the open space, and still toiled on. It was indeed no small or trifling prize for which they were struggling, but the life and blood of Turnus. It happened that there stood on the field the stump of a wild olive tree, in which the spear of *Æneas* stood fixed, having alighted there when he first threw it at the begin-

ning of the combat. As the hero passed it, becoming weary of a pursuit which seemed as though it would never end, he stooped, and endeavoured to wrench it out, so that he might in that way overtake the fugitive by the swift steel. Turnus, distracted with fear, prayed earnestly to Faunus, to whom the tree had been sacred, to hold the weapon fast; nor were his entreaties vain, for *Æneas*, in spite of his utmost efforts, was unable to extricate it from the tenacious root. While he was straining and pressing at it, Juturna, again assuming the shape of the charioteer Metiscus, ran forward and placed in her brother's hands his much-desired sword. Venus, indignant that such license should be given to the nymph, immediately herself advanced, invisible, and tore out from the olive tree the spear, which was eagerly grasped by her son. And now the two chiefs confronted each other once more: Turnus, with his courage renewed, relying on his trusty sword; and *Æneas*, stern and majestic, grasping in his hand his threatening lance.

And now Jupiter, drawing nigh to his queen as she, alternating betwixt hope and fear, watched the fight from a cloud, thus addressed her: "Juno, when shall there be an end to this difference betwixt us? You yourself know that *Æneas* is destined to be an inhabitant of the heavens. What, then, do you meditate? Why are you lingering in the chill clouds? Was it seemly that one destined to be a god should be wounded by the hand of a mortal? or that through your means (for without you, what power would Juturna possess?) Turnus should recover his sword? Now, at length, be swayed by my entreaty, and abandon your hopeless enterprise. You have been permitted to harass the Trojans by

land and sea, to kindle a furious war, to bring dishonour on the house of Latinus, and to postpone the nuptials of Æneas and Lavinia. Any further attempts on your part I peremptorily forbid."

With downcast looks the goddess answered: "I own, great king, that it was only against my own inclination, and because I knew it to be your will, that I have withdrawn from earth and abandoned Turnus. Otherwise you would not have now seen me sitting here; but, girt with flames, I should have been in the midst of the battle-field, drawing on the Trojans to a fatal conflict. I confess that I advised Juturna to relieve her unhappy brother, and authorized her to do her best for his life; yet I never bade her throw a dart or bend a bow—this I swear by the waters of Styx. And now for my part I yield, and renounce all further combat. But this, at least, I implore of thee, which is not forbidden by the Fates, that when by this contemplated marriage peace is established, you will not command the people of Latium to change their ancient name or their language. Let Latium subsist; let the sons of Rome rise to imperial power through Italian valour. Troy has perished; suffer also its name to perish for ever." With a smile Jupiter answered: "Doth such a hatred of the race of Priam still fill your bosom? But come; it shall be appeased. I grant what you ask. The Latins shall retain their ancient name and customs; the Trojans shall be incorporated with them, and the whole nation shall retain the Latin speech and institutions. Hence a race shall arise which will be exalted above all others, nor will any other people, with equal zeal, celebrate rites in your honour." Well pleased with

these words, Juno ceased all concern for Turnus, and quitting her seat in the clouds, retired to Olympus.

And now Jupiter sent down to earth a Fury, as a sign to Juturna that she must withdraw and leave her brother to his fate. Taking the form of an inauspicious owl, the fiend swooped down to earth, flew backward and forward screaming in sight of Turnus, and flapping her wings, perched on his buckler. At this spectacle his limbs were benumbed with fear and his hair stood on end with horror. But when Juturna at a distance heard the shrill sound, and recognized the Fury under her disguise, she poured forth bitter tears and tore her hair in distress. "Turnus!" she exclaimed, "what can thy sister now avail thee? Wretch that I am, no expedient is left to me whereby to prolong thy life. Now, now I quit the field, for too well do I understand the stern mandate of imperious Jove. Is this the return he makes for my love? Why did he give me immortality? Would that I could put an end to all my woes, and accompany my unhappy brother to the shades." So saying, the sorrowful goddess plunged into the river.

Æneas advanced eagerly to the attack, flourishing his spear, and cried to his opponent: "What means this new delay? Why, O Turnus, do you still decline the fight? It is no longer in running that we must try our skill, but in close combat. Turn thee into all shapes, obtain all the assistance you can from valour or from artifice; you will need it all. Seek to reach on wings the lofty stars, or to lie concealed within the hollows of the earth, I will still overtake you." "It is not thy boisterous words, insulting foe," answered Turnus, "which cause my fears; the adverse

gods intimidate me." He said no more, but looking around perceived a huge stone (such as now twelve strong men of the race of these days could scarcely raise on their shoulders), lying where it had been placed as a landmark between two fields. This the Rutulian seized, lifted it high in his hand, and rushing furiously forward, hurled it against his foe. But he could not command his wonted strength or dexterity; his knees sank under him as he advanced, and the stone fell far short of the mark. The Fury had chilled the blood in his veins and paralyzed his valour. And now he stood, not knowing what to do, fearing his enemy's spear, and uncertain whether to fly or to remain where he was; when Æneas, having taken a careful aim, hurled the ponderous javelin with the whole force of his mighty arm. With whirlwind speed it flew, crashed through Turnus' shield and the edge of his corselet, and transfixed his thigh. Down sank the warrior to his knee; and triumphant Æneas, waving his glittering sword, rushed furiously upon him. He, humble and suppliant, raising his eyes and stretching out his imploring hands, said, "I have deserved death at thy hands, nor do I deprecate it. The triumph is thine; use it as thou wilt. If any regard for the woes of a wretched father can move thee—and thou thyself once hadst an aged father—have compassion on the venerable Daunus, and restore me, or, if you rather choose, my body deprived of life, to my friends. You have overcome, and the Italians have seen your vanquished foe a suppliant at your feet. Lavinia will be yours. Persist not further in your hate."

Æneas, though his blood was inflamed with all the rage of battle, yet paused and held his hand; and more and more the words of Turnus were moving his soul to pity, when his eye fell

on the shoulder of his fallen foe, and there he beheld the belt, all studded with golden figures, which had once been worn by Pallas. When thus he saw the memorial of his friend carried as a trophy by his enemy, all thought of mercy vanished from his breast, and a tempest of revengeful wrath filled his heart. Fiercely he cried :—

“ ‘ Traitor ! dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,  
Clad as thou art in trophies of my friend ?  
To his sad soul a grateful offering go !  
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.'  
He raised his arm aloft, and at the word  
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.  
The streaming blood distained his arms around,  
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.’ ”

So ends the *Æneid*. There is little more to tell of the traditional adventures of its hero that could furnish a suitable subject for verse. According to the old legends *Æneas* wedded the fair Lavinia, founded his city of Lavinium, and ruled over it for three years. Then in a battle with the Rutulians, or some other Italian people, he disappeared ; and as his body was not found after the conflict was over, it was believed that the gods had taken him up to heaven. His son Ascanius peacefully succeeded him, and removed the capital of his kingdom to Alba Longa, which city again, after the lapse of centuries, gave birth to mighty Rome.

THE END.







